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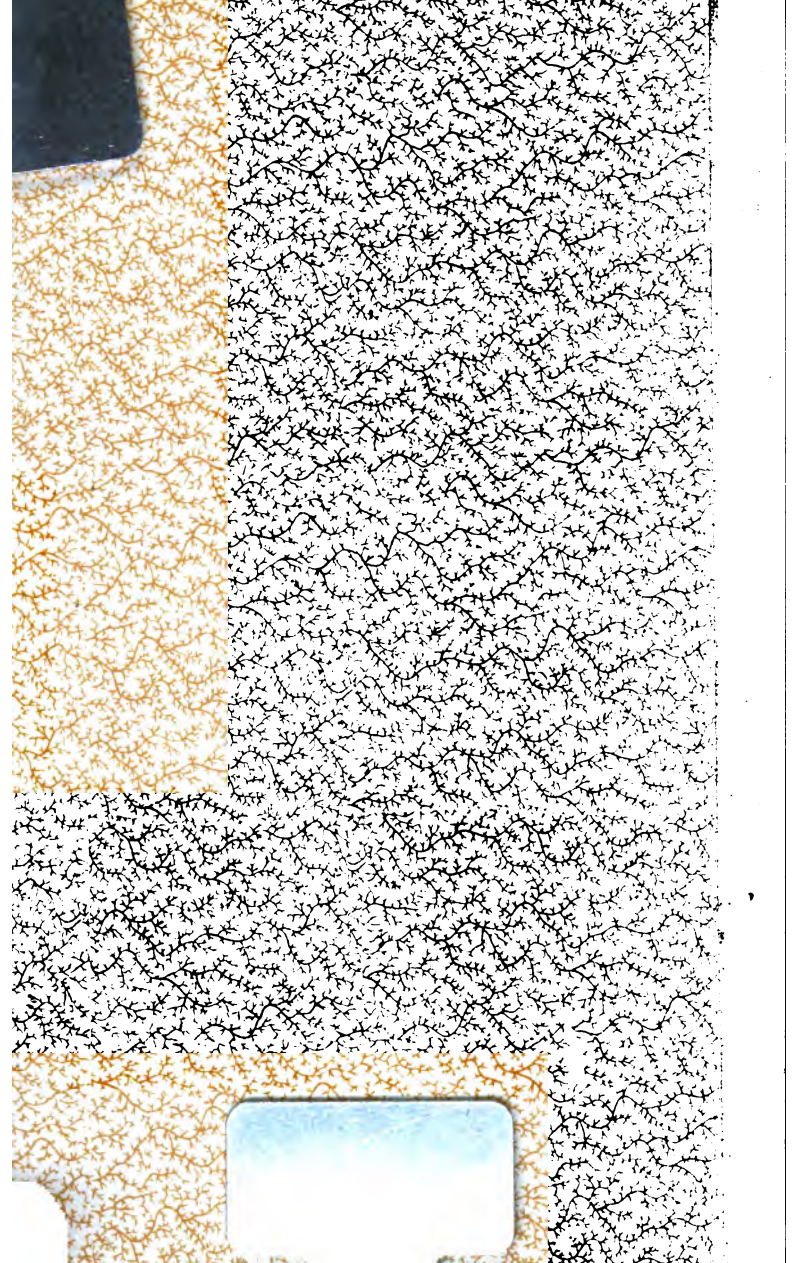
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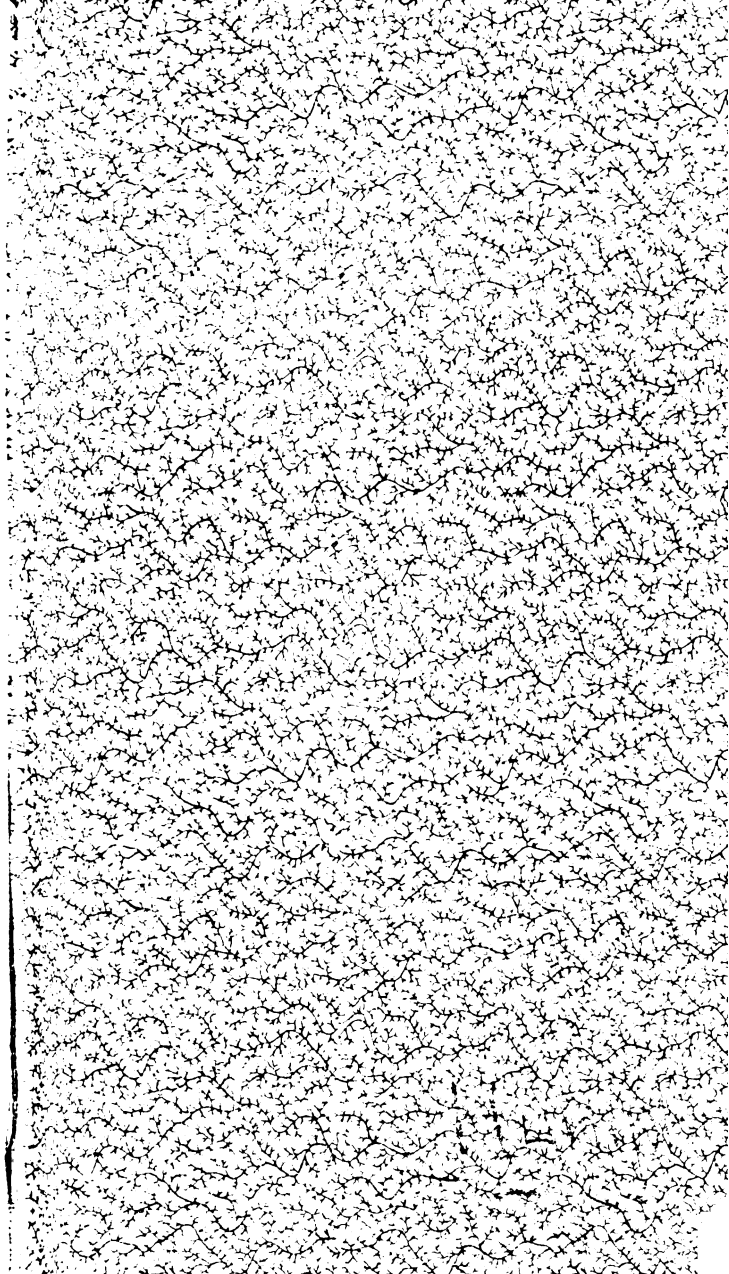
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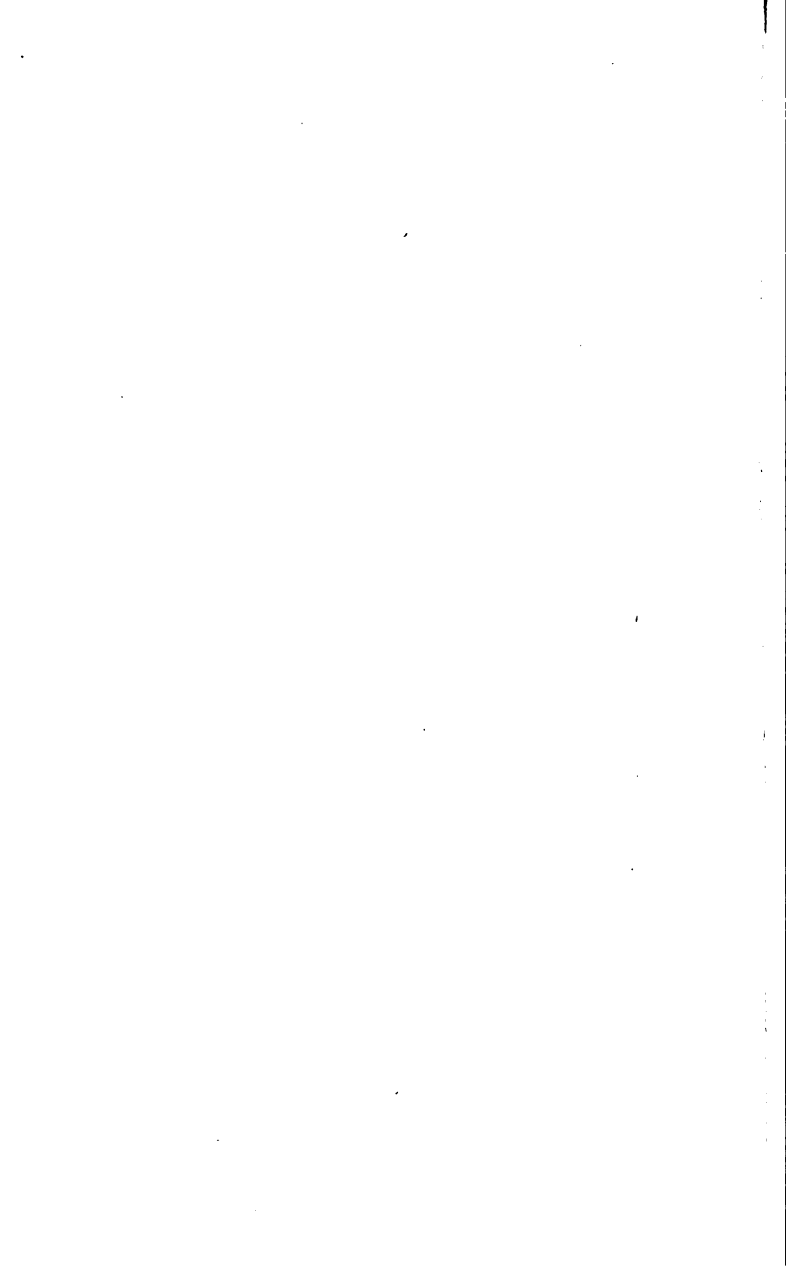
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**GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE, AND BELGIUM.**

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SHORT TOUR IN 1835.

BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D.,
PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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TOUR IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Temperance in Great Britain—The Clergy—British and Foreign Temperance Society—Scottish Clergy—Temperance Shops—Gin Shops—Hotels—London Gin Palaces—Estimates of the consumption of Ardent Spirits in England and Scotland—Parliamentary Evidence—London Establishments—Horrid abuses connected with the Coal Trade—Number of Licensed Shops—Duty of the British Government.

Next to the state of religion in the parent land, the cause of Temperance, was one in which I felt a deeper interest than any other ; and my credentials, as a delegate from the American, to the British and Foreign Temperance Society, afforded me facilities for gaining information which I could not otherwise have enjoyed. In my remarks on this subject, I shall for the sake of convenience, group England and Scotland together. Of intemperance in Ireland, I shall speak in a subsequent chapter. I went out with raised expectations—considerably more so, I am sorry to say, than the actual progress of the temperance reform, would warrant. It certainly has ardent friends and powerful advocates ; and a good beginning has been made, in most parts of the Island which I visited. You will meet with many as zealous promoters of the

cause, both clergymen and laymen there, as here. But I soon became convinced that its advancement has been much over-rated. The Christians and Philanthropists of England and Scotland, are in this respect, a good deal farther behind the same classes in the United States, than I had supposed.

I expected to find the clergy of all denominations active and zealous members of the Temperance Society; and taking it for granted that they were, I indulged in the freedom of remark, before two or three hundred of the brethren, in the Congregational Library, which I am afraid I should hardly have ventured upon, if I had been a few weeks longer in the country. I told them that it would be about as much as a minister's reputation is worth, in America, to decline putting his name to the pledge; for every one would inquire, "What ails him? What ails him!!" But I was soon convinced that the great majority of the clergy in England, were still under the *first* dispensation—that is although they were for the most part, the friends and advocates of temperance, and some of them drink no ardent spirits at all, and those who did, were zealous for the *temperate* use; still they did not feel called upon to *bind* themselves to total abstinence. It was a great protection they thought, to those of the lower classes whose habits were bad, and indeed to all who had not self-respect and self-control enough to govern themselves, without giving their *bond* for good behavior; but why temperate men like themselves, should be called upon to sign a pledge, they could not understand.

The Bishop of London, is President of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, and several other dignitaries of the Established Church are members. Many of the inferior clergy, also, belong to the Society; and some of them, whom I had the pleasure to meet, are exceedingly active, and so it is in the other

denominations. But still, the great majority stand aloof. The Anniversary of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, at which I attended, in Exeter Hall, was upon the whole, an animated meeting. Dr. Matheson and the Rev. Baptist Noel, made admirable speeches, and some others spoke well. But although it was in the heart of London, which contains, I know not how many more than *five hundred* ministers; and although it was in the midst of the great Anniversaries, which bring the clergy together from all parts of the kingdom, I do not think there were more than *thirty* present. This to my mind spoke volumes; and I could not help remarking more than once, at the Temperance meetings which I attended, that as no other great reformation was ever successfully carried through, without the aid of the clergy, so I felt persuaded it would prove in this case. The Temperance cause would never triumph in England, till the ministers of the gospel, as a body, should be found in the front rank of its advocates and promoters.

In Scotland, the clergy appear to be still farther "behind the times." While I was in London, I received an invitation from the Secretary of the G—— Temperance Society, to visit that part of the Island, in which he mentioned, as one of their greatest discouragements, that not more than one *sixth* part of the ministers were members; and subsequent inquiries on the spot, satisfied me, that this estimate was quite as favorable as they could possibly claim. I found in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for example, that very few of the distinguished and popular preachers of whom I had heard, had ever put their names to the pledge. Those of them, whose writings have been most read and admired in this country, were not members. Most of the Scottish clergy, I dare say, drink

temperately, in the obsolete sense of the word, but this I fear is not the case with all. The sacred profession is grievously slandered, and that by some of the most sober and respectable men, whom I met with, if it does not contain many hard drinkers, and if the proportion is not so great, in one Presbytery, at least, that they cannot be disciplined. But what I mean chiefly to say is, that the clergy of Scotland, as a body, do not in this thing, "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." They have their reasons and their excuses, such as used to be heard amongst us; but what are they good for? I think I myself saw the *toddy spoon* in a minister's house but once. It was when we came to the tea-table, that we found every one's tumbler ready for a libation, to wash down the fine gooseberries, of which we had just been partaking. A staunch temperance brother happened to be with me, and we threw so much cold water upon the whiskey for that time, that no one could summon *toddy courage* enough to taste it. A little brandy, however, was afterwards substituted by one or two of the party, to guard against the cholic insurrection, which they found the gooseberries might be secretly stirring up against them.

Now where the clergy are so shy of the temperance pledge, how can it be expected that the members of their churches will be less so? Will they not feel quite satisfied, if they keep up with their religious guides and teachers? But I am glad to say, that in this case, they appear to be considerably in advance of them. The proportion of temperance members in the churches, is greater, I believe, than among the ministers, especially in Scotland; and I should think decidedly greater, everywhere, among the lower and middling classes of professors, than among the higher.

When I left the United States, we had at least a

thousand temperance vessels, spreading their canvass in every sea ; and I expected to find, that the British merchantmen were beginning to be navigated without the aid of ardent spirits. But I am pretty sure, that none were mentioned at the great temperance meeting in Exeter Hall ; and even now, so far as I have been able to learn, very few, of all the 27,000 British merchantmen, coasters and fishermen, are strictly temperance vessels. Indeed, this was the chief reason rendered lately in the House of Commons, why they cannot compete with us in the carrying trade. Ours are temperance ships, and theirs are not.

Disgracefully and murderously numerous as were the rum-taverns and grog-shops a few years ago, in this country, it seemed to me, that the gin-shops and tap-rooms are even more so in that. Every where you see in flaming gold letters, or on little dirty sign-boards, as you pass along, "*Spirits,—Spirits and Wine—Wine and Gin—Ale and Porter, &c.* licensed to be drunk on the premises." "Licensed to be drunk on the premises." "What does that mean ?" O, I think I comprehend it. *Customers* are licensed to be drunk on the premises." A most felicitous sign-board for the drunkeries of America, as well as of Great Britain.

In travelling through England and Scotland, and crossing the channels, I saw a great deal of spirit drinking, as well as wine bibbling, among very respectable looking people ; and in calling for their gin, or their brandy, it seemed never to have entered their minds, that there was any more harm or impropriety in it, than in calling for so much cold water. In my short ramble over the Highlands of Scotland, I fell in company with some very amiable and intelligent young men, who seemed to have no more idea that they could endure the fatigue, without their flask of "moun-

tain dew," than that they could travel without money. When we ascended Ben Lomond, for example, and came to a spring, about half way up the mountain, while they were cooling their sparkling whiskey, they seemed to marvel that any body should decline taking it. Even my young clerical companion, a noble hearted Scotchman, could not well comprehend such extraordinary abstinence; and though I believe he drank very little, while we were together, I am sure he thought me over scrupulous, and that a little would have done us both good; for we had much conversation on the subject, and he was not a member of the temperance society.

In the hotels where I staid, I had ample opportunities to learn the habits, not of the low herd of tipplers, for I rarely saw them there; but of well-dressed and intelligent boarders and travellers; and it was painful to hear them calling for their gin, hot water, and toddy apparatus, and to see them sit down in the common parlor, and mix and stir and sip and tell stories, by the hour together. One thing that I noticed, and which I could not well account for, was that they rarely seemed to be very highly excited, even when three or four were sitting at the same table. They rather grew mellow and sleepy. When as was sometimes the case, an individual sat down alone, over his toddy, it was amusing, (I am almost ashamed to own it,) but in spite of all my moralizing it was amusing to see him lade out the steaming beverage, from a large tumbler into a wine-glass, and when he had slowly sipped it down, fill it again and again, with his silver ladle, all the while sitting in silence, with his eyes half closed, like some Hindoo devotee, and doubtless, absorbed in equally sublime and profitable contemplations.

But it was in London, that I witnessed proofs of

abounding intemperance, on a scale of *magnificence*, to which I do not believe the world can furnish a parallel. On the first Sabbath, I had occasion to go a mile or more, to the chapel where I was engaged to preach; and I was hardly ever more astonished in my life than to see the number, not of low grog-shops, but of large and elegant establishments, occupying the finest locations on the corners of the streets through which I passed, and thronged with customers. Some of these are the *gin palaces*, which, within a few years, have sprung up in every part of the city; and which, so far as their exterior is concerned, are well entitled to be called palaces. They are from three to five stories high, with handsome stone fronts, or the best imitations; and the whole finish is so much more imposing than that of other establishments for large business, that I soon learned to distinguish these bacchanalian temples, long before I had come near enough to read the signs over their broad entrances. For some time past, there has been quite a strife among the dealers, who should rear the most magnificent and alluring edifices; and some new ones were going up which were intended to eclipse every thing in the trade that has been seen before. The front rooms are very large, tastefully fitted up, with stucco pillars and cornices; and in the evening, they are splendidly illuminated. I stepped into one of these whited sepulchres for a moment, with a friend at whose house I had been taking tea; and truly the chandelier, the lamps, the pillars, the long row of handsomely painted and labeled casks at one end of the room, the smiling and bowing death-dealers behind the bar, the infatuated beings who were quaffing the poison, and the fumes which came up as if they had issued out of the bottomless pit—all taken together, made an impression of horror upon my mind, which I am sure I never shall forget.

These great satanic shambles have large windows, with screens, however, so that the customers cannot be seen from the street. They have sidedoors also, and back rooms for the accommodation of the lowest and vilest classes of tipplers. What I saw one Sabbath, afternoon, at Mile End, gave me a more vivid conception of the crowds that throng these "broad ways," than any thing else which passed under my own observation. In going to aid a respected brother, who had invited me to address his congregation, I passed by several of them; and in front of the two largest, where the street is very wide, there were benches arranged in close order, sufficient to accommodate several hundred people—many more than I found in the chapel hard by; and when I passed along, the worshippers of Bacchus were fast assembling for their evening devotions.

Lest it should be thought that my own impressions in regard to the prevalence of intemperance among the English and Scotch were erroneous, and that I have given them too little credit for what they are doing to arrest its destructive progress, I propose, in this chapter, to show that their own statistics more than bear me out in my statements. The following estimates from the "Temperance Penny Magazine"—will show the aggregate consumption of Ardent Spirits in England and Scotland for the years 1835 and 1836—with the increase which took place in the latter year.

"England and Wales consume about one gallon and one-third of spirits for every infant and adult person per annum, while Ireland consumes nearly three gallons, and Scotland nearly four gallons, for every person resident on its soil.

"It is necessary, also, to observe the increase in the consumption of ardent spirits which took place in

the year 1836. To make this apparent, and to be as accurate as possible, we take the comparison from the quantities which paid duty in imperial gallons, and at proof, the other causes of addition to the quantities being in all respects similar for each year.

ENGLAND.

Year.	Foreign.	Colonial.	British.	Total.
1835	1,286,107	3,285,473	7,368,028	11,939,608
1836	1,230,651	3,194,892	7,915,695	12,341,248

SCOTLAND.

Year.	Foreign.	Colonial.	British.	Total.
1835	40,980	105,198	6,013,932	6,160,110
1836	41,903	104,882	6,620,930	6,767,715

“To this great increase in the consumption of distilled spirits, it may be stated in addition, that in the year 1831 there were in England and Wales, 50,547 public houses, and 31,937 beer shops; but in 1835 these were increased to 54,551 public houses, and 39,654 beer-shops. By subsequent returns made to the House of Commons for the year 1836, it appears that a considerable increase of public houses had taken place, while the beer shops increased to 45,738, being an increase since the year 1831 of 13,801, and an increase over the year 1835 of no less than 6,084.

It may assist in forming a more correct idea of the progress of the means of intemperance, if we exhibit a comparison of the quantities of spirits consumed in the years 1821, 1828, 1835, and 1836; and to avoid prolixity, we shall only make the comparison between the quantities of British spirits that paid duty for home consumption at proof.

Year.	England.	Scotland.
1821	3,820,015	2,229,435
1828	7,759,687	5,716,180
1835	7,368,028	6,013,932
1836	7,915,695	6,620,930

From this comparative account, it appears that in England there was an increase in the first seven years of 3,939,672 gallons, but that, notwithstanding the great increase of population from the year 1828 to the year 1835, this increase was not only arrested during these years, but there was an actual decrease of 444,632 gallons; while the year 1836 exhibits an increase over 1835 of 547,667 gallons, and an increase upon the year 1828 of 156,018 gallons. In Scotland the consumption has gone forward, so that there was in 1836 an increase over 1821 of 4,391,495 gallons. The entire consumption of the three kingdoms, of foreign, colonial, and British spirit, in imperial gallons at proof, in 1821, was 12,160,288 gallons, but in 1836 it was 31,402,417, being an increase of 19,242,129 in fifteen years.

The total net amount of duty received by government from the revenue on ardent spirit in 1836, was £8,444,500 11s. 9d. This was what the United Kingdom received through the government in exchange for all the effects produced by the consumption of ardent spirits upon its moral and political interests, its commerce, its trade, its agriculture, its religious institutions, and its efforts to diffuse the blessings of the gospel through the world.

But my appeal is principally to "Parliamentary Evidence on Drunkenness," taken before a respectable committee of the House of Commons in 1834. That committee sat more than *six* weeks, from the *ninth* of June, to the *twenty-eighth* of July; and took down the testimony of more than *fifty* witnesses, physicians, clergymen, magistrates, police officers, wardens of prisons and overseers of alms-houses, distinguished temperance agents and reformers, and officers of the army and navy, summoned from all parts of the United Kingdom. Never, I believe, was there

so thorough an investigation of the kind, by legislative authority, in any country. An abstract of the evidence is contained in a closely printed octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages, a copy of which was given me by a friend in Glasgow. The most condensed abstract of this evidence which I could possibly make, would occupy ten times more space than I can afford in these sketches. An extremely rapid glance at some of the most prominent topics and estimates is all that I shall attempt, availing myself as I go along, however, of such collateral testimony as I happen to possess.

It appears from the evidence just alluded to, that no less than 269,438 persons entered the *fourteen* principal gin palaces of London and its suburbs in *one week*, (to say nothing of the thousands of other large and small establishments of the same character,) viz. 142,450 men, 108,593 women, and 18,391 children. That at Fearon's, alone on Holborn hill, there entered in one day, 2,880 men, 1,855 women, and 289 children: total, 5,024; and in one week, 16,998. At the great palace in Whitechapel, on Monday, there entered 6,021, and in the whole week, 17603! In these immense establishments the bar is so contrived, that the *drippings*, where the liquor is served out and drank, pass down through into a kind of strainer into vessels prepared to receive it; and a proprietor of one of them, told a gentleman about the time I was in London, that at his bar, these drippings brought him in £500 a year! What then must be the whole quantity sold in that one house! But think of the *fourteen* like it—of the 269,438 entrances in one week—and then that there are four or five thousand other “synagogues of Satan,” open day and night, throughout that vast metropolis; and estimate, if you

can, the amount of poison consumed, and the numbers whom it beggars, maddens, *demonizes* (a word which I have coined for the occasion) and destroys. These houses are allowed by law to be kept open on the Sabbath, from seven in the morning till eleven—from one P. M. till three—and from five till eleven; and such are the crowds of squalid and drunken wretches which they vomit out upon the side-walks, just as the public religious services of the day commence, that in some parts of the city it is difficult to get to the churches, and quite *impossible*, without being exposed to annoyances, which no decent person can be willing that his family should encounter.

Again; there is a grog system connected with the coal trade in London, which is one of the most oppressive and demoralizing that can possibly be imagined. Nothing short of colonial slavery, as it formerly existed in the islands, is equally cruel and abominable. I allude to the condition of the “coal-heavers” on the Thames, who are employed in “gangs” by the “undertakers” to unload the ships as they arrive. The “undertakers” are, what shall I call them—the devil’s factors, or what? They either sell his drink, or are connected with those who do: and the coal-heavers are obliged to apply to them for all their jobs. The conditions of getting work, are, that all must spend in spirits, or malt liquor, a considerable part of their earnings. The “score” thus run up, amounts, at the end of the week, to one third, and sometimes to much more than one half, of their wages. In this weekly score, there are two items, of the most oppressive character, called “towrow” and “bad score,” amounting from 1s. to 2s. 6d., and for which the poor laborer never receives a farthing. *Hard drinking* is an indispensable qualification for being put on the list for “constant employment;”

and the *hardest* drinkers are preferred. A perfectly sober man, stands no chance at all. If his wife and children are starving, and he can find no other work, he must either drink alcohol, or let them starve. The "accursed thing" is put down to his *number*, and if he still refuses, even after he has begun a job, he is immediately turned off, and another man is put in his place. A single instance will serve for illustration, as well as a hundred. One man, disgusted with the practice, did not call at the publican's the third morning, for his share of raw rum, as usual, and consequently, *before night*, he was removed from the gang, and a well known drinker, was put in his place.

One of these coal-heavers was examined before the committee; and in answer to the question, "What would have happened, if you had refused to spend money in drink?" replied, "Then we could have no employment; and moreover, if you had had what you thought was requisite, if *he* did not think it was sufficient, he would add more, and if you refused to pay this, and said, "I have not had but so much, I wont pay it;" "O wont you; if you do not, here is your money; go out, and never come in here again.'" Another question: "How much are you compelled to drink in the public house?" Ans. "From 1s., 8d., to 2s., a day." Still another: "Do the men who are sober, and not disposed to drink, lose their employment?" Ans. "The man who wishes to look after his family, and live respectable, has no chance of obtaining his living at this coal work." The examination of several other individuals on this point, was minute and extended, and the amount of the evidence was, that the diabolical system, above alluded to, almost universally prevails, in carrying on the vast coal trade of London. "Hand joins in hand," not to al-

lure merely, but to *compel* thousands of poor laborers to drink ; and in this way, many who were before sober, become intemperate, and bring upon themselves and families, all the woes and curses which the opening of these flood gates, can pour upon their heads. Some benevolent men of standing and influence, among whom Admiral Brenton, is one of the most distinguished, are struggling against this horrid system ; but with fearful odds, for it is upheld, not only by the "undertakers," but by a great many of the masters and owners of the vessels, and the name of each member of this infernal combination is "legion."

The parliamentary committee, after remarking that the vice of intoxication, has for some years past, been increasing among the laboring classes in England, Scotland, and Ireland, go on to mention, among the immediate causes of this alarming state of things, the increased number of places, where intoxicating drinks are sold, being now estimated "at *one* for about every *twenty* families, throughout the United Kingdom." According to this estimate, as there are 25,000,000 people, and at least, 4,000,000 families, on the two islands, there must be about 200,000 establishments, large and small, from the towering gin palace, down, to the miserable mud cabin, where the poison is dealt out by wholesale and retail, to millions of customers. Now if each of these palaces was turned into a stagnant pool, sending fevers and death, into the surrounding habitations, all their wasting miasms would bear no proportion to the physical and moral ravages of strong drink. Nay, if the Upas was no fable, and 200,000 of the oozing scions, were brought and planted all over the British Isles, they would scarcely emit more pestilence, than is now sent forth from the licenced dram shops of the three kingdoms.

But lest the above estimate of one shop for the sale

of intoxicating liquors to every twenty families should, be thought too high, I will here put down an abstract of the testimony of Mr. William Collins, of Glasgow, from official documents, and given to the British public by the parliamentary committee. Mr. Collins is one of the most distinguished and active friends of temperance in Scotland; and as a specimen of the official details which he laid before the committee, take the following. Glasgow, in 1832, contained 19 467 families, with 1,360 spirit dealers, or one to each 14 families. In Glasgow, and its suburbs there were 40,000 families, with 2,198 spirit-dealers, being one to 18 families. Paisley, with its suburbs, 12,300 families, with 458 spirit shops; one to 27 families. Renfrew, one to 18 families. Greenoch, one to 19 families. Port Glasgow, one to 15 families. Dunbarton burgh and parish, one to every 11 1-2 families. I well remember that when I passed through Dunbarton, on my return from the Highlands, it seemed to me as if every other building in the street had "the mark of the beast" upon its sign-board. Further; in the three counties of Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire, and Dunbartonshire, there were 3,852 spirit-dealers, to 79,277 families, or about one *poisoner* to every twenty families; showing that in country villages, the proportion is nearly as great as in the large towns. "We have had returns," says Mr. Collins, "from every town and village in Scotland, which give us to understand, that Glasgow does not exceed other parts in respect to drunkenness. We believe, in some of the northern towns, it is greater. But in Glasgow, it is ascertained, that there are more people employed in the preparation and sale of intoxicating liquors alone, than of bakers, confectioners, fishmongers, poulterers, grocers, victuallers, gardeners, fruiterers, and all other classes, who are employed in the preparation and sale

of daily food. What a picture ! More persons employed in destroying the bodies and souls of the people in that enlightened christian city, than in supplying the whole population with their daily bread !

Well and eloquently does Mr. Collins demand, " Why should government sanction this great evil ? (i. e. by granting licences.) There is no sounder maxim, either in theological, moral, or physical, science, than this, that the invariable tendency of anything, must be held decisive of its real character ; and when all observation and experience yield one unvarying testimony to the fact, that the use of spirits, destroys social order, domestic happiness, intellectual energy, and moral improvement, and that it never fails to spread temporal and eternal ruin, among the people, it is the duty of the government to prohibit and not to sanction, to suppress, instead of allowing the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits."

Yes, Mr. C. is right. It is the *duty* of the British Parliament, to lay its strong hand on the 200,000 destroyers of the property and the health, the lives and the morals of the people. It will not be believed, (I trust in God there will be such a change,) it will not be believed, two centuries hence, that a government so jealous of the people's rights as to resent the smallest insult that might be offered to the meanest of its subjects on the other side of the globe, could ever have sat with its arms folded, while thousands were tortured to death before its own eyes, by the traffic in strong drink ;—much less, that such a government could ever have been brought to license any power under heaven to strip, maim, torture and kill some fifty or sixty thousand people every year, for the public good. And yet, if any member of parliament were now to move to abolish spirit licenses and impose penalties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would nail

him to his seat, with the instant glance of his eye ; and there would be one loud, and almost united cry, alike from the ministerial and the opposition benches, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians !"

What strange chronic infatuation, in regard to this one subject, has seized upon the rulers of that great and proud nation, and of our own country too ? Yes, (O how afflictive to think of it,) the guardians of all *our* noble institutions, as well as of theirs ;—of life, and property, and liberty ;—of the public health, and the public morals, still go on licensing the sale of a poison, which destroys more human lives, than war, famine, and pestilence all together. What if some few thousand dealers, were to apply to one of our state legislatures for license to vend any other poison, —corrosive sublimate for instance, as a common beverage, just to test the principle ? I should like to be present, at the reading of such a petition, to hear it advocated on the ground of the *public good*, to see how long the debate would be tolerated, and how the yeas and nays would stand upon the final vote.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Temperance in the Army—Rations—Canteens—Mode of letting Tithes in Wales—Spirit vending and Intemperance in the Churches—On the Sabbath—Intemperance of Females—Cost to the Nation—Use of Spirit at Christenings, Weddings, Funerals, &c.—Trade Usages—Scottish Temperance Society—Old pledge—Success—British and Foreign Temperance Society—On the decline—Tee-totalers—Defence and Illustration of their Principles.

There has been a highly favorable chance in the home service, since 1830, when, at the recommendation of Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary of War, the practice of dealing out spirit rations was abolished. This important measure is understood to have been warmly seconded by the Duke of Wellington; and if I was rightly informed, he has earnestly recommended the formation of temperance societies, in his own regiment of guards, and among all the troops more immediately about the king's person. But at foreign stations, there is still a discretionary power, given to the commanding officer, to issue spirit rations, as heretofore, and which is too often exercised. With reference to the prevalence of intemperance and crime in the military service, going back as far as 1813, and coming down to 1833, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, a half pay officer, testified before the committee, that he had been 20 years in the service. That he had served in the East Indies, in the West Indies, at Gibraltar, and at Nova-Scotia,—that he could not recollect *a single instance* of a man brought before him, in his own com-

pany, or before a court martial, whose crime did not originate in drunkenness,—that it is often difficult to find a sufficient number of sober men in a whole regiment, for non-commissioned officers,—that he never found a soldier insolent, but under the effects of liquor, and that 99 out of 100 cases of punishment in the army, take place in consequence of drunkenness:—that by officers generally, a refusal to take the ration would be conceived to proceed from an insubordinate spirit, and that he had heard officers reprove men for refusing to drink their grog,—that in every barrack, there is a *canteen*, (in other words a grog shop,) which is put up to auction, and let to the highest bidder—that in Cork, the canteen pays £300 a year for the exclusive privilege of selling spirits and other liquors to the soldiers; and that this is a government perquisite:—that the canteen sometimes interferes with the liberty of the soldier, as on St. Nicholas Island, in Plymouth sound, where, if the men were not retained, so as to purchase large quantities of spirits, the canteen-man would not pay the government so much as it demands for his license,—that an officer was lately obliged to place a guard over the canteen in Cork barracks, to keep his regiment in a fit condition to march out the next morning:—and that he was told of a regiment in Barbadoes, which, being ordered for inspection the following morning, a sergeant, or non-commissioned officer, sat up in every room, all night, and every man was retained as far as possible in the barrack yard, and yet, by *six* o'clock in the morning, there were upwards of 70 men drunk. Lieut. Col. Stanhope, testified before the same committee, that *nine-tenths* of the murders, and other crimes of great enormity, committed by British soldiers in India, are induced by drunkenness; and that generally, the crimes for which men are flogged in the army, originate from the same cause.

One of the witnesses being asked by the Parliamentary Committee, how tithes are collected in Wales, answered, "In a manner, which tends most materially to encourage and increase drunkenness—thus. The tithes of each parish, are divided into many small parcels, and let once a year by auction. In the morning, the bishop, rector, curate, or agent, as the case may be, gives a dinner or treat to the persons who come to pay the last year's tithe, and while they are enjoying themselves over their pipes, punch and ale, those in another room, where the auction is to take place, are plied with ale, tobacco and punch, till they are ready to give the auctioneer a hearty welcome. Every man is handed the cup after each bidding, and many a one is surprised on being congratulated next morning, as the taker of one or more parcels of the tithes." "I have," says this witness, Mr. Owen Roberts, "seen respectable ministers, if they may be considered so, from a multiplicity of church preferments, or plurality of livings, handing the drink about, as well as the most expert waiter in any tavern." It would be quite uncharitable to infer, that this is the common method of letting and collecting tithes in Wales, or that it extensively prevails in any other part of the United Kingdom: but really, can anything be more shocking, than to have the spectacle presented, *anywhere*, of revelling and intoxication, for the support of the gospel? The professed ministers of Jesus Christ catering at a drunken auction for their salaries! What a picture!

It appears from authentic documents that dram selling and intemperance greatly prevail even in the church. In 1831, the Scottish Temperance Society sent out a list of questions to its auxiliaries, in various parts of the country, among which were the following:

—"What, so far as you know, is the practice of Christian churches in your vicinity, with regard to retailers keeping open houses on the Sabbath? Are such persons, or are they not, admitted or continued as members of these Christian communities? And what is the actual discipline of Christian churches, with regard to intemperance?" "From the delicacy of the subject," say the committee, in their annual report for that year, "many of the societies were afraid to enter into any details; we will therefore only give a few such replies, as may be sufficient to exhibit the general state of discipline throughout the country." These replies are numbered from 1 up to 20, to denote that they are from different places. I wish I had room to copy them all, just as they stand in the report. But I must content myself with a few selections.

No. 1. Spirit retailers keeping open houses on the Sabbath, are admitted and continued as members of Christian Churches.

No. 3. In our vicinity, they are not only admitted and continued as members of churches, but are looked upon as their most respectable members, although their houses are more like the abodes of fiends, than the sober and peaceful dwellings of the righteous. It is no uncommon thing, for one part of a family to be seated at a communion table, whilst another part is engaged at home, serving out intoxicating liquors to their professing brethren.

No. 5. We do not know of *any* being taken to task, for selling spirits on the Sabbath, or deprived of church privileges.

No. 10. We may safely state, that all venders of spirituous liquors here, whatever their character, if they are parents, are members of some church.

No. 13. We know of none excluded on these accounts.

ance prevails to a lamentable extent in this place, both in the higher and lower circles."

What it costs the Nation.

It was stated by one of the witnesses before the Parliamentary committee, in 1834, that the sum expended for intoxicating drinks in the city of Glasgow alone, was nearly equal to the whole amount expended on all the public institutions of charity and benevolence in the United Kingdom. The same committee, in their report, estimate the mere pecuniary loss to the nation, at FIFTY MILLIONS sterling per annum. This estimate is confined to distilled spirits alone, and takes no account of the immense cost of malt liquors, which, as I shall have occasion to show, contain nearly twice as much pure alcohol as all the brandy, gin and whiskey, that are consumed in the country put together.

Mr. *Livesey*, one of the most popular and intelligent advocates of the cause of temperance in Great Britain, says in a lecture published last year, a copy of which is before me, "We annually spend upwards of *fifty millions* sterling in intoxicating liquor; and the labor and ingenuity and capital of above a *million* of persons are employed in producing and diffusing this stimulating poison." "Indeed," he adds, "in making a calculation of the cost of intemperance, if we consider the value of time lost, losses and damages by sea and land, &c. &c., we shall not exceed the truth, if we double the amount paid for liquor, and state the cost of intemperance for Great Britain and Ireland at a HUNDRED MILLIONS OF POUNDS ANNUALLY! I will only add a single sentence from the report of the Parliamentary Committee. "The loss of productive labor, in every department of occupation, is at least *one day in six*, throughout the king-

dom, by which the wealth of the country, created as it is chiefly by labor, is retarded, or suppressed, to the extent of one million out of every six, that is produced. Let every christian, every patriot, every friend of humanity look at these estimates. An annual loss to Great Britain, directly and indirectly, of 500,000,000 of dollars, from the use of strong drink! This, were it saved and put out at six per cent., would produce an income of \$30,000,000 per annum, and the bare interest upon this interest would be \$1,800,000; more I believe, than is contributed to all the great benevolent societies of the British empire!

It is a relief to turn from the dark and sickening picture which we have just been contemplating, to those gleams of hope and sunshine, which, though as yet they have done little more than make the darkness visible, nevertheless give promise of "shining more and more unto the perfect day." But before we look at the achievements and brightening prospects of the temperance reform in Great Britain, let us glance for a moment at some of the most formidable obstacles which it has had to encounter, and by which it is still impeded. "The fashion of drinking," says Mr. Livesey, in one of his very popular lectures of last year, "begins with us at our birth, and follows us till we are laid in our graves. So soon as a child is born into the world, the event must be celebrated by the use of some kind of intoxicating drink. Every visiter who enters the room is treated; and all drink the health of the new born babe. The *christening* is the next season for drinking, and Sunday is usually selected for the ceremony, because it affords a greater opportunity for drinking. The parties meet, each taking his portion before going to church, and after professing to dedicate the child to Almighty God in

baptism, they return and commence drinking till midnight.

“Both *weddings* and *funerals* are conducted on the same principles ; and on the latter occasion, we find, where friends are assembled to pay their respects to the departed, that the tables are covered with hot ale and cold ale, pipes and tobacco ; nay, as soon as you touch the latch of the door, you are presented by a female properly attired, with a smoking hot tankard of poison and water. So,” he adds, “it is at Christmas, Shrovetide, Easter, Whitsuntide—every memorable day in the history of our religion—every national holiday. Races, fairs and especially elections, are all seasons for destroying reason, impairing health and demoralizing character, by the use of strong drink.”

About four years ago, John Dunlop, Esq. of Greenock, published a tract, entitled the *Drinking usages of the North British*, which was widely circulated, and which exceedingly startled the friends of morality and religion throughout Scotland. Every one saw from the array of facts there presented, that the incentives to intemperance were so incorporated with all the occupations and business of active life ; with all the customs and courtesies of social intercourse ; with all public gatherings, amusements and holidays, and even with the most sacred rights of religion, that any attempt to dis sever them, would be like taking down the very frame work of the social system itself. I can barely touch upon a few points ; but I very much doubt, whether the great murderer of the souls and bodies of men ever spread his net more subtly over the Christian population of any country under heaven. It required strong faith and high moral courage to attempt anything ; and in the good beginning which has been made, we recognise the special blessing of God. What He has begun, He can finish. He, and

He alone, can drive the "foul and dumb and deaf spirit" out of the land; but see how satanically he is entrenched and fortified. "The system of rule and regulation, as to times and occasions of drinking" Mr. Dunlop tells us, "pervades every thing—meals, markets, fairs, sacraments, baptisms, and funerals; and almost every trade and profession, has its own code of laws, strict and well observed. The apprentice must pay his *entry*, to treat the workmen of the shop into which he goes, and from time to time, small sums, from one to five shillings, are levied upon him, for the same demoralizing purpose. Is he a plumber, he pays so much when he casts his first sheet of lead. Is he a hatter, at the end of his apprenticeship he must pay what they call a *garnish*, before he leaves. When he becomes a journeyman, his first wages, go for strong drink, for the benefit of the shop. At the iron foundries, this accursed *entry*, is 3s.—in ship yards, it is 2s.—in sail-lofts, it is a bottle of whiskey,—among sawyers, it is 6s. When a calico printer changes his color, that is, leaves one department for another, he pays a fine in drink. Till very lately, there was extorted from apprentice boys to print-fields, the enormous sum of £7 sterling, which being put into a fund, when it amounted to about £50, was spent in a debauch, and a whole district, including men, women, and children, was, for a fortnight, overspread with drunkenness, sickness, riot, and crime."

"Besides the profuse drinking, that occurs on the immediate occasion of a birth, or a funeral, the general practice throughout the country is, to give a glass to every one that comes into the house after a birth, till the baptism. When a death happens, every one gets a glass who comes within the door, until the funeral, and for six weeks after it. And what is still more shocking, "in some presbyteries, the presbyterial din-

ner, is furnished with liquor, by fines imposed on various occasions. For example—when a clergyman gets a new manse, (or parsonage,) he is fined a bottle of wine ; when he is married, he incurs the same penalty. The birth of a child, costs him one bottle, and the publication of a sermon, another. And in order to equalize matters, bachelors, and those, who in the marriage state, have no family, or do not publish a sermon, &c. are all put into the list, and fined for omission, as others have been for commission.” To cap the climax, “a particular church officer, called the comptroller, is appointed to attend to this business, and so to adjust the various *mulcts*, as to prevent one member from paying out of course ; and thus, a suitable equality of contribution is preserved among all the parties.”

Such were the formidable obstacles and discouragements, which the friends of temperance had to encounter, when the Scottish Temperance Society, was formed in 1829. The basis of this society, was what, for the sake of distinction, I shall call

The Old Pledge :

That is, of total abstinence from *distilled spirits*, except for medicinal purposes. This, in Great Britain, as in America, was the *first temperance dispensation* ; and I have no doubt, it was from heaven. The committee of the Scottish Society, entered upon their duties, with great zeal and efficiency, and their early efforts were crowned with unexpected success. Agents were employed, auxiliary societies, and congregational associations were formed in various parts of the kingdom, and in less than two years, between eight and nine thousand subscribers to the pledge, were obtained in the city and suburbs of Glasgow alone. Thrilling appeals were also written and widely distributed ; sta-

tistics were collected ; the consumption of distilled liquors, was considerably diminished ; some drunkards were reformed ; and in several places, a great impression was made upon the drinking customs of the people. Cheering accounts, like the following, from town and country, from the " Highlands and the Lowlands," were communicated to the central committee. " At births, spirits have in several instances been laid aside, and at baptisms, where one or two of our members are present, there is not one third of the former quantity of spirits used." " The drinking at baptisms is diminished." " At funerals, where drunkenness formerly prevailed, spirits begin to be little used." " We hope to suppress drinking at funerals, very soon." " Several funerals have lately taken place, without a single drop of whiskey." " A good deal less drinking, takes place at our fairs, than formerly." " The increase of domestic happiness and comfort, is very great." " Some who were not at church, for six years, now attend regularly." " Sabbath-day drinking, is now rarely practised." " We have about twenty members, who have been reclaimed from occasional or habitual drunkenness." " We have at least, five intemperate persons, who have remained firm, for eighteen months." &c.

Such were the early and auspicious fruits of the Scottish Temperance Society, and it has unquestionably accomplished a great amount of good, in each succeeding year of its benevolent labors ; but from all I could learn when I was in Scotland, it was rather in a languishing, than in a flourishing condition. The sanguine hopes of the first year or two, had not been realized. It began to be seen and felt, that the pledge did not cover the whole ground. The poor, would not willingly give up their gin, while the rich retained their wine. Members might abstain from the use of

ardent spirits, and yet be intemperate. What the state of the society is at this moment, I do not know. It *commenced* the temperance reformation, which was a great matter, and in carrying it forward has accomplished much. But I believe it cannot sustain itself where it is. The basis is too narrow. Our Scottish brethren, must take higher and broader ground, or the receding wave, will return and the overflowing scourge will again pass through.

The British and Foreign Temperance Society was formed in 1830, under the immediate auspices of the Bishop of London and of several other prelates, as well as members of parliament and officers of high rank, both in the army and navy. The pledge, or *declaration* of its fundamental principle, was in these words ; " We agree to abstain from distilled spirits except for medicinal purposes, and to discountenance the causes and practices of intemperance." This simple principle was then regarded by the most enlightened philanthropists, both in England, and the United States, as one of the most important discoveries of the age, and it was believed, that could it be universally adopted and adhered to, it would at once banish intemperance from the world. Under this animating impression, the British and Foreign Temperance Society commenced its benevolent career. Funds were raised, and agents were employed and sent out, to deliver lectures, collect facts, and form auxiliaries. The plan was favorably received. Large societies were formed in various parts of the kingdom, and in some places, the happy effects were extremely obvious, both to the friends and the enemies of the cause. The most sanguine hopes of universal reformation were excited. The great room in Exeter Hall, was crowded at successive anniversaries, where speeches, full of animation and encouragement, were delivered

and enthusiastically applauded. All these things were reported to us, and we heartily congratulated our brethren upon the great success of this new and glorious enterprise, and rejoiced with them in the prospect of its being carried triumphantly through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. Nor does it admit of a doubt, that a vast amount of good has been actually done, while an impulse has been given to the public mind in favor of temperance, from which the most important results may be anticipated.

But few will say, however, that their sanguine hopes have as yet been realized, or that the prospects of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, are at this moment, very encouraging. It appears from the fourth annual report, in 1835, that the whole number of members, in connection with the society was only 115,782, the population of England, and Wales being at that time, about 14,000,000 ; that is to say, there was about one member, to 120 persons ! The additions of the preceding year, were less than 30,000 ; and it appears from the Secretary's report, at the May Anniversary, in 1837 that but 20,000 had been added, during the last twelve months. It is also stated in the accounts which have just reached us, that the meeting was not so fully attended, as on former occasions, and that the platform was unusually thin. Murmurs, too, as well as applause, ran through the hall, when the noble chairman declared his adherence to the principles of the society, in opposition to that of entire abstinence from fermented as well as distilled liquors. Thus, for some reason or other, the *first temperance dispensation*, in Great Britain, seems, if it has not "waxed old," to be "ready to vanish away."

In other words, the old pledge of total abstinence from distilled spirits seems to have accomplished

nearly all that it can do, for the prevention and cure of drunkenness. When I was in England, many of the original singers had come to the settled conviction, that higher and broader ground must be taken or the "plague would never be stayed." Others, also, who were not prepared for any new aggressive movement upon the enemy's lines, had sore misgivings when they saw that the pledge, however strictly observed, was no certain protection against intemperance of the lowest and worst kind; and many of those members, even, who still "hoped all things" from the pledge, frankly confessed, that for some cause which they could not well understand, the vital energy of the system appeared to be on the decline. Some societies had become nearly extinct already; and others were fast sinking into a state of inaction which was very little better. It is now perfectly manifest, I think, from the thinness and tone of the late anniversary, to which allusion had just been made, that the symptoms were highly *premonitory*. The collapse may not immediately prove fatal. The National Society may, and probably will be kept up for some time longer; but I venture to predict, that the next meeting in Exeter Hall will develop still more decisive symptoms of feebleness and decay.

Do I then impeach either the wisdom or the philanthropy of those who took so prominent a lead in this noble cause, by forming the British and Foreign Temperance Society? "God forbid." I regard it on the contrary, as an exceedingly important and auspicious movement. Every great and good enterprise must have a beginning; and "they did what they could" under existing circumstances. Had they attempted more, they might have lost all. The public mind was not prepared to sustain them on higher ground. Thousands were ready to join in the pro-

scription of distilled spirits, as ruinous to the bodies and souls of men, and to put their names to the pledge, who could not have been induced to go further than this, because they did not then see it to be necessary. A fortress of terrible and inexhaustible munitions was to be invested and taken ; and, to this end, there must be a *first parallel*. 'The honor of opening this parallel in England, and breaking ground, where the bold-est had scarcely dared to reconnoitre, belongs to the British and Foreign Temperance Society ; and by so doing, she has earned the gratitude of the whole country. But it is one thing to open the trenches, and another to plant the standard upon the enemy's battlements. It is only by advancing, and scaling the walls, that the fortress can be taken.

When I say that the British Temperance Societies formed on the old pledge of total abstinence from distilled spirits, are evidently on the wane, some will probably infer, that I think the *cause* itself is declining. But no—it is unquestionably *advancing* ; and I am just paradoxical enough to regard the growing unpopularity of the old pledge as a proof of it. "You are leaving us, you are weakening us," cry the old societies, to those who wish to go further and faster. "How so?" reply our more zealous brethren. And let me take up the question, *How so ?* Just a besieging army of ten thousand is weakened, when five thousand, more bold and enterprising than the rest, march out of their first entrenchments, and commence a new parallel close to the walls of the city. The five thousand who stay behind, are certainly weakened by this onward movement ; but whose fault is it ? Let them advance shoulder to shoulder with their brethren, and they will soon find themselves stronger than ever. Verily, that is a new way of deserting a good cause, to march on from victory to victory. It would be a

strange charge to bring before a court-martial that one wing of an army had followed up the advantages of a hard fought battle, by pressing upon the broken and flying ranks of the enemy, instead of remaining on the field to help cannonade the positions from which he had been driven.

This is precisely the course of reasoning by which our friends in England justify themselves in leaving or declining to join, the old societies, and in associating upon the new pledge of total abstinence *from all intoxicating drinks whatsoever*. Here, at last, they find the true "water level," and this, they maintain, is the only place of safety. They deny that in taking this step, they have departed at all from the fundamental *principle* upon which the British and Foreign Temperance Society commenced its career. "What," they demand, "was the great object which the founders of that noble institution had in view? Was it to discountenance the use of certain intoxicating drinks, while others, possessing the very same deleterious qualities, were to be used as freely as ever; or was it to free the land from the curse of intemperance, by drying up *all* the poisonous streams and fountains? Did the friends of temperance mean to wage war with rum and brandy and gin and whiskey, because they happened to have these bad names; or was it against the intoxicating substance, the *alcohol* which they were known to contain? If it was the *alcohol*, then it is simply carrying out the great principle involved in the old pledge, to include *all* intoxicating liquors in the general proscription. When that pledge was adopted, the general impression was that it went about far enough—that fermented liquors need not be included, either because they do not contain alcohol, or because it exists in harmless combination with other substances. Now this is found to have been a great and

dangerous mistake. It is ascertained by chemical analysis, that wine, strong beer and cider, are impregnated with the very same narcotic vegetable poison, which makes distilled spirits so maddening and destructive ; and that ten or twenty per cent of alcohol is quite as injurious in fermented drinks, as in rum, or brandy, when reduced to the same standard by dilution. In short, it turns out, that the intoxicating principle in all liquors is the same thing, the same fiery and destructive agent, by whatever name we may choose to call it. It is fire, fire !—poison, poison !—alike in the distillery and the brewery, in the rum hogshead, the wine cask and the cider barrel. The only difference is, that the alcohol is disengaged and concentrated in one case by the process of distillation, and in the other by that of fermentation.

Such are the results of the ablest and most trust-worthy chemical tests and experiments and their correctness is amply verified by experience and observation. If drunkenness is more frequently produced by ardent spirits than by fermented liquors, it cannot be denied that intoxication upon wines, especially among the higher classes, is extremely common ; and that thousands among the lower actually become intemperate upon ale and porter. In leaving the ranks of our friends, therefore, who go for half and not the whole, and adopting the *tee-total* pledge, we only carry out what they so auspiciously begun. The difference between us is not a difference in *principle* but in *action*. Their object, originally was to drive out intemperance from all our borders. The same, precisely, was, and is still our object. The real difference is, they do not act up to their own principles, and we endeavour to carry them out so as to cover the whole ground, and assail the enemy at all points. We aim to pluck out the *little* fangs as well as the *great* fangs of the ser-

pent—to cut off the *small* heads of the hydra, as well as the *large* ones. We are perfectly convinced that nothing short of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks can ever dry up the the sources of intemperance ; and therefore it is, that we go for tee-totalism, the whole of tee-totalism, and nothing but tee-totalism !

This is the course of reasoning, by which the more zealous and thorough-going friends of temperance in England, justify themselves in giving up the old pledge and adopting a new one ; and for myself, I do not see how their consistency can be fairly impeached, or their logic confuted. What though the habitual use of wine and other fermented drinks was long considered harmless, and even healthy, by many who regarded ardent spirits as the very prince of demons in its ravages ? This did not change their nature, nor hinder them from slaying their thousands every year. Satan, though “ transformed into an angel of light ” is Satan still, and the more likely to prevail, the less he is suspected and feared. Suppose a company were formed to dyke out the sea, under an agreement to throw up the earth in certain low places, which were regarded at the time, as alone requiring any embankment ; and suppose the water should be found breaking over, in a hundred other places where its encroachments had not been suspected ; would half the company say, ‘ let us stick to the literal agreement, and stop up the wide breaches, and leave the rest to take care of themselves ; ’ or would the united voice of the association be, “ our object was, not merely to guard this point, or that point, but to keep out the sea at *every* point, and let us not relax till the work is accomplished ? ” Who would think it a less calamity to have his lands overflowed, and his children drowned by gradual and stealthy irruptions, than by the broad sweep of the ocean ? A ship is driven upon the breakers, and the water rushes

in, threatening all on board with immediate destruction. The leak is soon found, and all hands go to work to stop it. They succeed ; but by and by it is discovered that the ends of other planks have been started, and the water still finds its way into the hold. Now what if the captain should say, "O, never mind these trifles, they will not sink us half so soon as the great leak would have done ; and besides, as we did not suspect them at first, why should we trouble ourselves about them now."

Take another illustration. The country is so infested by two or three species of venomous serpents, that it becomes necessary to form extensive associations to destroy them. A common pledge is adopted, and the species are named. The work of extermination is commenced, and thousands of precious lives are saved. But it is found out at length, that other well known kinds of serpents, hitherto supposed to be harmless, have fangs too, and that multitudes of persons, more slowly perhaps, but not less surely, are destroyed by their venom. In such an emergency, what is to be done ? Some are for altering the pledge, so as to include the whole genus of poisonous reptiles, but, "no," say their more moderate and cautious neighbors : "let us adhere to the old pledge. It has done us excellent service, as you must all admit, and why not "let well enough alone ? Why hazard everything, by extending this war of extermination to species, which were supposed by almost every body a few years ago, to be innoxious ; and whose bite is even now thought by some to be very little if at all poisonous ?" Who, let me ask, that loves his friends and loves his country, would listen for a moment to such counsel ? "We know that these exempted reptiles are venomous, as well as those that we have all agreed to kill," would a thousand voices exclaim, "and let us not withhold our hand, so long as a poison-

ous fang is left, under whatever harmless name or brilliant colors it may be concealed."

Of the appositeness of these illustrations, every reader will form his own judgment. I present them, because, to my own mind, they are directly in point and entirely satisfactory. If "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," it is equally true, that alcohol is as much a poison under the name of wine, or strong beer, or cider, as under that of Jamaica spirits, or French brandy, or Holland gin; and it is upon this simple principle, that the tee-totalers of England proceed, in the war of extermination which they have so manfully waged against intemperance. They have shown from authentic documents that not less than *forty millions* of bushels of grain are destroyed every year in Great Britain, and converted into poisonous liquors, under the names of ale, porter, whiskey and gin; and that, great as the quantity of alcohol produced by distillation is, it falls short of what comes from the breweries.

"Drunkenness," says Mr. *Livesey*, in the pamphlet already referred to, "generally begins with wine and malt liquor, till the disguised poison begets an appetite for a stronger stimulant, which ardent spirit supplies. Alcohol in all our fashionable drinks, is the ingredient which produces intoxication. The following calculation will show two things: first, the great quantity of this liquid fire which is consumed; and secondly, that the greater part of this is swallowed under the disguise of *malt liquor*. Allowing the average quantity of alcohol in the different sorts to be *six per cent.*, the quantity of pure spirit annually drunk in this country in *ale* and *porter*, is about 25,380,000 gallons. In distilled spirit, allowing the average to be *fifty per cent.*, 12,963,000. In wine, allowing the average to be twenty per cent. 1,193,000." Well may the friends of temperance in our "father land," despair of every seeing the cause

triumph, so long as more than 400,000,000 gallons of strong beer, containing *double* the quantity of alcohol which is drunk under the name of ardent spirits is consumed by the great mass of the people. The wonder is, not that so many are leaving the old societies, and adopting the new pledge, but how any can flatter themselves that even the total banishment of distilled liquors from the country would root out intemperance, when thousands are every day disguised with wine, ale and porter ; and when *two* gallons of alcohol for *one* got rid of, would still be left to carry on the work of destruction, through the whole length and breadth of the land. Why, they might just as well talk of exterminating an invading army of 300,000, by attacking and driving out 100,000, while 200,000 should be left unmolested, to ravage the island with fire and sword at their leisure.

It is a matter of devout thanksgiving to God, that the eyes of so many are opened to the true state of the case ; and that the popular voice now demands a remedy adequate to the disease. Already the tee-totallers number *three hundred thousand* subscribers, almost *three* times as many as belong to the British and Foreign Temperance Society and all its auxiliaries, in 1835, and they are every day gaining new strength and courage. "In this I do rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice." Theirs, I am perfectly satisfied, is the true temperance principle. It covers the whole ground ; and no half-way measures will ever succeed. If ever intemperance is to be banished from England, or any other country where it prevails, it must be by *total abstinence*, not from ardent spirits only, but from all *intoxicating drinks*. Every thing short of this, will prove "like a dream when one awaketh." If a monster has a hundred heads, you must cut them *all* off, or you will not kill him. If you would rid the land of his carcass, you must give the *whole* of it, and not a part, to "the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STATE OF RELIGION.

General Remarks—Sabbath Schools—Benevolent Societies—
Gaming—Desecration of the Sabbath—Want of Church accommodations.

To do any thing like justice to this most interesting topic, would require time and space which I cannot command. Indeed, what I propose to say, can hardly be called an outline, so rapid and imperfect is the sketch. Religion has unquestionably been gaining ground in England, from the beginning of the present century. Indeed, I might go further back, and say, that ever since the days of Whitfield, and the Wesleys, the course of pure Christianity, has, with one or two short interruptions, been steadily on the advance. From what I saw and could learn, by diligent inquiry, during my visit to that country, I was led to believe, that there is more genuine piety there now, than there has been since the days of the Non-conformists and Puritans. And even then, if the gold was brighter, for the fires through which it passed—if persecution gave a higher and deeper tone to piety, than it obtains in these peaceful times, the number of sincere Christians was probably not so large.

Sabbath Schools have been productive of immense good, especially to the lower classes; and I believe they were never more prosperous or useful than at the

present moment. The name of *Robert Raikes*, will go down to posterity, and will be on a thousand grateful tongues, after many a proud conqueror shall be forgotten, or survive only to be execrated in the annals of slaughtered humanity. The disclosures of the great day alone, will show, that multitudes of poor children, many of them the offspring of vicious parents, have been rescued from infamy and crime, and brought into the church of the living God, through the benign influence of Sabbath School instruction. The dissemination of cheap *Religious Tracts*, also, which have been scattered like the leaves of autumn, around all the farm houses, and cottages in the land, and have even found their way into the deepest dens of pollution, has wrought mightily in the moral renovation of the lower orders. So long as God works by means, and blesses the well directed efforts of his people, such an institution as the *London Tract Society*, sending forth its publications by millions every year, will exert a prodigious influence upon the national mind. Let any one read the long series, and then look abroad and inquire what these silent little messengers have achieved in England, and judge for himself. It would be easy to select many from their list, which are certainly among the finest that ever were written; and it were but little to say, that I would rather be the author of such a tract as the *Dairyman's Daughter*, or the *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, than to wear the brightest diadem that ever glittered on the throne of "Persia, or Ormus." While I am not so visionary as to expect, that Sabbath School teachers and libraries and tract agents will *alone* work out the salvation of any country, I am certain, that under the blessing of God, they have wrought wonders in England. They have brought tens of thousands into the house of God, who, but for their preparatory agency, would never have visited it.

In most of the places of worship which I frequented, I met with devout and attentive congregations ; and although there are still, particularly in the great towns, frightful masses of immortal beings, who are never seen in the house of prayer, a great many new chapels and churches are going up ; and I have no doubt the average attendance is increasing. This, I am quite aware, does not of itself *prove*, that vital piety, is gaining ground in England ; because the “ *form of godliness,*” too often exists, “ *without the power ;*” but the increase of attendants on the means of grace is always an encouraging token ; and there are other circumstances from which I infer, that notwithstanding the wickedness which reigns so fearfully in high places, and the low profligacy which pervades the dregs of the population, the cause of evangelical religion is, as I have already said, upon the whole, advancing.

But one of the most striking proofs, that this is the case, is derived from the springing up and prosperous condition of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of those other great voluntary Associations, which have been formed, for the spread of the gospel at home, and abroad. To England belongs the honor of taking the lead, in the high and holy enterprise of modern Missions, and of doing more than all the world besides, to fulfil the prediction, that “ the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord.” And I hesitate not to say, that there is more true glory in the humble and self-denying achievements of her missionaries, than in all her victories by land and sea. But few, I know, of her warriors and senators and nobles, have eyes to see it ; and fewer still of her poets and historians and orators, have pens and tongues to proclaim it. But still the honor of enlightening and saving men, is infinitely greater than that of destroying them, even in

defence of our most sacred rights. Nor can I entertain a doubt, that the time will come, when on the page of British History, the names of Carey, and Morrison, and Buchanan, and Martyn, will stand higher than those of Marlborough, and Nelson, and Wellington. Yes; under the broad light of that sun which is rising, and which will shine for a thousand years, the British nation will look back with incomparably greater satisfaction upon what her Christian people are now doing, to bring the world to the obedience of Christ, than if, during the same period, she had extended her military conquests over every continent and every island. Not that she is doing what she *can*, or what she *will*. She has but just begun to put forth her strength, or rather to go forth in the strength of the Lord.

But what I mean to say, is this; that pure vital religion must be increasing and spreading in a country, which is casting more money into the Lord's treasury, printing and translating more Bibles, and sending out more protestant missionaries, than all other nations; and is putting forth so much greater efforts for the conversion of the world, than she ever made before. The progress of religion at home, I know may not be quite so great, as these foreign efforts would at first seem to indicate—for when it becomes fashionable to give money for the spread of the gospel, many will contribute, from other than purely Christian motives. In this view of the subject, former generations may have had more piety, than we are apt, in making our comparisons, to give them credit for; and the present may have less. Such societies however, as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and many other kindred benevolent Institutions, cannot spring up, and increase their funds,

and enlarge their operations from year to year, without a broad Christian basis to sustain them.

But if there is more evangelical and active piety in England at the present time, than there was thirty-five years ago, there *may* be more atheistical radicalism, ignorance, profligacy, and crime. There may have been an increase of numbers and of activity on the wrong side, as well as the right ; and the line between the good and the bad may be more distinctly drawn than formerly. Probably this is the case. Of the vast extent and consuming ravages of *intemperance*, I have just spoken at large. *Gaming* is carried on upon an immense scale, with an audacity, especially in the "*hells* of the Metropolis," which sets the laws and the police at defiance. *Bribery* in elections, too, boldly tramples upon the Statutes of the Realm, and heeds no rebuke or restraint, so long as money can be found to meet its insatiable demands. Among the higher classes, intrigues, seductions and adulteries are frightfully prevalent ; and the lanes and avenues of great towns, swarm with multitudes of the lower classes, whose "feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell." Wide and yawning and devouring also, are those bottomless pits, the *theatres*, which heaven abhors, and in which hell revels.

The *Sabbath* is awfully desecrated in England ; I do not say more so than in this country, for I am afraid we are not a whit behind her in this respect. But hundreds of thousands in that land so highly blessed and favored of heaven, do their own works and find their own pleasures on the day which the Lord hath made, and every new rail-road and steam-boat, "increaseth the transgressors in the land." So far as I have been able to learn, every effort which has recently been made, whether in Parliament or out of Parliament, to preserve the Sabbath from violation,

and protect those who wish to keep it in the enjoyment of their sacred rights, has failed. When I was in England, Sir *Andrew Agnew*, brought a bill into Parliament to restrain Sunday marketing; to close the shops of all descriptions, and to prevent other violations of the day. He was seconded by many thousands of petitioners, from among the industrious classes, such as bakers, butchers, fruiterers, barbers, hackmen, &c., who complained that they were obliged to work on the Sabbath, or lose their customers, and of course their living. But the bill was thrown out by a great majority; and there is not the least prospect that any thing will be done. One argument against the bill was, that it did not go far enough, it laid restrictions upon the poor, while it left the rich and noble untouched. Certainly they ought to be restrained as well as the humbler classes; and that they do violate the sacred rest to an alarming extent is certain. I will mention a single example. Happening to be in Worcester when the judges arrived in town to hold the assizes; I copied the following notice verbatim, from the Worcester Journal of July 23, 1835.

“On Friday morning, Lord Chief Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Williams, will attend divine service at the Cathedral, and afterwards proceed to their respective courts. On *Sunday*, the Judges will again go to the Cathedral, and in the afternoon their Lordships, with a large party of nobility and gentry, the high sheriff of the county, and the chairman of the quarter sessions, the Mayor of Worcester and other city authorities, will dine with the Bishop of Worcester at the Episcopal palace.”

Here, then, was a great dinner given on the *Lord's Day*, to the Lord Chief Justice of England, by one of the highest dignitaries of the Established Church!

What a spectacle! The judges, and nobles, and magistrates, and gentry of a great Christian commonwealth, going directly from the cathedral, to a grand entertainment at the EPISCOPAL PALACE! It requires no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose that their Lordships may have gone from the Episcopal palace into court the next morning, to pronounce sentence of death on some poor wretch, who would, in a few days, confess upon the gallows, that *Sabbath breaking* was the first step in his fatal career of wickedness! Every reader will make his own reflections and draw his own conclusions. But is it likely that this is the first Sunday dinner that ever was given by the Lord Bishop of Worcester to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, on his annual circuit? Is not the inference fair, that this is one of the regular Episcopal functions, in the diocese of Worcester: and that in other countries, when the highest law officers of the crown come to open the assizes, they are expected, as a matter of course, to worship in the morning of the Lord's day at the cathedral, and to dine in the afternoon, with the nobility and gentry and magistrates of the county, at the *Episcopal palace*?

The great and increasing *want of church accommodations*, in the large towns and populous manufacturing districts of England, is another dark shade in the picture of its religious condition and prospects. Nobody denies that there are vast multitudes of people who never attend any place of worship, and for whom there is no room if they were ever so much disposed to attend. It was my design to spread out the map of the country, and spend a few moments on this painful topic; but my limits absolutely forbid. I can only glance at the metropolis, in which, however the destitution is greater than anywhere else. According to returns made at the last session of Parliament, the

population of London, within a radius of *eight* English miles, is 2,000,000. For this immense throng of immortal beings, there are only 680 places of worship, of all denominations; which, if every church and chapel was full, would not accommodate more than 640,000,—less than one third! What, then, is to become of the other million and a quarter?

From a late report of the ecclesiastical commissioners, also, it appears, that in *seven* contiguous parishes, in the eastern part of London, with a population of 240,000, there are but eleven churches, with sittings for 16,000. Now supposing that there are also twice as many Dissenting chapels in this district, “What are these among so many?”

Mr. Fowel Buxton, M. P. stated before the London City Missionary Society in May, 1836—“That there were then in London, a *million* of people who not only did not attend church, but for whose instruction there is no provision of churches and ministers. He said, that in a district, a little more than a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in width, there were 70,000 souls, only about 9,000 or 10,000 of whom, frequented churches, and that on the first Sabbath in May, there were in one street of that district, 58, in another 90, and in another 94 shops open, so as to make it more like a fair than the Sabbath.”

The *Rev. Baptist Noel*, in a letter to the Bishop of London says, “that there are at present in the Metropolis and its vicinity, 500,000 persons at the very least, who live in the total neglect of the restraints of religion, of whom 10,000 are gamblers, 20,000 subsist on beggary as a trade, and 100,000 are given up to systematic and abandoned profligacy.”

After speaking of the deplorable want of religious instruction in London the *Rev. John Harris*, author

of the Great Teacher, and other popular works, asks, in a Missionary Sermon preached about two years ago, "But does not the return of the Sabbath form an exception of this state?" "It does," he answers, "but an exception of the most painful kind; for it consists in the evils being aggravated ten fold; 650,000 human beings, then stand up and say, in the face of heaven, there shall be no Sabbath. We will rest from our ordinary labors, only to toil in sin: the day shall be set apart to evil."

"And in obedience to this fearful decree, issued as from the throne of wickedness, the temples of vice are early thrown open, and thronged with impious devotees; the press issues its weekly manual of slander, sedition, impiety and blasphemy—every minister of evil is then in full employ, aided by numerous helpers, called in for the occasion. In many districts, the ordinary market is quickened in the business and riot of a fair—the quiet of the week is broken up by the carnival of the Sabbath—the great volcano of iniquity heaves and rises and discharges its desolating contents into the country, for miles around—every available form of art is pressed into the service of sin—the whole satanic system of depravity is in action and universal operation, and vice holds its saturnalia."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Its organization—The King its Head and Protector—Church Patronage — Ecclesiastical Prerogatives — Revenues—Starving of the Curates—Non-residence and Pluralities—Tithes—Church rates — Clerical Justices of the Peace— Liturgy—Cathedral Worship—Interesting Recollections and brightening prospects.

It is quite impossible, consistently with the studied brevity of these miscellaneous notices, to discuss either the scriptural authority or general expediency of National Church establishments. And I wish to bear it in mind, in the few following remarks, that having been born and educated under a different system, I am liable to magnify the evils which attend them. Were I an English Dissenter, I should certainly feel the galling of the yoke which our brethern deem so grievous. But while I own myself a decided "Voluntary," and fervently pray that the "word of the Lord may ever have *free* course," on this side of the Atlantic, I will not knowingly exaggerate the evils, incident to any system, that may happen to come under my review, on the other.

The constitution and laws of England constitute, the King the *supreme Head of the Church*. by his royal authority, "all ecclesiastical conventions are convened, prorogued, regulated, restrained and dissolved. Though but three orders of clergy, viz. bishops, priests and deacons, are essential to the Episcopal government in England, other officers have been gradually introduced; such as archbishops, deans, prebendaries, minor ca-

nons, archdeacons, church-wardens, &c." The English episcopacy, as now organized, consists of the *two* Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and *twenty-four* Bishops, who have seats in the house of Lords. The Bishop of Soder and Man has the good fortune to be an exception. The archbishops stand at the head of the bishops and all the inferior clergy in their respective provinces, and may present to all vacant livings at the disposal of the bishops, if they are not filled in six months. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate of all England. It is his prerogative to crown the kings and queens of the Realm, and he takes rank next after the royal family. The King or Queen, as head of the church, appoints the archbishops and bishops, by what is called a *conge d' elire* or *leave to elect*, which is sent to the dean and chapter, naming the person to be chosen. Every diocese has a cathedral, with a dean and several prebendaries, called the 'dean and chapter. *All* the deaneries, except four small ones in Wales, and *seventy-five* of the stalls, are filled by nomination from the crown. The revenues of the bishops, derived from lands and mines, are very large, and many of them rapidly increasing. Next in rank, to the prebendaries are the archdeacons, about sixty in number, whose duty it is, to inspect the movables of the churches, induct into benefices and reform slight abuses.

In 1812, there were 10,693 parishes in England and Wales. The incumbents of these parishes derive their income mainly from *tithes*. The lands are thus designated in the ecclesiastical tables: *tithe-free*, *titheable*, *tithe-free* in part, and *tithe-free* on payment of a *modus*, which is a very small commutation. The annual value of these lands is thus estimated in the last returns I have seen. Tithe-free, £7,904,378—titheable £20,217,466—tithe-free in part, £856,183, and on pay-

ment of the *modus*, £498,823. The people have no legal right to elect their own pastors ; but all the livings are filled by the Crown, or by clerical and lay patrons, who appoint whom they please ; and however obnoxious, or unfit for his place any incumbent may be, there is no relief. Even flagrant immorality is, in too many cases, effectually protected, by the enormous expenses of prosecuting to conviction in the ecclesiastical courts.

In making out a list of objections against the *English Church, as by law established*, and in noticing the abuses and evil tendencies which have been developed in the administration of its affairs, I feel no disposition to exaggerate any of them, nor to quarrel with those who insist, that some of them which have excited the loudest complaints, are not inherent, but accidental to the system. But whether inherent or accidental, so long as crying abuses exist, it will, I apprehend, be extremely difficult to separate them from the Establishment out of which they *seem* to grow ; and quite impossible to silence the complaints which they have occasioned. And I feel constrained to say, that my visit to England confirmed the impression which I had long had, that in breaking off from popery, Elizabeth and her successors stopped half way between Rome and Geneva. I may be mistaken ; but it seems to me, that quite as many ecclesiastical abuses remain, as have yet been corrected ; and indeed, some of the English Bishops, at this very day, keep up establishments, which the pope himself might well envy. My objections will be briefly but frankly stated.

First ; That feature of the British constitution, which makes the reigning sovereign the *Head and Protector* of the church, seems to me equally antichristian an absurd. If there is any shadow of authority in the New Testament for it, I have, I confess, never seen it.

Such a man as Charles II. or George IV. supreme Head of the Church and defender of the Faith ! What a profanation of all that is sacred ! And what is to protect the Church of England hereafter, from receiving all her bishops, and more than a *thousand* of her inferior clergy, from hands even more polluted ? If the kingdom of Christ is not of this world, how must he look upon this spiritual usurpation ! How must the purity of any church be stained, and her energies crippled, under such an organization. It is true, the reigning monarch of the British Isles must subscribe to the Thirty Nine Articles, and receive the sacrament ;—but does this make him a Christian ? And if it did, where has Christ delegated his authority to any earthly potentate, however exalted, or however loyal to himself, as “King of kings and Lord of lords ?”

Secondly ; Church Patronage is another most arbitrary and unchristian feature in the English Establishment : and it is exceedingly grievous to multitudes of the best men who belong to it. The great argument in its defence is, that the patrons being commonly more enlightened than the people, will be likely to give them better incumbents than they would chose for themselves, and that the clergy are hereby protected in their cures from the fickleness of popular control. But let any candid man who is not hereditarily bound to the system, look at it for one moment, and say, whether he believes it tends to the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, or the contrary. The King, as I have already remarked, fills all the Bishoprics and most of the Deaneries. Besides these, he presents to 552 Rectories, and 436 Vicarages. The Bishops, in their turn, hold a vast many livings in all parts of the country, and the residue are in the hands of the noblemen and other lay patrons, many of whom are the

most unfit persons in the world, to fill vacancies. Of all the 10,936 parishes, not one has the right of election.

- We should say, without stopping to look at the working of this vast patronal machinery, that it must, in the very nature of things, be highly prejudicial to the interests of religion. What is to hinder the reigning monarch from making his own creatures and favorites, bishops, without any regard to their spiritual qualifications ; or to restrain the other patrons from filling all the pulpits in the land with relatives and favorites, however unfit for the care of souls ? Nor can the most strenuous advocates of the system deny, that political and mercenary considerations *have* a mighty influence in a majority of the presentations. If many of the bishops are distinguished for talents and learning, and if most of them are tolerably well versed in political science, which may perhaps be the case, how few are evangelical in their sentiments, and zealously devoted to their sacerdotal duties ! As for the inferior livings, most of them are sought and bargained for, just like commissions in the army and navy ; and nobody pretends, that the great body of those who go into the church, give any more evidence of vital piety, than men who enter the other professions. If we may judge of them by their fruits, they are mere men of the world, in a canonical dress. They are so far from wishing to be thought to have ever experienced any other than baptismal regeneration, that hardly any thing would give them more uneasiness, than the apprehension of lying under such a Methodistical stigma. What the character of the English clergy, (I mean of the Establishment,) *would* be, if the people were to elect their pastors, cannot, certainly be known, till the experiment shall have been fairly tried ; but of one thing I feel quite confident—so long as the present system of patronage is continued,

hundreds, if not thousands, will be "put into the priest's office," who care infinitely more for the "fleece, than the flock."

Thirdly ; I cannot help regarding the *secular titles and prerogatives of the English bishops* as exceedingly preposterous. The *Lord Bishop of Ephesus*, or of *Corinth*,—how would it have sounded in the Acts of the Apostles ? A bench of Bishops in the upper house of Parliament ! Did ever any thing savor less of the humility and meekness and entire consecration of Christ's ministers to their sacred calling ? If the dignitaries of the church wish to mingle in the strife of whig and tory politics, why do they not first lay aside their sacerdotal robes, and meet their opponents hand to hand, as mere legislators ? I do not pretend to know how this ecclesiastico-political anomaly, so discreditable to the Church of England, and so injurious to her spiritual interests, is to be got rid of. That the moment a man is made a *Bishop* he shall become a *Lord*, and be entitled to sit and vote with the highest peers of the realm, is "part and parcel," of the British constitution ; and it is sometimes impossible, by a single stroke of the knife, to remove an excrescence of long standing, without endangering the life of the patient. But surely, bishops might if they pleased, quietly vacate their seats, and devote themselves wholly to the care of their sees. Who would complain of them, for taking a step so consonant to their consecration vows ? Would the Church, would the Commons, would those Lords themselves, with whom they commonly vote, on great political questions ? I cannot believe they would. The withdrawal of the bishops would take away so much of the popular odium, which now attaches to the hereditary branch of the British legislature, that I suspect even Lord Lyndhurst, and his Grace of Welling-

ton, would be glad to see the Episcopal bench unoccupied. Of one thing, I feel morally certain—if the English church is destined to live and flourish in the millennium, her bishops will be found moving in their appropriate spheres of religious influence, enlightning the people by their doctrines, and cheering them on, by their holy example, and not in either house of Parliament, voting with the ministry, or dividing with the opposition.

Fourthly ; The princely revenues, palaces and equipages of the English Prelates, are beyond all question extremely prejudicial to the interests “of pure and undefiled religion,” in the National Church. What can be conceived of more incongruous, than these “pomps and vanities of the world,” with the high apostolic claims of the bishops ; It must be expected, as a matter of course, that the secular peers of the realm will be “clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,”—that they will have their liveried trains of servants, grooms, footmen and outriders—that they will blazon their heraldry upon the chariots which roll them proudly to the House of Lords, and will display the insignia of their rank on all great public occasions. But for *Christian bishops*, servants of the Most High God, to vie with dukes and marquises in their services of plate, in their Falernian wines, in their furniture and equipage and robes of office, is virtually to renounce their sacerdotal character. When you see the bishop of London, or Durham, or Exeter, rolling in state to the upper House of Parliament, or entering his Cathedral with all the pomp of a blood-royal prince, you cannot help asking yourself, Is this a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is it thus, that he holds himself up as an “ensample to the flock ?” The rabble gape, and the mitre glitters ; but where is the servant of the meek and lowly Jesus ?

It is impossible to ascertain, exactly, what the annual income of the clergy, especially of the bishops and other dignitaries of the church amounts to. Nobody can deny, however, that the richer Sees are golden principalities ; nor that the lordly revenues of some of them are fast increasing. According to one estimate which I have seen, the Arch-bishops of Canterbury and York now receive more than £50,000, or \$250,000 a-year ; while by the rapid rise of ecclesiastical property in his diocese, the Bishop of London, *alone*, will shortly be entitled to a still more ample revenue. The See of Durham, as every body in England knows and acknowledges, is enormously rich. Some put the bishop's salary as high as £50,000 a-year, and few, I believe estimate it lower than £30,000, more than four times the salary of the President of the United States ! When I was in Durham, a very intelligent gentleman assured me, that the entire revenues of the diocese might fairly be estimated at £100,000, \$500,000 per annum. Of this vast sum, £40,000 go to support the dean, prebends, canons, organist, &c. of the Cathedral, in about the following proportions :—to the *dean*, a brother of the Duke of Wellington, between *ten and twelve thousand pounds* ; to the twelve *prebends*, from *two to three thousand*, each ; to the organist, *two hundred* ; to *six or eight* minor canons, *two hundred* each ; to *eight* singers, *one hundred* each ; besides smaller sums to other persons about the establishment. From all I have been able to learn, the aggregate revenues of the *twenty-four* bishops of England, cannot fall much, if any, short of £240,000. This sum divided equally, would give them £10,000 apiece ; that is to say, \$50,000. Is this apostolical ? Is this the way to build up and adorn the Church of England, with the “ beauties of holiness ? ” Who can deny, that \$50,000 income, is enough to expose any minis-

ter of the gospel in the world to "a snare and a trap and to many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition?" Whoever may be in fault, whether it is owing to the cupidity of the church itself, or to an absurd state policy, I feel fully assured, that until this great mistake, of making Christian bishops secular princes, is rectified, religion will languish, the ways of Zion will mourn, and the spirit of the world will triumph within that sacred pale, where the gospel ought to diffuse its holiest influences, and to shed from "the golden candlesticks," its brightest radiance.

Fifthly; It is a crying abuse in the Established Church, that while its dignified clergy "have more than heart could wish," thousands of curates and vicars who perform most of the labor, are left to starve upon the begrudged doles of fat, sinecure livings. According to diocesan returns, made a few years ago, the accuracy of which, I have never seen questioned, there were fifty-nine curates in England and Wales, with salaries from 10 to £20 per annum,—217, from 20 to £30—679, from 30 to £40—683, from 40 to £50—517, from 50 to £60—347, from 60 to £70, and 309, from 70 to £80. In all, 2,811 curates, whose salaries are between 10 and £80 per annum, and more than 1,600 of them, between 10 and £50. The reader will doubtless ask, how then do they live and support their families? They do not, and they cannot upon their salaries. Many of them eke out their miserable stipends, as well as they can, by teaching boys the rudiments of a classical education—many actually suffer for the want of the comforts of life, and some would be obliged to put themselves on the pauper list, if it were not for the private charities, which enable them to struggle along just on the verge of ex-

treme and hopeless poverty. Now if there were no *tithes*, if the English parishes were unable to give the clergy their bread it might be their duty to preach the gospel for £20 a-year, and even less ; but when we think of the princely revenues of the bishops, and of nearly 3000 “aristocratic pluralists, mostly non-resident,” with average incomes of £2000, and whose labors are performed by these very famished curates ; who can help crying out upon the system, as monstrously unjust and oppressive ? Surely it cannot last. There must be a reform, or the power that framed and upholds it, must fall.

Sixthly ; The non-residence and pluralities of the English clergy, just alluded to, are preying like a cancer upon the vitals of the Established Church. In 1809, there were out of 11,194 livings, from which returns were made, 7,358 cases of non-residence, though I believe the number is considerably smaller at present ; and so deeply ruinous is the tendency of the system felt to be, among enlightened men of all parties that it cannot much longer escape the ordeal of a thorough reform. But in speaking of it, we must take it as it is ; and who can think of half the clergy, belonging to a vast and enormously rich Protestant Establishment, forsaking their parishes for better society, or for pleasure, and taking up their abodes in London, in the large provincial towns and sporting districts—in France and Italy and Germany—who can contemplate such a spectacle without pain and astonishment ? It seems to me, that were I a member of the Church of England, I should despair of its being long upheld, unless this great evil can be remedied. And then to think of nearly *three thousand* pluralists, holding two, three, four, or more livings, that is, receiving the whole income, without performing the duties, how

can such a system of pious fraud and favoritism be tolerated ; and if tolerated, how can it possibly fail of undermining and overthrowing the church ? Take two or three examples. The eldest son of one of the bishops has held *six* preferments at once, bestowed by his father, and worth more than \$20,000. Another son, *six* livings, worth a trifle less ; and a son-in-law *three*, yielding about \$18,000 ! Now, is the church in which such abuses are allowed to exist from age to age, a reformed church ? Protestant it undoubtedly is in its articles ; but is it apostolical in its ministry, is it just in the distribution of its revenues, is it true to itself, in permitting its sacred functionaries, by thousands to reside out of their parishes, and still to live in ease and luxury upon the income ?

Seventhly ; With whatever favor the *tithe* system may have been regarded in England, a century or two ago, it has now become so odious to the whole body of the Dissenters, and is deemed so inexpedient by increasing numbers of church-men themselves that nothing but a radical change, by commutation or in some other way, will ever quiet the former, or satisfy the latter. It is too late in the day to convince intelligent Britons, who conscientiously dissent either from the doctrines, ceremonies or polity of the national church, that it is right to tax them for the support of its clergy. And nothing, in my humble opinion, can be more impolitic than further to exasperate them, by holding on to this system of coercion. They *will* resist it, and by every Christian argument and remonstrance, they *ought* to resist it, till redress is obtained. It does not square, it cannot be made to square, with the golden rule, to compel one third of the nation, after supporting their own religious teachers, to give up every tenth lamb and every tenth sheep, for the main-

tenance of clerical fox hunters, sinecurists and pluralists. The same may be said of *church rates*. What justice or right is there, in taking a poor Dissenter's cow, or pig, by a warrant of distress, to help build or repair a church for his rich episcopal neighbors; or to defray the incidental expenses of the vestry? Can they not wash their own surplices, or dust their own altars, or open their own church doors, on a Sabbath morning, without taxing the Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Quakers and Roman Catholics, to pay the laundress and the sexton? I rejoice to learn that a bill was brought in and supported by the ministers of the crown, at the last session of Parliament, to abolish these odious rates and though it failed at that time, it cannot long be resisted.

Eightly. The custom, which still prevails, to a considerable extent, of uniting the clerical and magisterial functions in the same person, is regarded, I believe, by the majority of churchmen, as exceedingly detrimental to the good influence of the clergy. However it may have been in ages past, there cannot, in the present state of society be any need of clergymen's acting as justices of the peace. They cannot, as magistrates, fine their parishioners for breaking the laws one day, and the next day gain access to their hearts and consciences, by "beseeching them in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Much less can they on Saturday issue their warrants to collect their parish tithes, and then on the Sabbath win those to Christ, whose property has just been sold under the hammer to pay their fat salaries.

Ninthly; Highly scriptural and impressive as the liturgy of the Church of England is, for the most part, there are exceptions which call loudly for a revision.

No one can read and compare it with the Romish missal and breviary, without wishing that the Reformers had consulted the Bible more, and the Popish offices less, in drawing up their own prayer book. My first reference is to the burial service, where the officiating priest is required, in the name of all good churchmen present, to thank the Lord, for "taking this our dear brother to himself," whatever may have been the character of the deceased. My next reference is to the power of giving absolution, in the solemn ceremonial for the visitation of sick. Here, the priest, after receiving from the individual a special confession of his sins, says, "By the authority of Christ, committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." I might also refer to baptismal regeneration, which has so long given infinite trouble to the evangelical clergy and members of the English church—but I forbear.

My last objection to the great national church establishment of England is of a more general, but not of a less serious character. I shall propound it chiefly, in the language of Father *Leander* to Pope Urban VIII. and in a short extract from the *Edinburgh Review*. *Leander* says, "The English Protestant Church retains an external appearance of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, which was in force during the time of the Catholic religion. It has its archbishops, bishops, deans, arch-deacons, chapters of canons in the cathedrals, of the most ancient sees, and most ample revenues. It preserves its ancient edifices, the names of its ancient parishes, priests, and deacons, and forms of conferring orders, which agree, in most respects, with the form prescribed by the Roman pontifical. It preserves also the clerical habits and gowns, the pastoral crooks and crosses.

"The doctrines of the English Church," says the Ed. Rev. vol. 43, p. 129, "as to confession and penance, are laid down in the Common Prayer Book, in the *same words* as they are described in the Catholic books. The Gospels, Epistles, and Collects, in the Liturgy of the Church of England, are the *same* as those in the Catholic Liturgy; and the ordination of a Catholic priest is admitted to be valid if he becomes a convert to the Church of England. So great in fact, is the similarity between the Church of Rome and of England, that the Scotch and all other Reformed churches, have made but little difference between them."

How much more of the *form* of religion there is than of the *power*, in the daily *cathedral* worship of the English church, must have struck every American who has had opportunity to witness the ceremonies. All the cathedrals are opened twice every day, (in summer at least)—at 10 o'clock, A. M., and at four P. M. I was present at one or more of these services in St. Paul's, in Westminster Abbey, and in the Cathedrals of Chester, Worcester, Durham, and York: and I must say that I never witnessed such monotonous and chilling formality anywhere else in my life. I do not recollect a single instance, on an ordinary week day, when *fifty* persons were present. In some cases there were almost none except strangers, who took the opportunity to step in and view the interior of the buildings. When I attended at the great cathedral of Durham, which, as I have already stated, is kept up at an expense of £40,000 sterling per annum, besides myself and one other stranger, the audience consisted of *two* respectable looking females and *one* ragged pauper, whether a resident of the place or not, I could not tell; and it is said that the average attendance on the Sabbath does not exceed seventy persons! I hope it

was not uncharitable, but I could not help asking, What evidence is there, that a single soul is truly converted to God by means of this daily service, and at all this vast expense, from one end of the year to the other?

But after all the foregoing strictures, none of which, upon the most serious review, I can see any reason to retract, I should do great injustice to my own feelings and convictions, if I were not to acknowledge the high obligations which the whole Protestant world is under to England, for her stedfast resistance to Popery, ever since she put out the fires of Smithfield and Oxford. When I visited the Tower of London and beheld the spoils of the Spanish Armada—and among others the manacles and thumb screws, which were to bring the heretics back to “Holy Mother Church”—when I reverted to the period of the threatened invasion, and saw Elizabeth mounted on her white charger, to stir up and animate her subjects, I could not but admire and be proud of the heroism of our common ancestors, in defence of their laws and their religion. In like manner, when I think how many illustrious champions of the truth have been nurtured in the bosom of the English church—when I look at those great luminaries in her sky, which are destined to shed light and heat upon remote ages and nations—when I think of Butler, and Stillingfleet, and Brown, and Tillotson, and Beveridge, and Boyle, and Law, and Leighton, and Jeremy Taylor, and a host of others, in the same glorious galaxy, I cannot help lifting up my heart in thanksgiving to God, for what he hath wrought by her, and in prayer, that he will “turn his hand upon her, and purely purge away her dross and take away all her tin.”

So when I come down to later times, and think of such holy and devoted servants of Christ in the Es-

tablishment, as Newton, and Scott, and Cecil, and Leigh Richmond, and Buchanan, and Milner, and Henry Martyn, and Simeon, I cannot help revering the mother of such an offspring, in spite of my convictions, that she is lavishing her favors upon many who are entirely unworthy of them, and that a thorough reformation in her household is called for.

Indeed there are many living and thankful witnesses, that a reformation is now in progress. Evangelical sentiments have been gaining ground and spreading in the church of England, for the last five and thirty years; and from every thing I could learn, while I was in that country, she has now a large body of clergy, who are eminently pious and devoted to their work; and their labors, as might be expected, are greatly blessed. It is true, they are stigmatized as Methodists and fanatics, by what may be called the *high church party*; and as yet they have but little sympathy, or encouragement, from the great majority of the bishops and other dignified clergy. But still, they humbly and quietly persevere, in doing their Master's work; and no doubt, are the more devoted on account of the reproach which is cast upon them. As long as the promises of Christ stand in the gospel, two or three thousand evangelical and pious ministers, of any communion, cannot preach the word "in season and out of season," without "turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" and a very great change has actually been wrought in the church of England. It is obvious enough, that the people will not much longer sit down quietly under the lifeless forms of religion, however imposing. They feel that they need the *power*. And accordingly, where dissenting chapels are built, and warm-hearted, searching preachers are settled, it is a common thing for the more serious Episcopalians in the neighborhood, to leave their own

churches and attend on their ministry. The only way to hinder these defections is, to send a pious curate into every such neighborhood ; and I was told, that this policy is now adopted by some of the bishops who are far from approving of evangelical preaching. It is exceedingly encouraging, that many of the higher classes, including a considerable number of the professors and fellows of the Universities, are coming out decidedly on evangelical grounds ; and that increasing numbers of the students, who are destined for the church, give good evidence, that they have "passed from death unto life." One of the professors at Oxford told me, with much apparent satisfaction, that he was acquainted with about *two hundred* such, in the several colleges of that university. Were I a Briton, therefore, I could not, with my present views, join in the cry, *Delenda est Carthago*, from whatever quarter it might come ; but should think it my duty rather to pray, that the church of England being speedily and safely divorced from the state, and all the abuses, which now mar her beauty and weaken her strength, being corrected, "her peace may be like a river, and her righteousness as the wave of the sea."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DISSENTERS.

Methodists—Independents—Baptists—Presbyterians—Friends—
Roman Catholics—Religious Laymen—English Preachers and
Preaching—Revivals of Religion.

Of all the Dissenters in England the *Methodists* are the most numerous and enterprising class. I am aware, that the great founder of this prosperous sect always expressed a strong attachment to the established church ; that the Episcopal service is still read in some of the chapels, and that when the late Parliamentary elections were pending, the High Church and State Journals flattered and claimed the Methodists, as friendly to the existing order of things, and opposed to the present Whig Ministry. But even Mr. Wesley, in spite of his early and enduring Episcopal preferences, was to all intents and purposes a *Dissenter*, from the moment he entered upon his extraordinary career, to the end of his life. He maintained, that the “the word of God was not bound,” and that, God helping him, it should not be in the British Islands. His burning soul would not submit to be fettered and quenched by arbitrary canons and lifeless ceremonies. As far as he could conform, without detriment to the great practical and spiritual reformation which he meditated, he would do so ; but beyond that, he dealt with all the restrictions which were thrown around him, as Sampson did with the new ropes and green withs of the Philistines. Since his death, the Wesleyan connection have receded still further from the Establishment, in their forms of worship and

church polity ; and at the late elections, they have convinced all parties, I believe, that they intend to be recognised as the steadfast friends of civil and ecclesiastical reform.

There have been two considerable secessions from the Wesleyan body ; the first in 1792 under the name of the *New Connection*, and the other about two years ago, under that of *Wesleyan Association*. While these seceders adhere to the doctrines, and in most respects to the discipline of their founder, they reject the absolute power of the General Conference, comprising ministers only, as inconsistent with Christian liberty ; and insist that the people ought to have a voice "in the formation of their own laws, the choice of their own preachers and class leaders, and the management of their own property." During the last summer, a plan of union between these two bodies was much talked of ; and a free correspondence was opened, which I believe has not yet been closed. But in discussing the principles and conditions of such a union, difficulties have arisen, which seem likely to prove insuperable, at least for the present. Besides these, there are some other off-shoots from the parent Methodist stock, consisting in the aggregate, it is supposed of *seventy or eighty thousand*—as the *Kilhamites*, the *Primitive Methodists*, the *Independent Methodists*, the *Wesleyan Protestant Methodists*, and the *Bryanites* ; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with their rise and progress, to do more than just refer to them, in passing. There are also the Whitfieldian, or Calvinistic Methodists, scattered in considerable numbers over the kingdom, whether on the advance or decline I cannot say. Then there is the *Lady Huntingdon Connection*, on Mr Whitfield's plan, but distinct from the body last named ; and in her chapels, which are considerably numerous, the gospel has been preached for many years, with great zeal and success.

As I happened, in first going to London, to take lodgings in one of the principal Methodist boarding houses, and to arrive just in time for the spring anniversaries, which bring the brethren together from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, I was introduced to a great many of their local and circuit preachers; and it affords me much pleasure to say, that I formed a very favorable opinion, both of their intelligence and their piety. Their itinerant and supervisory system is admirably fitted to augment their numbers, and to keep their energies in full and successful action. It works more efficiently than any other system, especially among the lower and middling classes in England, as almost everywhere else: and this is no faint commendation. But while I think the followers of John Wesley, are remarkably fitted to "go out into the highways and hedges, and bring in the blind, the halt, and the maimed," I cannot think they are so well qualified as some others, to build up the church of Christ on a broad scriptural foundation. The difference between conviction and conversion, they do not appear to see so distinctly, as the followers of John Calvin, and their views of regeneration, do not seem to me so clear and discriminating. I apprehend, from what I could learn, that as soon as sinners are awakened, they are too apt to address them as "mourners in Zion," and too much in haste to count them as real converts. But there are a great many admirable features in their system, and they are, I have no doubt, doing immense good in England.

In missionary zeal and enterprise, the Methodists are not surpassed by any body of Christians in Great Britain. The Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, is one of the largest and most flourishing in the world. It is sustained at home by a pervading energy and open-handed liberality, which all the friends of Mis-

sions would do well to emulate ; and under a highly efficient organization, is "garnering up" for itself "the blessing of many, who were ready to perish." The missionaries of this society are found in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and in many of the Islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. But no where have they labored with so much zeal and success, as among the poor slaves of the West Indies. For these "labors of love," performed amid so many perils and discouragements, I greatly honor them, as it seems to me every Christian philanthropist must ; and I honor the whole Methodist Connection in Great Britain, as well as other Christians for lifting up their voice, as they have done, against the accursed system of Colonial bondage, and for their determination never to give the government any rest, while a vestige of it remains in the British Islands.

Next to the Methodists, the *Independents* or *Congregationalists*, are the most numerous and flourishing body of Dissenters in England ; and it might well be thought strange, if I did not sympathise with them more entirely, than with any other class of Christians. To say that they are the descendants of the Puritans, is to cast the proudest and brightest escutcheons of British heraldry entirely into the shade ; and what is more to us, it is to recognise a brotherhood of no ordinary character. They are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." Our fathers and theirs, were baptised and brought up together ; and they were "companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." The persecutions which drove our ancestors into a savage wilderness, beyond the great ocean, did not spare their brethren, who remained at home.

The Independent churches of England and Wales,

number about 1,700. Their form of government is strictly *Congregational*—much more so than in the churches of New England. Many of them claim the right of licensing their own preachers, and of ordaining, disciplining and dismissing their own pastors, though I am not aware that it is often exercised. But although each church claims to be entirely independent of all ecclesiastical control, and holds itself amenable only to Christ, the divine Head of the Church, a Congregational Union has lately been formed, for mutual consultation and advice, which meets annually in London, and which has already drawn the churches more closely together, and by promoting unity of feeling and action, has given a new spring to their efforts for the common good.

In doctrine, the independents are decidedly Calvinistic. On every fundamental point, they harmonize perfectly with the Orthodox Congregational and Presbyterian churches of this country. They hold to the infinite importance of having a truly converted and evangelical ministry, and they require of every candidate such evidences of grace as can be gathered from a personal examination, before he is put into the sacred office. A credible profession of faith in Christ is also required as a condition of church-membership. The loose and ruinous practice of admitting persons to the Lord's table without examination, and without their making any pretensions to vital piety, is universally disapproved of by our Independent brethren in England. In the administration of infant baptism, however, they are not so strict. While most, if not all of them, recognise saving faith on the part of the parent, as essential to an acceptable presentation of the child, some pastors, (I know not how extensive the practice is,) administer the ordinance, where neither of the parents belongs to the church. Herein I think they err; but this is not the place to discuss the question.

The Independents, as I have had occasion already to remark, have a number of very respectable seminaries for the education of young men for the ministry, under the care of able classical and theological professors. There is no calculating the blessings which flow into the churches, from these fountains. What our Presbyterian brethren call "elective affinity," and the commission with which I was honored, extended my acquaintance among the ministers of the Congregational Union much farther than among those of any other denomination; and I do not know where a more respectable body of clergy can be found. They are in general well educated, and seriously devoted to the great work of winning souls to Christ. Some of the most gifted, fervent and popular preachers in England are found in their ranks. The Independents are fast increasing; and under the smiles of Heaven, they must continue to increase, so long as they keep the "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and continue to labor faithfully in their Master's service.

They have long been distinguished for their zeal in the cause of Foreign Missions. The London Missionary Society sprung from their prayers, counsels and efforts. As it was theirs in its infancy, it has been chiefly nurtured up and sustained by their contributions; it is theirs in its present palmy state; and in their efforts to enlarge its funds and extend its benign and saving influence, they are "not a whit behind" any other class of British Christians. The Society has no less than 428 stations and out-stations, and 600 laborers, including native assistants. They are found in the Georgian, Hervey, Marquesas, Navigator's, and Society Islands; in China, Malacca, Singapore, Java, Penang; in northern and peninsular India; in Siberia; in South Africa and the African Islands; in the Mediterranean and in the West Indies. It is delight-

ful to witness, with what zeal the Independents vie with the Methodists, in extending the blessings of the gospel to all the plantations of Jamaica and the neighboring islands, and in pouring their loud petitions into the ear of Government, for the complete emancipation of every slave. The amount of legacies and contributions to their great society, for the last year, was £64,372, or about \$325,000.

The *Baptists*, though not nearly so numerous as the Independents, are a very respectable body of Dissenters in England. Their's was the first of those Foreign Missionary Societies, which are now the brightest gem in the British diadem; and the names of Fuller, and Hall, and Carey, and Marshman, and Foster, and Gregory, will be held in everlasting remembrance. The Baptists are distinguished by the titles of *Particular* and *General* Baptists. The former, in 1831, had about 780 churches, and the latter about 300. *Those*, believe in a particular, or limited atonement, and *these* in a general atonement.

The *Presbyterians*, (chiefly Unitarian,) have about 260 churches. Most of them, however, are small, and on the decline.

The *Quakers*, or Friends, number not far from 380 churches, and are becoming more evangelical. The prospect is, that they will soon separate, as the Hicksites and Orthodox in the United States have done, and on nearly the same grounds.

The *Roman* Catholics are increasing in England. According to the London Record of July 6th, 1837, they have now 430 chapels, 70 of which are in London and its environs, 117 in the south, 189 in the north,

and 54 in the west of England. Some of their congregations are very large, especially in the Metropolis. The increase, for a few years past, has been rapid; and while it is natural, that this circumstance should excite a degree of solicitude in the minds of zealous Protestants, I could not but wonder that the High Church party, who are the loudest in their notes of alarm cannot be made to see that it is high time for them to purge out the leaven of Romanism from their own communion. Their safety depends far more upon carrying out the Protestant reformation among themselves, than upon the excitement of public meetings, or the counteracting influence of visitatorial charges, and anonymous political declamation.

In all, there are about 6,500 congregations of Dissenters in England, and not far from the 10,000 Episcopal churches and chapels. That the Dissenters are fast gaining upon the Establishment, there can be no doubt; and that they will ere long compel the Government to redress all their remaining grievances, is, to my mind, almost equally certain. In a letter written to Professor Lee of Cambridge, about the time I was in England, Dr. John Pye Smith holds this language, "The Dissenters exceed one half of the whole number throughout the land, who profess serious religion. Observe what I say, and let it sink down in your heart—your church does not supply half the Scriptural, evangelical and effective instruction which is dispensed to the English population; but more than the half, is the offspring of voluntary contributions from Dissenters and non-conforming Methodists." Most devoutly is it to be wished, that every cause of agitation may be removed with the least possible delay; for how can real vital piety be expected to flourish and gain ground, while the present struggle lasts, as it might, under the peaceful reign of gospel liberty and gospel love?

That horrible revolutionary tragedy, which was got up by the French infidels and enacted towards the close of the last century on the Parisian stage, reeking and slippery with gore, was not the only incarnation of atheism and anarchy, which stalked forth to gorge itself with slaughter, about the same period. While Voltaire, Diderot, and d'Alembert, were preparing the great national drama of 1793, and training up the actors, the spirit of infidelity, under popular auspices, was fast gaining ground in England, and threatening not only to undermine the altar and the throne, but to tear up the very foundations of social order itself. Religion was then at a very low ebb. If it had not been, the scurrilous and malignant blasphemies of Thomas Paine could never have been tolerated and spread abroad as they were. And while it was but too obvious, that having thrown off the restraints of the Bible, multitudes of the lower orders were ripe for anarchy and blood, Christianity retained but a feeble hold upon the minds of the nobles and rulers of the land. In the higher circles of society, nothing was more unpopular than serious vital piety. To be suspected of it, was almost equivalent to social and political disfranchisement.

William Wilberforce was an illustrious exception. Others there certainly were, but his name stands pre-eminent. He not only recommended the religion of Christ by his own bright and consistent example, but he employed his highly gifted pen in the illustration of its principles and the enforcement of its claims. His *Practical View of Christianity* is a book of extraordinary merit; and it soon found its way into circles of rank and intelligence, where no other evangelical writer of the age could have gained a hearing. It was extensively read; and probably no work in modern times

has done so much to check the progress of infidelity in high places, and to bring those to whom it was particularly addressed, to "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." The writings of *Mrs. Hannah More*, also, circulating extensively among the upper classes, as well as the lower, have no doubt contributed very much to the happy change. And whatever human instrumentality, may have been most eminently blessed to the conversion of distinguished men, it cannot be doubted, that the number of such converts has been greatly increased within the last five and twenty years. Several of the nobility are regarded as decidedly pious men, and are found in the fore-most ranks of the noblest Christian enterprises of the age. They are not ashamed to come out at the public anniversaries, and in pleading the cause of the dying heathen, to hold up "the blood of the everlasting covenant, the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," as alone efficacious to save them. Many officers, both in the army and navy, and some of high rank, appear openly on the Lord's side, and are ready, whenever occasion requires, to defend his cause. It is no doubt true, and it is mournful to think of it, that in all the departments of civil and military service; in the various walks of science and literature, and in all the more influential classes of society, the great majority of England's noble sons, (I use the term in the popular sense,) are still "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers from the covenant of promise." But, at the same time, it is cheering to think, how many persons of distinction and influence of decidedly evangelical principles, are scattered over the face of the Island, and to have reason to believe, that the number is increasing.

English Preachers and Preaching.

It will naturally be supposed, that to every Ameri-

can clergymen who crosses the Atlantic, the English pulpit must be an object of peculiar interest. My own opportunities of judgment and comparison were confined chiefly, though by no means, exclusively, to the Independent Chapels. The general style of English sermonizing does not differ much, from the notion which I had formed of it before I left home. It is very correctly represented in the volumes of sermons which have reached this country, and by some of the preachers whom we have had the pleasure of hearing in our own pulpits. Their preaching is rather general than particular; rather persuasive than alarming; rather hortatory than doctrinal. It is addressed far more to christians than to impenitent sinners. Our brethren are not much in the habit, I should think, of dividing their hearers into distinct classes, and addressing them as belonging to the two great kingdoms of light and darkness, of "Christ and Belial." Judging from such opportunities as I enjoyed, their style of address, is not nearly so direct and searching and awakening, as is common in the evangelical pulpits of the United States. It does not hold up the terrors of God's broken law so frequently, nor so vividly, before the eyes of the sinner, nor point out so clearly his guilt and his danger. In one word, I am fully satisfied, that English preaching is not, in general, so well adapted to awaken the stupid and the worldly, and bring them to repentance, as ours. It is too general—too indefinite—too apt to leave the impression on the minds of the audience, that there is no radical difference between sober moralists and real Christians. I do not mean to say, that our English Calvinistic brethren overlook the distinction, or think it unimportant. They hold to the absolute necessity of regeneration by the Spirit of God; that till this great change takes place, however moral and serious any person may be, he is still under condemna-

tion ; and that, although *sanctification* is a progressive work upon the soul, the *new birth* is instantaneous. All this is not so clearly stated, however, nor so often insisted on, I believe, by preachers of the same faith on the other side of the Atlantic, as on this side.

But while I make these remarks freely, and certainly think our brethren might yet learn something from us, or rather from the Bible, in the divine art of "winning souls to Christ," I could not but admire their general strain of preaching, as eminently calculated "to edify the body of Christ." It is so full of the sweet promises and consolations of the Gospel—exhibits so many admirable delineations of the Christian graces, of meekness, hope, faith, brotherly kindness and charity—dwells so much upon the love of Christ to his church, the efficacy of his atoning blood and the proffered aid of his Spirit, and is so fraught with earnest and tender exhortations to "holy living," that it would seem as if no one who has ever "tasted that the Lord is gracious," could remain "barren or unfruitful in his vineyard." Here I am sure, that most American preachers in their turn, have something to learn from their English brethren. The difference between the English and American pulpits, is this. *They* preach too much as if all their hearers were already Christians, or in a fair way to become so ; and *we*, too much as if we had little else to do, but exhort sinners "to flee from the wrath to come," seeming to take it for granted, that if we can once see them plucked as "brands from the burning," they will do well enough, and not considering what a howling wilderness they have yet to pass through, on their journey to the promised land. Now what is wanting, is, a skillful blending of these two styles of preaching. The English should not give up theirs, nor we ours. While they still continue

to exhort Christians, even more earnestly than they do now, they should more frequently "beseech sinners in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." On the other hand, without any abatement of zeal for the awakening and conversion of sinners, we might, I am persuaded, God helping us, render our ministry more useful, by devoting a larger share of our preaching and time to the edification of the church.

The *manner* of the English preachers is earnest, and solemn, but somewhat artificial and monotonous. Their style of pulpit elocution is rather chaste than bold; rather winning, than impassioned. The sermons of our brethren, are a good deal longer than ours. From fifty minutes to an hour, I should think, must have been the average length of those which I heard. Their audiences show no signs of impatience, however, as ours would be apt to do, under such long exercises. Their discourses are methodical and well studied; but in general the separate divisions, are not formally announced. The clergy of the established church, *read* their notes, while the Dissenters, almost universally, preach without any manuscript before them. Some commit their discourses, and others write but little. They accustom themselves so early to extempore speaking, that they acquire the habit of expressing their thoughts with a degree of correctness and fluency, which I hardly expected to find. This is an excellent habit, where it does not tempt ministers to neglect close study, and careful writing. When it does, it "genders" words rather than thoughts; and ministers rather to vehement declamation than to sound instruction.

Although, during some periods of her history, England may have had a greater number of eloquent and powerful preachers than now adorn her pulpits;

many might be named, who would do honor to any age or country. Some of them, it was my privilege to hear. The Rev. Baptist Noel, and a Mr. Melville, both of the establishment, are justly reckoned among the number. I was delighted with Mr. Jay, of Bath—there was so much simplicity and at the same time beauty and unction in his sermon; and it was so sweet and so enriched, with the most felicitous scriptural quotations and allusions. It was preached in London, before the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Mr. James, of Birmingham, I heard more than once. He is an admirable preacher, both in matter and manner. Very few, I believe, either in England, or the United States, unite the two styles which I have spoken of, as characteristics of our respective pulpits, more happily than he does. His church is very large and flourishing. Mr. Binney, of London, I also listened to with great satisfaction. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool is eloquent, solemn and impressive. I have rarely, if ever, listened to a more touching, or appropriate sacramental discourse, than the one I heard him deliver, the Sabbath before I left the country; and with the discourses of several others I was much edified.

Revivals of Religion.

Those are mistaken who suppose that there are no revivals in England. There was a very happy one in Dr. Reed's congregation, while he was absent on his late visit to the United States and Canada. About the time that I arrived in London, a short, but highly interesting account was published, (I think in the Congregational Magazine,) of a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," in a remote rural congregation, bearing all the marks of a still and powerful American revival; and cases are not very uncommon, where considerable numbers are simultaneously awak-

ened, and in the 'course of a few months, brought into the church. Still there is nothing in the modern history and experience of the English churches, to compare with those extraordinary out-pourings of the Spirit, which have so often been enjoyed, within the last forty years, almost throughout the length and breadth of this land.

These copious effusions of a divine and saving influence, from Him with whom "is the residue of the Spirit," do not appear, for a considerable time, to have excited much attention among our British fellow Christians. By degrees, however, as the work of the Lord still went on in this country, and with increasing power, they became interested in the reports which reached them, and instituted such inquiries, with regard to the aspects and fruits of our revivals, as might enable them to form a correct judgment on the premises. The result of these inquiries, aided by such printed narratives, as found their way across the Atlantic, was highly satisfactory to many of our most pious and enlightened Christian brethren on that side of the water. Their doubts and fears were removed. They believed that God was of a truth amongst us ; and they began fervently to pray that the work might extend across the ocean, and that they might witness the same astonishing triumphs of divine grace in their own congregations. In short, every thing seemed to indicate, that God was preparing the way for an extensive revival of his work in that country.

But just about the time that Mr. Nettleton visited England and Dr. Sprague's Lectures on Revivals were received and eagerly read, and both were making the happiest impression on the minds of our brethren there, rumors of "new measures," and various disorders, such as denouncing settled pastors, praying for persons by name in promiscuous assemblies, calling upon females

to pray and exhort in public meetings, and the like, began to reach their ears. They paused. "Are these the glorious American revivals of which we heard so much? Or if they were genuine at first, are they not degenerating into the wildest fanaticism; and what security could we have against similar disorders, were the same religious excitement to pervade our churches?" Thus they reasoned, and it was like dashing water upon the fire of a thousand altars, where it had just begun to burn. It is in vain to say, that they reasoned incorrectly. I think they did. They ought to have made a distinction, and not to have rejected the genuine coin, because a counterfeit currency was beginning to circulate. But the mischief has been done, and it is infinite. There is every reason to believe, that could the American revivals have been kept as pure as they were for a quarter of a century after they began, under the ministry of Mills, and Hallock, and Hyde, and Strong, and Griffin, and their contemporaries of like spirit, Great Britain might now have been extensively enjoying the same glorious tokens of the divine presence and favor. Many dear brethren, indeed, still inquire about the work of the Lord amongst us, and still believe that He is with us of a truth; but no one who has much intercourse with the religious people of that country, can help perceiving that there is a general distrust of our revivals, which would render them jealous of any special efforts which you might make, or recommend, to produce a general excitement in their congregations. We have lost the advantage which God seemed to have put in our hands, for the promotion of revivals among our British kindred, and a whole century, I fear, will be too short to recover it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SCOTLAND.

Journey from Durham to Edinburgh—Abbotsford—Sir Walter Scott—His Writings—Soil and Face of the Country—Scottish Agriculture—Arrival at Edinburgh—Situation and General aspects of the Town—Charming Views.

I am free to confess, that much as I was delighted with England—with its McAdamized roads and hawthorn hedges—its castles, its cathedrals, and velvet lawns and majestic parks, and all its fine cultivation and hearty greetings, I was impatient to set my face towards Scotland, sooner than the best arrangements I could make would allow. I desired to visit its “crowning city,” and see its beautiful waters, and breathe the pure air of its Highlands. At length the time arrived, and it was one of the finest days in August, that the coach took me from Durham to Edinburgh, through New-Castle upon Tyne, and the charming vale of the Tweed. This is the middle road to the northern capital, and a more interesting route, it is said, than either of the others. I enjoyed the long ride, of a hundred and ten miles, exceedingly ; and not the less, you may well imagine, because as we advanced, the face of the country hourly reminded me, more and more, of New-England. At length, from the summit of the high and fleece-clothed downs, which we had long been ascending, I caught the first glimpse, (stretching away, dale beyond dale and hill beyond hill,) of that land of romance, chivalry and song, which memory identifies with the most stirring tales, and the sweetest dreams of the nursery. Gladly would I have paused a few

moments here, amidst some of the brightest recollections of my early reading, and given my imagination time to go to the far-off lakes and mountains, and come again; but our coachman, a well-conditioned and straight-forward personage, with more of English beef and ale than of poetry in his composition, drove furiously on. I had scarcely time to revert for a moment to the border wars and fierce forays of the Douglasses, the Grahames, the McDonalds, and the McGregors—of William Wallace and Robert Bruce—all, the mighty champions of Caledonian independence, before we were upon the soil, which many of them moistened with their blood.

The objects which chiefly arrested my attention, after crossing the Tweed and before we reached Edinburgh, were the ruins of Melrose and Jedburgh Abbeys; the romantic park of Sir William Scott, and above all, *Abbotsford*, the enchanting seat of the "Great Unknown," who so long held nations spell-bound by his wonderful pen. Abbotsford stands on the south bank of the Tweed, about three quarters of a mile from the main road, in the midst of majestic elms and beeches—retired, quiet, romantic—one of the finest retreats in the world for deep thought and high imaginings. I would have given the coachman a handsome bribe to turn aside for an hour, and afford me an opportunity to visit the library, and see the paintings, and walk over the pleasure-grounds, and feel, though it were but for a moment, some of those inspirations of genius, which one fancies must still hover about the premises. Why I did not leave the coach, and spend a day there, even the third rate admirers of Sir Walter Scott, will be very likely to ask. All I can say is, "the time was far spent." I had lingered so long in England, and on the other

side of the channel, that a flying visit of two or three weeks, was all I could afford for Scotland ; and this is the best apology I can make for the very hasty and imperfect sketches I have to offer of that most picturesque and romantic part of the British Islands.

Swiftly, however, as we passed by the mansion so lately occupied by one of the most extraordinary men of the age, many more thoughts came thronging into my mind, than the studied brevity of these notices will allow me to record. These are some of my musings :

Sir Walter Scott was a prodigy. His genius was of the highest order. His industry was almost unparalleled. Few, in writing so much, have ever written so well. Probably no British author for a hundred years, has been so much read and extolled, especially by persons of taste and refinement. Few aspirants in the whole empire of polite literature have been able to place their names so high on the roll of fame. I admire his genius. I am charmed with his poetry. I am astonished at the inexhaustible affluence of his imagination, and delighted with the rich and various classical beauties of his style. But great talents involve great responsibilities to the world and to God. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required." Almost suffocated by the sweet odors of adulation, and wrecked, in body and mind, by efforts which no man probably could have withstood much longer than *he* did, Sir Walter Scott has finished his bright earthly career, and now, in the light of sober retrospection, is it a matter of thanksgiving or of regret that he devoted the best of his later years to fiction, as he had done those of his earlier to song ? Were his extraordinary powers worthily employed upon the *Tales of my Landlord*, and other books of the same class ?

It were indeed unreasonable to demand that every

book which is written for popular reading should be strictly and technically religious. But the tendency of every book which touches upon morals and religion at all, ought to have decidedly a religious and moral tendency. Is this the case with the Waverley novels? Could I safely put them into the hands of my children, "without note or comment?" I wish I could—they contain so much to approve and admire. But my conscience will not allow me to do it. There are a great many irreverent and even profane exclamations, scattered here and there in these fascinating volumes. If fashionable vice is not studiously clothed with "virtue's garb," as in many other fictitious writings, its ugliness is not always made to excite the abhorrence and alarm of the youthful reader. It steals upon him, here and there, like the malaria in the clear sunshine. He inhales a little poison with a great deal more of frankincense, but still it is poison, and will be secretly impairing the moral constitution, whether it is suspected or not.

Some men, who are loud in their professions of attachment to the religion of their fathers, yet sneer at all that is holy and experimental and saving in it, from an inbred and settled hostility to its uncompromising spirituality. If we might credit their vehement asseverations, there is nothing which they so much reverence as pure and rational piety. But it is religion in the abstract, or at best, in a cold and formal profession. Every thing like zeal, and holy living and suffering for conscience sake, they stigmatize with the opprobrious epithets of bigotry, hypocrisy or fanaticism. With the religious opinions of Sir Walter Scott, I have at present nothing to do. He may have been orthodox in his own creed, and may not have intended to cast any reproach, or suspicion, upon vital godliness. The *tendency* of his writings, is what it most deeply concerns

us to consider ; and this tendency, as I view the matter is, to bring experimental piety into discredit. I have no room to fortify this opinion, by quotations from the Waverly series. And why should I ? They are "known and read of all men." Some of the most amusing sketches of olden time, in these fascinating volumes, are mere caricatures of evangelical piety. The Scotch Covenanters, in particular, are represented in the most ludicrous point of light, that can well be imagined. The general impression left on the mind of the young reader is, and must be, that they were a whining, canting, psalm-singing, indomitable set of fanatics, who might have been very sincere ; but whose religion it was impossible for any enlightened mind to love and embrace. That there were real and great imperfections in their religious character, no one at all acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of the times can deny. But there was also, beyond all question, a great deal of deep and fervent piety among them. What I lament is, that the idol of half Scotland, England and America, should have set their faults in such a light, as to involve all pretensions to experimental piety in general ridicule and condemnation. I greatly fear, that in this way alone, his historical and half-fictitious writings, have done, and will do, incomparably more harm than good to mankind. And then, again, the splendid and unparalleled success of Scott in this department of literature, has called into being a host of imitators, who, without a tithe of his talents, or respect for religion, are vitiating the public taste, debauching the moral principles of the rising generation, and deluging the whole English reading world, with their useless and pestiferous trash. O, how I wish, that novel writing had been left in the hands of those, who could never gain access to religious and virtuous families ; and that the "Great well-known" of Abbotsford

had reared some more solid and enduring monuments to his fame—monuments which would have lasted through millennial ages. I should, no doubt, be thought very canting, or very stupid by some, were I to say, that I had rather be the author of one such little book, as *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, than to have written a hundred volumes of splendid fiction. But "the day shall declare it, and the fire will try every man's work, of what sort it is."

Reflections like these occupied my mind, till the turrets and the park of Abbotsford, were left far behind, and in the harvest twilight, we were rapidly approaching the 'city of palaces.' Judging from what I could see of the country, in thus hastily passing through it, the southern border of Scotland, is much less fertile, than most of the lands which I had seen in England. The vallies, indeed, are very productive; but on the hills the soil is light, and is chiefly devoted to pasturage. Scotland, consists of three natural divisions. First, the southern section just mentioned, extending from the Tweed to within a few miles of Edinburgh, including the Pentland Hills, so famous in Scottish history and romance. It was to the fastnesses of these mountains, that the Covenanters and their "companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," fled from the fires of persecution, and it was here in glens and caves, that many of them hid themselves till "the indignation was overpast." The second or middle region, is that which lies between these hills and the Frith of Forth, stretching away to the sea, on the east, and to Sterling and Glasgow on the west. This is a great and fertile valley, and includes the three counties of East, Mid and West Lothian. I passed through it, just as the wheat was beginning to be fit for the sickle, and I never saw finer crops of various sorts, than were waiting for the

“harvest home,” particularly in the vicinity of Edinburgh. The lands are richer in some parts of England, and the climate is more kindly, but I was assured, that the science of agriculture is better understood here, than there, and I can easily believe it; for I never saw so fine cultivation as in Mid Lothian. Everything pertaining to draining, irrigation, manuring, mellowing the soil, and rotation of crops, seems to be so well understood, as to admit of little improvement. No American traveller, I am sure, can fail to be struck with the vast difference between this, and what we call good cultivation at home. It is true, they have but little land compared with what we can easily command; but when I saw what a garden they have made of it all, I could not help wishing, that our farmers were confined to fewer acres. What profit is there, in fencing off a mile square, and paying taxes for it, when a fourth part of it, rightly managed, would yield more hay, and pasturage, and grain, than the whole of it? Highly productive of the means of subsistence and comfort, as the soil of this middle region of Scotland is, it has other advantages which are scarcely less important. Its bituminous coal mines are nearly inexhaustible. The best coal was selling in Edinburgh, for about *seven and sixpence* per ton. And for factories and steam-packets, very good qualities could be afforded for *five and sixpence*.

It was nearly dark, when we entered the Scottish Metropolis. The Rev. Mr. Wilkes, of the independent church, to whom I had been introduced in London, was waiting for my arrival at the inn, and very kindly offered me the hospitalities of his house, during my stay in the city. I have found from experience, that when I hear a place very much extolled, before I visit it, I am apt to be disappointed. But I can truly say, that in this instance my expectations were more than

answered. Edinburgh is better entitled, than I had supposed, to be called the Queen of the British Isles. In wealth, commerce and manufactures, it will not compare with Glasgow ; and it falls far below several other towns in the United Kingdom. But for its romantic situation, and command of beautiful and magnificent scenery—for the number of its lofty and princely edifices ; and for its schools of philosophy, medicine, theology, and the natural sciences, it is unrivaled. A minute description of its broad streets and bridges—of its beautiful squares and crescents and gardens—of its frowning castle, and the renowned palace of Scotland's ancient kings—of its superb Grecian, Gothic and Modern architecture ; and of all its noble public institutions, would require a large volume. I have nothing to offer, but a few hasty and imperfect sketches.

Edinburgh is about two miles in length, and nearly of the same width. It stands chiefly upon three parallel hills, or ridges, running from east to west, which in their pristine ruggedness, were separated by deep and almost precipitous ravines. The site was chosen, no doubt, on account of the natural advantages which it afforded for fortification and defence. The city is divided into the *Old* and the *New Town*. The former occupies the middle and southern ridges, and the latter the northern. I had always conceived of the new town, as commanding the old, both by the elevation of the ground, and the height of the buildings ; but this is not the case. The central hill is the highest of the three, and it is in the old town that you count eleven or twelve stories. The houses of this class, which I particularly noticed, rise from the steep slope of the hill, and are some two or three stories higher on that side, than on the other. That must have been an aspiring generation of *burghers*, by whom

they were built. The grand motive of each seems to have been, to overtop his neighbor ; or of all, just to show what they could do—for I am sure, that *convenience* could have had nothing to do in the matter. The world, by the way, we find is still full of these *twelve story* aspirants, though it rarely appears, in such lofty piling up of brick and mortar.

If the near and distant views from any city, as you perambulate the streets, and look abroad from the heights, are more charming and diversified than from this, I have not seen them. On the north, there is a gentle declivity of two miles, quite down to the Frith of Forth, and the port of Leith. This space is dotted, in part, with fine gardens and nurseries. Beyond Leith, the broad estuary sparkles in the sun-light ; and in the obscure distance, upon the opposite shore, you descry towns and hamlets, flanked and buttressed, as it were, by the Grampian and other blue and far off Highlands. On the east, you have Arthur's seat, Salisbury Crags, and Calton Hill. All these are very near the town. Indeed, the latter is almost encircled by new streets and handsome dwellings. The extensive ranges of Braid and Pentland, rise on the south ; and far away, over charming intervening scenery, the Corstorphine hill lifts up its majestic summit on the west. As you walk over the new town, you can hardly turn a corner, without stopping to admire some enchanting vista of noble mansions, and rich cultivation, and bright waters, and distant mountains. If you are a true lover of the beauties and grandeur of nature—of splendid architecture, and high agricultural improvements, your eye must be always ravished with Edinburgh and its environs ; and if you are not, it were better to return from your travels, without seeing it at all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh:—The Old Town—Calton Hill—National Monument—Palace of Holyrood House—New Town—King's Park—Charitable Institutions—John Knox—Dr. Chalmers—Dr. Gordon—Francis Jeffrey—Mr Combe—Dr. Abercrombie.

Old Town.—The main street of this quarter of Edinburgh, extends nearly in a straight line, from the castle on the western extremity, to the palace of Holyrood House on the east. It is nearly a mile long, and ninety feet, or almost six rods wide. The upper end of this high street, (as it is appropriately called,) is no less than a *hundred-and-forty* feet above the abrupt valley already mentioned, which separates it from the New Town, and about a *hundred-and-eighty* feet above Holyrood House. The height of the houses here, has always excited the admiration of strangers, and some have thought, that the street of which I am speaking, is not equaled in grandeur, by any street in Europe. The most conspicuous object in the Old Town, is the castle which stands upon a high rock, and is separated from the buildings of the city, by an open square of three, or four acres. Before the invention of cannon, this fortress must have been nearly impregnable, and since that great *improvement* in the art of war, it has stood many a fierce assault. I cannot describe the feelings which rushed upon my mind, when the morning after my arrival, I first caught a glimpse of this feudal master of the town. There it stood, grim and black,

several hundred feet over my head on the brow of a vertical precipice, and almost in the midst of a great literary metropolis. The barracks and some other buildings around the crumbling battlements, are kept in a tolerable state of repair ; and the forms of military occupation are preserved, by a small detachment of Scotch Highlanders. When I was there, some of the guns had been just painted, and the chief anxiety of the sentinels seemed to be, to keep us from touching them. Would that these terrible mountaineers, in tartan and helmets, might always be as innocently employed !

The Calton Hill.

This is a rocky and commanding eminence, just at the east end of the city. Its exact height I do not know, but should think it must be from 3 to 400 feet. It is of a conical shape, and must originally have been of difficult ascent, on all sides. A circuitous road from Waterloo Place, now makes it accessible to carriages, as well as every class of pedestrians. Several fine walks were formed around and near the summit, about twenty years ago, which at every step, present views of surpassing beauty and variety. Just at your feet is the city, resembling a bold delineation upon a map. Gardens and parks, and country seats, occupy the environs ; and then you have, fine meadows, waving harvests, verdant hill sides, a wide expanse of waters, and steam-packets gliding over them, ships under sail, or reposing majestically upon their bosom, and an infinite variety of other objects to delight the eye of the beholder. On the summit of the hill stands Nelson's monument ; and not far from it, the Edinburgh Observatory. My time did not allow me to ascend this northern "light-house of the skies ;" but I am sure, that a better command of all the motions and phases of the heavenly bodies, could not be desired. Near the base

of the hill, on the west side, is an ancient burying-ground, where David Hume awaits the final summons of the archangel's trump; and in a more conspicuous quarter, a handsome monument has lately been erected to the memory of Dugald Stewart.

National Monument of Scotland.

Soon after the conclusion of that long and terrible war, which grew out of the French Revolution, and which was so much indebted for its successful termination to British valor, "it was resolved at a great public meeting in Edinburgh, to erect some public building, which should perpetuate the remembrance of events, in which the heroism of Scotsmen, was so conspicuous." The first plan was, to build a National Church, by public subscription; and arrangements were made, for procuring the necessary funds. But the similarity of the Calton Hill to the Acropolis of Athens, and the desire among men of taste, of preserving to the arts the model of a building, which time and barbarism may soon annihilate, united the majority of the subscribers in the wish to restore the Parthenon of Athens, in their National Monument. The sanction of Parliament was obtained, for the erection of this proud edifice, in the early part of 1822, and the corner stone was laid in the presence of his Majesty, George Fourth, on the 27th of August, the same year. We may form some conception of its appearance should it ever be completed, from the following description.

"The Parthenon is a magnificent temple of the Doric order, with an arched roof. The length of the lowest step, is 236 feet 9 inches—breadth 101 feet 2 inches. The length of the upper step, on which the columns stand, is 227 feet, 7 inches—breadth 101 feet, 1 inch—height from the lowest step, to the top of the pediment, 64 feet, 7 inches. The columns which

val in Europe, or perhaps in the world, for the grandeur of its appearance, the elegance of its architecture, or its exact uniformity. It is terminated on the east by a beautiful square, called St. Andrew's square, and on the west by another, of most superb buildings, called Charlotte square."

On the south side of this parallelogram, is another very wide and beautiful street, called Prince's street. On the north side is Queen's street. Parallel to this, and running the whole length of it, are gardens, or rather pleasure grounds, tastefully laid out with avenues, and gravelled walks, and miniature lawns—planted with fine trees, and adorned with shrubbery and flowers. These charming little parks are held in common by the owners of the mansions around them. I was indebted to Dr. *Beilby*, one of the proprietors, and a physician of high standing, for an hour's walk in these Elysian Fields, as well as for many other civilities, during my short stay in Edinburgh. The New Town, since the original plan was formed, has been very much extended, particularly to the north, where you grow weary in admiring the Royal Crescent, Royal Circus, Drummond Place, Moray Place, and many other superb blocks of private dwellings. Whether the New Town of Edinburgh has any "rival in Europe or in the world," I cannot tell. But for uniformity, taste, and magnificence, it far surpasses any city that I have ever seen. Well and truly has it been called a city of palaces. To say nothing of the numerous public edifices, which are extremely beautiful and magnificent, there are some hundreds of private dwellings, built of the finest hewn stone—spacious, lofty, airy—often superb, and any one of which a prince might covet. It is a gorgeous picture, which strangers can never cease to admire.

But after all, the New Town is too clean, and too

still, for any but men of princely fortunes to inhabit. Of business, that rough and vulgar and smoky and troublesome, but necessary evil, there is very little of any kind. It is not perhaps necessary, that factories, and work-shops, and ware-houses should spring up to mar all this beauty and magnificence. As a matter of *taste*, such a change is greatly to be deprecated. But every city must have something to sustain it. The remark was often made while I was there, that Edinburgh is poor, and on the decline. She has but little commerce, and her manufactures are on a very limited scale. Why she has fallen so much behind Glasgow and some other towns, in these respects, it is difficult to say. Leith, only two miles off, has a fine harbor; and I could see nothing to hinder the successful establishment of any number of factories there. Something, this proud northern metropolis must do, to sustain herself, amid the unparalleled rivalries of the age, or many of her palaces, like those of Venice, will ere long be deserted. Even now, the ominous monosyllables, *For sale—To Let—To Let*, which meet the eye of the traveller, in some of the finest quarters of the town, show that the process has begun.

Several bridges, with immense piers, rising to the height of from sixty to seventy feet, connect the Old Town with the New. The Loch, or *pond*, (as our vernacular, in such cases has it,) which once reposed in that deep valley, has not been there for the best part of a century. The waters were easily drained off, and although a canal has since been talked of, the project is entirely abandoned, and the bed which the Loch so long covered and fertilized, now smiles and blossoms under the hand of cultivation.

The King's Park.

These romantic grounds, just at the east end of the

city, were walled in by James V., and are three miles in circuit. The walks are laid out with a good deal of taste, and as the surface is extremely uneven, they present some new object of interest at every step. The lofty eminence within this enclosure, which looks down upon palace, tower, and spire, and even upon the Castle itself, is called *Arthur's Seat*. It springs up very boldly on the back side, and presents a semi-circular front of precipitous rocks, denominated Salisbury Crag. The height of this hill, is between *eight and nine hundred feet*—nearly that of Mount Holyoke in Massachusetts. The day was too far spent, when I ascended it, to afford a distinct view of the objects in the horizon. But I was glad to be there at the hour of twilight, especially as the sky was clear, to watch the receding purple beyond the towers of Stirling, and to see the great curtain of night drawn so gently and silently around the summit where I stood, till mountains and vallies and ocean and city, all disappeared, and the eye instinctively forsook this dark world below, to go up and meet the lights which were beginning to shine down from heaven. What a place, what an hour for holy musing, and the suggestion of high and momentous analogies! How soon will the sun of life go down, and the night of death shut in! Then, when all on earth, that enchants the eye and gladdens the heart, shall be shrouded in darkness, may the Sun of righteousness break forth as the morning upon my soul as she looks out and leaves her dissolving tabernacle. The contour of *Arthur's Seat*, when viewed at a distance, from the south side of the city, very much resembles a huge lion *couchant*, and just ready to leap upon his prey.

Charitable Institutions.

No city in the world, I believe, provides more am-

ply for the relief of human suffering, in all its forms, than Edinburgh. It is truly delightful to look over such a list of charities as the following, and to know, that there are a great many more scarcely less important, though not, perhaps so conspicuous as most of these. They are, Trinity Hospital—Heriot's Hospital—Watson's Hospital—Merchant Maiden Hospital—Trades Maiden Hospital—Royal Infirmary—Orphan Hospital—Public Dispensary—Lying-in Hospital—Asylum for the Blind—Lunatic Asylum—Magdalen Asylum—Institution for the Education of Deaf and Dumb Children—Gellipsia's Hospital—Charity Work House—Ministers' Widows' Fund—Society for the Sons of the Clergy—Society for the relief of the Destitute Sick—Horn's Charity—Society for the Suppression of Begging—Savings Banks, &c. &c. Who can help reflecting, with devout gratitude to God, upon the rich blessings which the Christian religion has conferred upon mankind, aside from its sanctifying power and immortal hopes? Had the skeptical philosophy of David Hume, triumphed in Scotland, where by this time would have been her thousand charitable institutions? Banish the Gospel from the world, and where would you find a hospital for the sick, or an asylum for the deaf, the blind or the insane? Let the history of paganism, during all its thousands of years, tell.

The Grass Market and Martyrs.

The *Grass Market* is a large open square, quite in the southern quarter of the old town, which probably took its name from the greensward with which it was once covered, but which is now one solid pavement, without a single tree, so far as I remember, for ornament or shade. This square, now the mart of corn, and horses, and cattle, was the place selected by the

bloody legates of Rome, for burning the heretics. There is a very ancient burying ground hard by, where their ashes and calcined bones were deposited by their friends, and over which a plain monument has been erected, to tell the tragical story to all coming generations. According to this record, no less than *eighteen thousand* persons suffered martyrdom, in the fires of these hellish persecutions. Can anybody wonder that when the descendants of those holy men, who thus "resisted unto blood," visit this spot, and think how fast the papists are now increasing in Scotland and England, they shudder at the possibility that those fires may be again re-kindled, and consume their own children? And how can a stranger from the most distant land, stand upon the ashes of so many thousands of fellow protestants, thus cruelly tortured to death for conscience sake, and not pray, that the "deadly wound of the Romish beast may never more be healed."

John Knox.

Clarum et venerabile nomen! None of the curiosities of Edinburgh interested me more than the house of the great Scottish Reformer, which was pointed out to me in one of my rambles through the Old Town. There is nothing remarkable about it, except its great antiquity, and that it projects nearly half across the street. Had it been any other private dwelling, it would long since have been removed as a nuisance. But there it stands, the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood; and there may it stand as long as the wasting hand of time will permit one stone to remain upon another. Around that part of the second story which faces the street, is a sort of narrow piazza, from which, it is said, this great and fearless champion of truth used to address the throng-

ing multitudes in the street. To have heard one of those discourses, when the thunders of the Vatican almost drowned the voice of the preacher, and the flames of the Grass Market were ready to flash in his face, and "men's hearts failed them for fear," must have been full of the moral sublime. What zealous protestant, is there in the United Kingdom, who would not now go all the way to Edinburgh to hear such a preacher, at such a crisis? On the west front of the house is a figure in *alto rilievo*, pointing up with its finger to a radiant stone, on which is sculptured the name of the deity in three languages.—*Theos, Deus, God.*

John Knox was born in East Lothian, just at the beginning of the sixteenth century, twenty-two years later than Martin Luther, and four years earlier than John Calvin. He was the master spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, as Luther was in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland. It would be too much to say that if he had not espoused the Protestant cause, or if he had been taken off by his enemies at the momentous crisis, when it seemed to rest as it were, upon his shoulders, it would have been crushed beneath the tread of the "scarlet colored beast." I do not think so. For the Lord who raised up John Knox, and endowed him with those great powers, and gave him just that undaunted spirit which the times required, could have raised up another like him, or superior to him in every qualification, if he had "had need of him." But beyond all question, Scotland is more indebted to that fearless champion, for her emancipation from the Roman yoke, and for all the blessings of civil and religious liberty which she has since enjoyed, than to any other single human instrumentality. England, too, probably owes more to his high defiance of papal power and papal tortures,

than her statesmen and church dignitaries have ever been aware of. And who can tell, how much we, in this country, are indebted to John Knox, for our religious freedom. This is not the place to draw his character. Some have regarded the strong and severe features of it, as blemishes, from which it were devoutly to be wished he had been free. But what would such men as Melancthon, or Fenelon have done, in grappling with the powers which, when he met them, were on the point of strangling the reformation in its cradle? How would a mild and timid reformer have quailed under the rebukes of the popish Queen, at that memorable interview, when she demanded of Knox, "whether subjects had a right to resist their princes!" "If princes exceed their bounds, madam, he fearlessly answered, no doubt they may be resisted even by power." But although boldness, gravity and severity, were the prominent features of Knox's character, it appears that he could, on occasion, be facetious, almost in spite of himself. Thus, when the indignant populace, in 1550, dispersed the priests in the streets of Edinburgh, and tore the effigy of St. Giles, the tutelar saint of the city in pieces, he says, "Then Dagon was left without head or hands; down goes the cross, off go the surplices, round caps and coronets, with the crowns. The grey friars gaped; the black friars blew; the priests panted and fled; and happy was he who got first to the house; for such a sudden fray came never among the generations of anti-christ, within the realm before."

Every traveller who goes to Edinburgh, ought, if he can possibly afford the time, to visit some of the hospitals and other public charities which I have already mentioned—also the Queen Street Gardens; the Scottish Mint; the Parliament House; the New Prison;

the Edinburgh Academy ; the University, Museum, and Library ; the Royal College of Physicians ; the Botanic Garden ; the Observatory ; St. Giles, Trinity, and Tron Churches, and St. Anthony's Chapel. Many other buildings and objects of great interest might be added to the list ; but it is in vain to think of seeing every thing. You must make the best selection you can, and content yourself with a mere glance, where you have not time to pause, examine, and admire. I spent a little time in the Picture Gallery of the New Antiquarian's Building, and saw some very fine paintings there, by distinguished artists.

You may well suppose that I wanted to see some of the great men of Edinburgh, even more than its Castle, its Holyrood House, its University or its palaces. But how could I expect to see them, in the four or five days which I spent there ? The courts were not in session, and of course, I had no opportunity, so much as to look in upon the judges and lawyers. The University was enjoying its long vacation, and the professors, as well as students, were mostly absent from the city. I had letters to Dr. *Chalmers* ; and one of my first calls was to deliver them. But he was not at home. I cannot say, that I was literally disappointed ; for I knew he had been in London not long before, and understood that his health was quite precarious. But I regretted not seeing and hearing him, more than I can easily express, though he could not just then be in the best frame to welcome an American "voluntary," as he was warmly engaged in defence of church and state establishments. I was told that he preaches but very little, since he took the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University—so that I might have staid in Edinburgh half a year, perhaps, without seeing him in the pulpit at all. Till lately, Dr. Chalmers has been

looked up to, not only with admiration, but with affection and confidence, as well by the several classes of seceders, as by members of the Established Church ; and even now they speak of him with high veneration and respect, as a great and good man. But they are extremely sorry to see him entering so warmly into High Church politics—because they think the system which he upholds is bad—because it is descending from the bright sphere which he has so long irradiated, and because the excitement and agitation of the contest have, as they believe, seriously impaired his health. It is admitted, even by some of his warmest friends, that he is far from being a wary disputant ; and they regret, that by preaching and publishing against the “voluntary system” of supporting the gospel, he has exposed himself in some points to the attacks of weaker men, and thus somewhat lowered his high reputation, without essentially aiding the cause which he has so earnestly and so honestly no doubt espoused. Some of them, too, and his physicians among the rest, would gladly withdraw him from the field altogether, because the state of his health is such as to render all high mental efforts and excitement extremely dangerous.

It would be little to say, that Dr. Chalmers is, or has been, one of the greatest preachers of the age. As a technical theologian, he does not stand in the first rank ; but as a popular and powerful *preacher*, it would be difficult to name his equal. His writings have done immense good already ; and will carry his name down with honor to posterity. May he long be spared to the church, as one of her brightest ornaments and noblest champions, and leave behind him still other volumes, to instruct and charm future generations.

Every one, who remembers the commencement of the Edinburgh Review, and watched its early brilliant

career, must have a strong curiosity to see *Francis Jeffrey*, for so many years the editor, and Coryphæus of that powerful journal. Unfortunately I had no time to seek an introduction to his Lordship, (he is now a judge, with the title of *Lord Jeffrey*.) It will be recollected, that some four or five years ago he went into Parliament. His friends entertained great expectations of his becoming a distinguished and leading member of the Commons; and it is probable that, under more favorable auspices, these expectations might have been realized. But he was destined, in the very outset, to encounter one of the high Tory members, who had long been schooled in parliamentary tactics, who, it is said, owed him a mortal grudge, on account of sundry flaying castigations which Mr. Jeffrey had given him in his terrible Quarterly. From the moment he took his seat, Mr. C—— fixed his eye upon the Lord Advocate, and never took it off while he remained; but availed himself of every opportunity to embarrass the new member, and exhibit him to a disadvantage. Not being so ready and powerful in debate, as with his pen, it is supposed that Mr. Jeffrey felt it keenly. One or two of his speeches, however, during the first session, were very favorably received, and it is not improbable that he might have risen to distinction, had he chosen to retain his seat. But after the dissolution of Parliament, he declined a re-election, contrary to the wishes and earnest solicitations of his friends. He preferred a seat on the bench, to which, standing as he did, at the head of the Scottish bar, he was clearly entitled; and for which, his business habits and legal attainments eminently qualified him. Though he has worn the ermine but a short time, he is spoken of as a distinguished ornament of the high court in which he presides.

Mr. Combe, the prince of British phrenologists, I should have been glad to see, before I left Edinburgh, not however, (begging his pardon) to pass under his learned fingers—for I was quite sure, that whether phrenology is an art, or a *humbug*; no examination of bumps and depressions could give me faculties which I did not possess. Whether, or not, phrenology, like a thousand other wonders, has already had its nine days, on the other side of the Atlantic, is a matter of grave dispute on this side. Perhaps, as I have so lately been there, I ought to know. To own the truth, however, I am nearly as ignorant of the whole matter, as if I had staid at home. I scarcely heard the subject alluded to, during my absence. This I cannot account for, if it excites any considerable interest in the public mind.

I found an easy introduction to *Dr. Abercrombie*, whose popular works, on intellectual and moral science, have been so widely circulated in this country. He is about fifty years of age—below the middling stature—easy and prepossessing in his manners—has a fine dark eye, beaming with benignity and intelligence; and is perfectly free and unassuming in his conversation. His professional reputation is, perhaps, unsurpassed, even in Edinburgh; and he has long had a very extensive and lucrative practice, from which, I understood it was his wish gradually to withdraw. It is delightful, in a foreign land, to meet with a great man, so condescending, so warmhearted, so decided a friend to your country: and above all, so bright an ornament of the Christian profession. He is exceedingly industrious, and I have no doubt, that, should his life be spared, we shall hear from him again and again, through the press.

I cannot close this Chapter without just telling how much amused I was, the morning before I left Edinburgh, in meeting, at the breakfast table, one of those good-conditioned, sunshiny, garrulous adjectives of Royal gala days, who always have the extreme good fortune to happen to be in the right place just at the right time ; and who, having nothing else to do, contrive to keep on the best possible terms with themselves, and all the world besides. He was a bachelor, of some three score winters, in my judgment, though not more than thirty-five I presume in his own. He was almost obtrusively polite and helpful, and no one was more delighted than he was with his own jokes and anecdotes. Having been quite a traveller in his day, he had of course seen every body and every thing. His conversation ran chiefly, however, upon levees and crowns and coronets ; and he told us how he once handed a prayer book to the King of Belgium, and at another time sat next to the Duke of Wellington, with as much self-complacency, as if he had actually been the husband of the Princess Charlotte, or had gained the battle of Waterloo.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal—Tunnel—Glasgow—Social
Breakfast Party—Stirling Castle.

Gladly would I have lingered for a month in the Scottish Metropolis ; but I was to embark at Liverpool, on the 8th of September—it was now the 11th of August, and I had yet to visit Glasgow, and Stirling, and see the Highlands, and cross over to Ireland, before I left the British Isles. I took the boat for Glasgow, (55 miles,) early in the morning. The day was fine, rather cool, than sultry, (the dog-star, I believe, never rages in Scotland,) and the wheat harvest was just begun. Better crops you will not find, on the Gennesee river, than were inviting the sickle on the F rith of Forth. Our progress on the canal, was about eight miles an hour—much faster than I had ever travelled before, by this mode of conveyance. I could not perceive, nor learn, that the banks of the canal were injured by this uncommon speed ; and if there is no objection, on that score, to *eight* miles, I am sure it is better than *five*. It does not become *us*, who boast so much of out-sailing our nautical cousins, in our merchant-men, and packets, and steam-boats, to let them beat us, two to one, on their canals.

As you leave Edinburgh, the Pentland Hills accompany you far on your way, upon the left, delighting you every moment, with their waving outline and verdant slopes. On the right, are the rich products of an unrivaled cultivation, interspersed with scattered sycamores and elms and parks, and castle ruins, and ham-

lets. These are seen to great advantage from the hill side, along which the canal sweeps for many miles. Ever and anon you catch a glimpse of the Frith of Forth, more or less distinct, through the clear openings, or thick foliage. Beyond the bright waters, far off at first, but coming nearer as you proceed, rise the green hills, which gradually aspire to mountain elevations, as they approach the classic lands of Sir Walter Scott. *Stirling*, you leave too far on your right, to get a distinct view of the town, as you pass it ; but you see the castle, standing up against the blue sky, upon its high rocky basement, and looking abroad over a landscape of great extent, beauty, and magnificence. There are several locks on this canal, of the most solid construction ; and it passes through a *tunnel*, nearly a third of a mile in length. This tunnel is cut through a solid rock. I say *cut*, for it is a very different kind of stone, from those flinty, and granite ledges, which our engineers, and contractors have to encounter. At Liverpool, the quarry upon which the upper part of the town stands, and of which it is partly built, is very soft, not much more difficult to excavate, than our gypsum, or soap stone ; though it gradually becomes hard, by exposure to the atmosphere, and is very durable. Many of the great edifices in London, are, if my eyes did not deceive me, built of the same kind of free-stone. And, indeed, throughout most parts of the island which I visited, the rocks are much softer and more friable, than they are in the everlasting hills of our own country. The great quarry which furnishes materials for the new and stately mansions of Glasgow, appears to be of this character. And this difference, ought in all fairness to be taken into the account, when our friends in England point us to their rail-roads, and tunnels—their immense docks, and cathedrals, and palaces, and ware-houses—their magnificent squares and crescents,

all of hewn stone, and ask, where we can show any thing like it in America. Let them come over and encounter our New England and Allegheny ledges, and tell us, if they can, how many more thousand years it would have taken them with such materials, to substantiate those claims to our admiration.

Glasgow.

When we landed at the basin, in the upper part of the town, though a great many porters and cab-men were waiting our arrival, I took notice, that no one of them came on board the boat, to importune the passengers, for their luggage; and even when it was taken out, and laid upon the pier, no one offered to remove a trunk from the pile. All stood in silence, at a respectful distance, waiting to be spoken to, if their services were needed. This, I found, upon inquiry, is the *law* in Glasgow. No porter is permitted even to ask a passenger, whether he will have his pormanteau taken to the inn. If you want one, you look round at your leisure and select your man, and then he is at your service in a moment. I had not noticed such a regulation any where before; but I was exceedingly pleased with it. It saves a good deal of confusion and annoyance—and I may add, some danger of loosing your baggage too. I wish there was something like it, at our own wharves and landings. From the enquiries which I was led to make, respecting the police of this large and flourishing town, I am inclined to think that it is more perfect, and better consults the convenience of both citizens and strangers, than that of any place which I visted, either in England or Scotland. I saw an outline of it, (in the Directory, I think,) which I regret that I did not copy. We should probably think it a little too monarchical for us; but in every thing which pertains to the charges of por-

ters, hackmen, and dray-men ; to careful driving ; to the safety of property, and protection against all kinds of imposition, I am sure the system is worthy of our attention.

The population of Glasgow, which is now much larger than that of Edinburgh, is rapidly increasing ; and I was told, that the disparity in the wealth of the two cities, is vastly greater than in numbers. Glasgow is rich—it has a great many factories of various kinds, which are very extensive, and new ones are every year going up. A great business is done in fine cotton goods, and also in the coarse substantial woollens. It is here, also, that the manufacture of the acids, and other chemical agents, now so much used in the arts, is carried on, upon an immense scale. In the vicinity of some of these establishments, the atmosphere is so impregnated, as to be quite annoying ; though I did not learn that it is unhealthy. It lies at the head of navigation, on the Clyde, which passes through it, nearly from east to west, on its way to the Irish Channel. A great number of steam packets arrive and depart every day. Light trading vessels, also, come up to the town in great numbers ; but all the large ships stop at Greenock, a few miles below. Though it does not compare with Edinburgh at all, in the beauty of its location, nor in the magnificence of its buildings, it is upon the whole, a much handsomer town than I had supposed. It contains a considerable number of fine public edifices. One of the largest and most magnificent of these, is the Town Hall. The first story of this building is an immense reading room. Whether the merchants have any other Exchange is more than I can tell. Be that as it may, they meet here in great numbers, as if it was the principal place of business. The public news-rooms, which I visited abroad, are not fitted up with high desks, to stand and read by, as

they are in some of our cities, but with handsome tables and chairs. They take in but few papers compared with ours. You will find one or two, from Liverpool, from Dublin, from Edinburgh, from Manchester, from Birmingham, and perhaps some other of the more important towns in the United Kingdom ; but the *London* daily papers are universally the great objects of attraction and interest. Every body wants to see the Times, the Courier, the Morning Chronicle, and the Morning Herald ; and to meet this demand, several copies of each are taken.

The ground on which the newest and best part of Glasgow is built to the north and east, rises rapidly from the business quarter of the town, till it overlooks the whole, and gives you a handsome, though not a very extensive view of the country beyond. It is on this elevated slope, that most of the merchants and other men of property reside, and it is here that many elegant mansions have lately been erected. Some very extensive blocks and squares in this part of the town, are entirely built of the finest free-stone, from the neighboring quarries. Should the city be extended a mile further back, as it most probably will be, it may yet vie in architectural magnificence and beauty, with the new town of Edinburgh itself.

A Social Breakfast in Glasgow.

One of the customs, particularly with men of business in Scotland, as well as England is, to invite you, if any considerable number of them wish to see you, to meet them at breakfast, in some convenient hall, or dining-room, which is hired for such occasions, where tea and coffee are provided, and where the intercourse is as free and unceremonious, as any one could desire. I received a very polite invitation to meet thirty or forty very respectable gentlemen at such a breakfast

in Glasgow. The object was understood to be not only to show their civilities to a stranger from another country, but to hear such statements as he might be able to make in regard to slavery, the progress of temperance, the character of revivals, and the state of religion, particularly as affected by the system of *voluntary* support, in the United States. The time did not admit of much enlargement, on any of the topics ; but I was glad of an opportunity to say something on them all. The temperance reform I barely touched upon, as I was to address the friends of the cause publicly, in one of their churches, on a subsequent evening. Being nearly all religious men, they listened with great apparent interest to what I had to say of American revivals. But the voluntary support of the gospel and American slavery, were topics which interested them still more. Respecting the practical operation of the voluntary principle, they had many questions to ask ; and they seemed extremely gratified with the facts which I was enabled to state on the subject. This, no doubt, was chiefly owing to their being at that time in the height of an extremely earnest controversy with the established church. A bushel of sermons, and other pamphlets, had been published, on the one side and the other, within the space of a few months, and no one could tell, when the war would be over. As might have been expected, the "Voluntaries" were prepared to make the most they could, of our great and successful experiment while the high-church party, on the contrary, did not hesitate to subject our religious statistics, to the most unsparing scrutiny—not only controverting the arguments and denying the conclusions, but disputing many of the important facts.

American slavery, as you may well suppose, was a very ticklish question to meddle with, in Glasgow. Mr. George Thompson, the anti-slavery missionary from that

city, was then in the full career of his agency in New England, and was constantly sending home, accounts of his glorious success. Though every man present at breakfast, was I believe, a decided abolitionist, there was as much candor and good feeling, manifested toward me, and the country from which I came, as could have been expected, any where under similar circumstances. I did not hesitate to tell them, that while I was a decided enemy to slavery in all its forms, I saw not how it was immediately to be abolished, and that I thought the difficulties of the case, were not understood, and duly appreciated in England and Scotland, but I feel bound in justice to say that they treated me with more courtesy on that vexed topic, than I sometimes met with elsewhere. A heavy fall of rain, detained me one day in Glasgow, after my arrangements were made, for a short excursion into the Highlands, and had it continued a few hours longer, would have deprived me of that pleasure altogether. As the clouds broke away, about one o'clock, (August 27th.) I took the coach for Stirling, (27 miles,) and arrived there at four. As we drove out of town, we passed by the handsome monuments of Knox and Mc Gavin. The memory of both these great champions of the protestant faith, will be fondly and gratefully cherished in Scotland, as long as she adheres to the cardinal doctrines of the Reformation, and abhors the impious dogmas of that apostate church, which in the time of the Henrys and Marys, martyred so many of her noblest sons.

The ride to Stirling, in a fine afternoon, is delightful—the country through which you pass, every where exhibiting proofs of the best husbandry, and being loaded with the rich and varied products of a beneficent season. Long before you reach Stirling, or can see any part of the town, the castle rises up before you, in solitary baronial grandeur, carrying your thoughts back to

those remote and barbarous ages, when it domineered over all the surrounding region, and bid defiance to the most impetuous Highland incursions. As a single hour, was all the time, I could spare for Stirling, without losing a moment, after the coach stopped in the lower part of the town, I made the best of my way, up the steep ascent to the castle. The strata of the rock, on which it stands, are nearly perpendicular to the horizon—the same as I had noticed before, at Dunbarton and Edinburgh. On the west side of the fortress, large and almost detached masses stand up like huge pillars, and serve to give you some faint conception of what must have been the heavings of the earth which brought them up and placed them there. As every moment was so precious, I could not enter in to examine the halls and prisons and labyrinths of this ‘strong hold,’ so famous in Scottish story ; but I am sure the impressions and emotions of that hour can never be effaced from my memory. It may be doubted, whether Scotland can offer you a more lovely vision, than from these heights. The town, it is true, is any thing but romantic, being irregular and huddled, and bearing in every part of it strong marks of poverty and decay. But my ravished eye scarcely perceived that there was such a blemish at my feet. It was “a clear shining after rain,” upon rejoicing hills and mountains and valleys—upon wheat fields and meadows and waters. Before, behind, and on either hand, were a thousand objects, worthy alike of the pencil and the muse. Especially and above all, there lay sparkling under the bright sun, what seemed an interminable chain of miniature lakes, formed by the windings of the Forth, as far on its way towards Edinburgh, as the eye could reach, and all fringed with the richest velvet of that enchanting vale. Had the hour expired, when the bugle sounded at the inn ? What meddling fingers had

been turning the pointers ? But I knew that the Highland chief, who had undertaken to see us safe in Calander before night fall, would not tarry a moment for my musing, and so I was soon by his side on my way thither, with "Benledi," towering and cloud-capped, full in view. Our horses, or *cattle*, (as it is likely enough an English traveller might call them,) were none of the fattest in his Majesty's dominions : and they were urged and belabored on, with about as much vociferation as it would cost a Connecticut River Drover to get fifty beeves to Brighton Market.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Callander—The Trosachs—Loch Katrine—Loch Lomond—Benlomond.

Callander, is a small, but rather neat looking town sixteen miles from Stirling. It lies in a charming little valley, just at the gates of the Highlands. The *Leith*, which flows through and gladdens this valley, on its way to mingle with the *Forth*, is formed by two streams, which unite just above the town—the northern branch issuing from Loch Voil, and coming down through the romantic pass of the Liny; and the southern, having its source in Loch Katrine. My travelling companion from Glasgow was a worthy dissenting minister; and early the next morning, we were joined on our way to the “Trosachs,” ten miles distant by three very respectable young men, who had taken the coach with us at Stirling, and were going over the same ground which we had marked out for ourselves. At the foot of Benvenue we met, in a darkly wooded spot, a brawny mountaineer—bare-headed, bare-footed, and shaggy—half wild and half-crazed—whose savage appearance and menacing growl might have excited more uneasiness than curiosity, in the breast of a solitary traveller.

The Trosachs.

The Trosachs, (a Gaelic word, I believe, which signifies *bristling*,) lie in that deep and dark ravine, which separates Benledi from ‘huge Benvenue,’ just at the foot of Loch Katrine. This wild and almost terrific pass is blocked up with unshapely cones, and

precipices—presenting awful battlements and frightful fissures and immense masses of scattered rocks, spread in the wildest disorder imaginable, over something like two square miles, and seeming as you approach them, absolutely to forbid your access to the lake, by all the penalties of broken bones and “goblins dire.” Here and there, a weeping birch has contrived to fasten its roots in the crevices, and to cover some of the nakedness of these ruins, with its long and drooping branches. Forlorn shrubs too, and stunted trees, stand in a dubious state of existence, wherever they can find the smallest patch of soil to nourish them; and where nothing else can drop a seed, or strike a fibre, the mountain heath, spreads its rent and tattered funerals pall, over this region of frowning and prostrate desolation. When awe stricken and astonished, you pause and gaze at the Trosachs, from different points of observation, it seems as if the furies must have thrown up these battlements and fortified themselves here, in defiance of heaven and earth; and that God had some thousands of years ago, come down in his wrath, and shivered them by his lightnings. This is the very spot where

Not a setting beam could glow,
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell,
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.

In short to borrow the words of an English tourist,
“It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces, and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth, and huge fragments of rocks and woods and hills, scattered in confusion for two miles at the east end, and on the side of Loch Katrine. The access to the lake, is through a narrow pass, half a mile in length, “*vas-*

toque immanis hiatu." The rocks are of stupendous height, and seem ready to close over the traveller's head, or to fall down and bury him in the ruins." Having reached the foot of

Loch Katrine :

Just where

The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,

we found a handsome boat, with two stout oarsmen, waiting to receive our orders and our money. Our first object was, that enchanting little island, which Scott has so enchantingly described; and to cheer their toil, as they put off from the shore, the boatmen sung :

Now with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew,
Nor frequent does the bright oar break,
The darkling mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

We landed, or fancied we did, at the very nook of the isle, where

—the mountain maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on the narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round,
With their long fibres sweep the ground.

The island, which contains, I should think, from three to five acres, is thickly covered with trees, brakes, and underbrush. There was lately a sort of fairy cottage near the centre of it, whether the very same to which the "Lady of the Lake" conducted the wondering and exhausted "hunter," I will not positively affirm. Be that as it might, some vandal *smoker*,

had set it on fire and burnt it to the ground, a few days before we were there, by throwing his half extinguished segar among the leaves, just as he was leaving the island. It was well for him, that he did not fall into the hands of our party, as, with all my abhorrence of "Lynch Law," I am not sure that I should have objected to their teaching him, as "Gideon taught the men of Succoth."* As we had engaged the watermen to row us up to the head of the lake, and as we had laid out a long day's work of toil and pleasure, we felt constrained to hasten our departure much sooner than we could have wished; and though myself on the frosty side of September, I cannot deny but that as we swept round the island and left it in the distance, my youthful fellow passengers, at least, "cast many a lingering look behind."

If it had not happened to me, when I was abroad, that the last thing I saw, and the last excursion I made, whether by land or water, was apt to be the *finest*, I should say that this was the most romantic little sail that I ever enjoyed. Loch Katrine is a beautiful sheet of water, ten miles long, and from one to two broad. *Benledi*, 3,000 feet high, is on your right, as you emerge from the Trosachs, and *Benvenue*, the other Titan guardian of the pass, on the left, is nearly as high; or rather, *Benledi*, as it approaches the lake from the northeast, resigns its guardianship to *Benann*. These mountains send their steep slopes, quite down to the water's edge, and by shooting out their bold promontories, sometimes green, and sometimes rocky and frowning, form a great number of little bays, and harbors, which successively open and disappear, as you glide swiftly over the rippling surface of the water.

From the head of Loch Katrine, it is five miles to

* Judges viii. 16.

Loch Lomond, over a very rugged surface, and by a rude and rocky footpath. But the Highland huts of rough stone, the steep hill-sides, "clothed with flocks," the wild and capricious ravines, and the bold mountain scenery which environed us, so beguiled the way, that we scarcely thought of the toil, till it was over.

Loch Lomond.

This charming expanse of water, is *thirty* miles in length, from north to south, of irregular breadth, and very deep. It is a place of great resort in the summer season, and it was our intention to be in time for the steamboat, which makes her regular daily trips up and down the lake, (Sundays excepted.) But we were an hour too late. What was to be done? A small boat with two oars, lay upon the shore, and after a while, two hardy looking clansmen appeared, with whom we tried to negotiate for a passage, ten miles further down, to *Rowardennan*, where we intended to pass the night. This they positively refused, and were hardly persuaded to take us over, at their own price, to a neat little hamlet, five miles off, upon the opposite side of the lake. The water was somewhat rough, and it was late in the afternoon, when we landed.

Here we might have found good accommodations for the night, but as we wished to ascend Benlomond early next morning, we were extremely anxious to recross the troubled waters, and lodge at the foot of the mountain. A new negotiation was therefore to be opened, on terms quite as unequal as before—for we had but a single chance, and no time to spare. A boat was riding at her fastenings upon the surf, and not far off, stood the oarsmen, with folded arms, and imper-turbed physiognomy, entirely at our service, upon their own terms—we might go for so much, or stay till morn-

ing. This was rather laconic diplomacy, to be sure. But we remembered the old adage, "When you are among the Romans, you must do as the Romans do," and so concluded, in the present dilemma, to do as the Highlanders say. By this time, the wind poured down in strong and fitful currents, from the muffled summit of Benlomond. It was not so violent, however, as seriously to endanger our little bark, guided as it was, by skilful hands, and protected by a kind Providence.

Ascent of Benlomond.

Invigorated by a good night's rest, at the inn, we rose early, and found the sky propitious. In this, we considered ourselves highly favored—it being no uncommon thing for travellers to wait here a week, or more, for a fair day and an unclouded summit; and after all, to depart without making the ascent. It was amusing to turn over the leaves of the thumbworn album, where they had scribbled down their vexation, and spattered their bile, both in prose and verse. As the mountain is more than 3,200 feet high, the top is generally enveloped, even where there is not a cloud in sight below. It was still covered, at eight o'clock;—but as our guide was quite confident the sun would prevail, before we could make the ascent, we determined to proceed. The distance to the highest point, was between five and six miles. We advanced from height to height, under a clear sky,—but there lay a cloud on the summit, above us, like the smoke of a vast furnace. Half a mile below the summit, we entered the skirt of the cloud, and so fast did its density increase, as we advanced, that when our guide shouted to us, from the flag staff, though scarcely fifty feet in advance, we could not see him.

And now for the reward of all our toil. Though

actually between three and four thousand feet above the lake, we might just about as well have been in a dungeon. We stood shivering in the very centre of damp and impenetrable darkness. How long must we wait for the cloud to move? We sheltered ourselves, as well as we could, from the piercing wind, under the lee of the rocks, till hope was almost gone, and we began to think of bending our steps again, towards the world below, when, for an instant, a corner of the great curtain was rent, and we caught a glimpse of the precipice, said to be *two thousand feet high*, on the brink of which we stood! It was but a glimpse, and we were again enveloped in darkness. In a moment or two, another fitful opening like a brilliant flash of lightning revealed to us, the outline of the mountains, beyond Loch Katrine, with all the intervening valleys and waters. And now, we were all on the tiptoe of mute and breathless expectation. There was another flash of sun-light, and another, and still another,—now on the right hand, now on the left—at one moment upon Loch Lomond, and the next upon Benledi. These momentary gleams and flashes, so inexpressibly beautiful, were soon succeeded by wider views still more brilliant and glorious. New objects caught and ravished the eye every instant, till the whole cloud broken into illuminated masses, sailed away across Loch Lomond, and being attracted by the opposite mountains, hung for a while upon their summits, like the smoke of so many volcanoes, and then vanished like the mist of the morning.

The effect was overpowering. It was enchantment—it was magic—it was more. It was a new creation, springing into existence before our ravished eyes. And such a creation, too, extending almost from the Irish Sea to the German Ocean. Loch Katrine, Loch Venacar, Loch Auchray, Benledi, Benann and

Benvenue, all were there. **Loch Lomond**, with its thirty beautiful islands, lay at our feet ; and stretching away to the west and north, there was a stormy sea of mountains, not lying in long ranges and wooded, as in this country, but conical and bald ; each resting upon its own independent base, as if it were the very battle field of the angels, when,

Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
 Light, as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Uplifting, bore them in their hands : amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
 When coming towards them, so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turned.
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighboring hills up tore ;
 So hills amid the air, encountered hills
 Hurled to and fro, with jaculation dire.

The whole scene was infinitely more varied and magnificent than it could have been, had no cloud been there, when we ascended. It far exceeded the brightest visions of my imagination ; and I would not have lost it for all the toil of climbing a hundred mountains.*

*A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !

* * *
 The Appearance, instantaneously disclosed
 Was of a mighty City—boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
 Far sinking into splendor—without end !
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high
 Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts

The Falls of the Clyde are thirty-two miles west of Edinburgh, and nearly the same distance east of Glasgow. A traveller can hardly pass a day more pleasantly, than in making the excursion to these falls, from either of the cities just mentioned. To any one who has seen Niagara, the descriptions of some British guide-books and tourists, may appear a little grandiloquous. "Nothing," says one of them, "can equal the stupendous appearance of these falls, when viewed from any of the seats placed here and there, along the walks. The rocky barrier—the old castle—a corn mill on a rock below, with the tremendous abyss into which the water falls, heightened by the noise of the water itself, cannot be viewed without emotions of sublimity." Certainly not. Nor would it be quite generous, or in good taste for an American traveller to smile at the foam and spray of this and similar descriptions. Every country must be allowed to make the most of what it has. Our friends of the parent land, would no doubt be glad to show us cataracts superior to any of which we can boast, if they could. When looking at other falls, we ought to remember, that there is but *one* Niagara in the world. No thanks to

Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified ; on them and on the caves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapors had receded, taking there
 Their station, under a cerulean sky.
 O, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and Emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.

WORDSWORTH.

us, that its everlasting roar is heard in America, and not in Scotland. Besides, we are obliged to confess, that the better part of this greatest of cataracts, actually belongs to Scotland, as an integral part of the British empire. And again, I hold it to be altogether unromantic and unpoetical, when you are looking at one curiosity, whether natural or artificial, to be thinking of some other, which is still more remarkable.

The falls of the Clyde, are in the immediate vicinity of *New Lanark*, the very spot, where Robert Owen's political and social millenium first dawned; and from whence it shot its rays across the Atlantic, to New Harmony, where its atheistical tendencies have been fully developed, under the auspices of the younger Mr. Owen, and the notorious Fanny Wright. There are three separate falls—two above, and one below the village. The first is about two miles and a half above, and is called Bonniton Lin. The whole river is precipitated over a perpendicular rock *thirty feet* high, in one unbroken sheet. Descending the river, about half-a-mile by a beautiful and romantic walk along the river, both sides of which are fenced by "a stupendous natural masonry" you arrive at the second Fall, or Corra Lin, so called from an old castle on the high rocky and wooded bank. Here the water rushes down 85 feet, into the abyss below, by three different, but almost imperceptible leaps. About two miles and a half still further down, you come to the third Fall—Stonebgres Lin. The height of this fall, is 60 feet, from the verge of which also the water takes three mighty leaps, and then flows on quickly towards Glasgow. The aggregate of these several falls, therefore, 174 feet, in so large a river as the Clyde, especially when swollen by heavy rains, must excite strong emotions of awe and sublimity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EDUCATION.

Parochial Schools—Early Origin—Prosperity—Decline—Low State—Our own System—Grammar Schools—Edinburgh High School—Universities—St. Andrews—Glasgow—Aberdeen—Edinburgh.

The parochial schools of Scotland have been the admiration of enlightened men in all countries for two hundred and fifty years. Like civil and religious liberty, and all the noble institutions of that country, they are the offspring of the Reformation. Before John Knox rolled back the thunders of the Vatican upon the pope and his cardinals, and blew that mighty blast which shook down the walls of the spiritual Babylon in North Britain, the people were as deeply sunk in ignorance as they were in the superstition and idolatry of the great anti-christian apostacy. Very few, except the nobility, could read, and almost none could write. But as soon as Scotland had thrown off the Romish yoke, or rather, while she was struggling for life with “the man of sin,” and the faggots were scarcely quenched in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, the reformers were busily employed in maturing a plan for the diffusion of letters throughout the country. They rightly judged, that to eradicate the errors of popery, and instil the faith of the Gospel into the hearts of the rising generation, the establishment of schools under pious teachers was essential. How anxious they were to see a school-house planted by the side of every kirk, and to make sound learning

the handmaid of pure religion, is strikingly manifest in the following extracts from the "First Book of Discipline," drawn up by Knox and his immortal compeers, Winram, Spottiswood, Douglas, Willeck, and Row, and presented to the nobility in 1560, almost three centuries ago.

"Seeing that God has determined that his kirk here on earth shall be taught, not by angels, but by men ; and seeing that men are born ignorant of God and godliness ; and seeing, also, that he ceaseth to illuminate men miraculously, of necessity it is, that your honors be most careful for the virtuous education, and godly bringing up of the youth of this realm. For, as they must succeed us, so we ought to be careful that they have knowledge and erudition to profit and comfort that which ought to be most dear to us, to wit, the kirk and spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ. Of necessity, therefore, we judge it, that every several kirk have one school-master appointed ; such an one at least, as is able to teach grammar and the Latin tongue, if the town be of any reputation. And further, we think it expedient, that in every notable town there should be erected a *college*, in which the arts, at least of rhetoric and logic, together with the tongues, be read, by sufficient masters, for whom honest stipends must be appointed ; as also that provision be made for those that are poor, and not able, by themselves or their friends, to be sustained at letters.

- "The rich and potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in a vain idleness, as heretofore they have done ; but they must be exhorted, and by the censure of the kirk compelled to dedicate their sons by good exercises to the profit of the kirk and commonwealth ; and this they must do, because they are able. The children of the poor must be supported and sustained on the charge of the

kirk, trial being taken whether the spirit of docility be in them or not. If they be found apt to learning and letters, they may not be permitted to reject learning, but must be charged to continue their study, so that the commonwealth may have some comfort by them. And for this purpose must discreet, grave, and learned men be appointed to visit schools, for the trial of their exercise, profit, and continuance ; to wit, the ministers and elders, with the best learned men in every town. A certain time must be appointed to reading and the catechism, and a certain time to grammar and the Latin tongue, and a certain time to the arts of philosophy and the other tongues, and a certain time to that study in which they intend chiefly to travel for the profit of the commonwealth, which time having expired, the children should either proceed to farther knowledge, or else they must be set to some handicraft or some other profitable exercise."

This is a very remarkable document. I very much question whether the whole history of human improvement can furnish the outline of an educational system at once so comprehensive, so simple, and so much in advance of the age in which it was drawn up ; and certainly there is nothing which more strikingly shows what a wide difference there is between the genius of Protestantism and Popery. That the men who had themselves been taught to consider "ignorance as the mother of devotion," should all at once have such enlargement of views in regard to education, as soon as the light of the Reformation dawned upon their minds, and that they should find time to mature so wise a plan, while they were obliged to dispute every inch of ground with the enemy, and while, as yet, the conflict between darkness and light hung in such awful suspense, is truly wonderful. It would almost seem as if there must have

been something supernatural in the illumination which guided them ; for they could have derived but little assistance from the most enlightened nations whether ancient or modern ; and to this day, no material improvement has been made upon their system. If we did not know that our Puritan forefathers brought it along with them to New England, the similarity is so striking, that no one could doubt its Scottish origin, and the Prussian system of popular education, the most perfect and efficient probably, which the world ever saw, is manifestly indebted to the same source for all its essential elements.

It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that a plan of religious and literary education so novel, and so much in advance of every thing else, gained its way slowly to that governmental patronage, which was thought essential to give it a fair trial. The views of Knox and his associates, thus promulgated in 1560, seem to have been for a long time regarded by the nobility, (to use their own phrase,) as "a devout imagination," and it was not till 1616, that James VI., hoping thereby to give popularity to Episcopacy, which he was striving to foist into the place of the Kirk in Scotland, sought to give effect to the system of the reformers by an act of Privy Council. Seventeen years after, in the reign of Charles I, it was still more formally recognized by act of Parliament.

But the church of Scotland did not wait these tardy and sinister movements of the government. Those good men, who saw so early and so clearly what was necessary to lay the foundations of Protestantism broad and deep throughout the country, determined to do what they could for the establishment of parochial schools, however neglectful the civil rulers might be of their duty. While they expostulated with the nobility for their supineness, they exerted themselves, as if all

the hopes of Scotland depended on their efforts ;—in so much, that in the Lowlands especially, popular education had made great progress, before the state came to their aid. It is stated in a document still extant, that only twenty years after the reformation, “ so great had been the progress of religious instruction in the country where forty years before, the Bible was not suffered to be read, that almost every house possessed a copy, and that it was read in it.”

In Dr. McCrie's Life of Melville, there is a Report of the visitation of parishes in the diocese of St. Andrews, in the year 1611 and 1613, to this effect, “ That the parishes which had schools, were more than double in number to those that wanted them. Where they were wanting the visitors ordered them to be set up ; and where the provision for the master was inadequate, they made arrangements for remedying the evil. This was the principle on which Scotland long acted ; and by the moral machinery of pastors, school-masters, elders, deacons, and catechists, this country, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the most barbarous and bigoted of European nations, and the devoted slave of the papacy, and whose priesthood held two-thirds of the landed property of the kingdom became, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the most thoroughly reformed and best educated nation in Europe.”

In 1646, when the Presbyterians had fully regained the ascendancy, the Scottish Parliament passed an act requiring every parish to have a school-master, and ordaining, that if in any case, *heritors* or land holders neglected raising means for his support, the Presbytery should nominate twelve men to make the assessment upon their property. Indeed, strange as it may appear, the period between 1638 and 1660 seems almost entitled to be called the golden age of popular educa-

tion in Scotland. In the universal diffusion of *religious* instruction it was decidedly so. "For," says *Kirkton*, a very respectable church historian of the times, "every parish had a minister, every village a school, every family almost had a Bible ; yea, in most of the country, all the children of age could read, and were provided with Bible either by their parents or ministers. I have lived many years in a parish where I never heard an oath—and you would not, for a great part of the country, have lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshipped by reading, singing, and prayer. "Nobody," he quaintly adds, "complained more of our church government than our taverners, whose ordinary lament was that their trade was hopeless ; people were becoming so sober."

It was thus by planting the school by the side of the kirk, that the reformed clergy raised the people of Scotland, both from feudal bondage and spiritual thralldom ; and most grateful was the return which they every where received. During that period, school teaching was a *regular profession*, as much so as that of the ministry, and men were educated for it. Piety, no less than learning and aptness to teach, was regarded as an essential qualification in a school-master. The parish school was the nursery of the kirk, and the master was expected to co-operate with the minister in all his plans and efforts for the spiritual good of the rising generation. To command the best talents, and to place the teacher on the highest vantage ground in the discharge, of his duties, a house was provided for his family, and he received a liberal and permanent support. In the sacredness of his office the pastor was above him, but in talents and scholarship the school-master was expected to stand on nearly the same level.

It is this primitive and most desirable system of education which has secured for Scotland, and justly

too, the highest meed of praise ; and judging from my own impressions before I visited that country, it will scarcely be believed, by those who have not particularly inquired into the subject that during the greater part of the last two centuries, popular education has been on the decline, while her population has nearly trebled, and her wealth has increased a hundred fold. That this is actually the case however, no one I think can doubt, who will look at the statistics collected and prepared with great pains by the editor of the *Scottish Guardian*, and published three years ago under the superintendence of the Glasgow Educational association, and entitled, "*Scotland a half educated nation, both in quantity and quality!*" It is to this very able pamphlet that I am chiefly indebted for the facts upon which its startling title is based.

The first great shock which was given to the system of parochial schools in Scotland, was at the restoration of Charles II., when one-third of the clergy being driven into exile, the school-masters and catechists followed them, because they would not serve under the new Episcopal Establishment, and although the Revolution in 1688 restored both pastors and teachers to the great advantage of the country, the schools never recovered. The union with England, so auspicious in most respects, seems to have been an injury rather than an advantage to the cause of religion and learning in Scotland; for during more than a century, from 1696 to, 1803, while her population and wealth were rapidly on the increase, no addition was made to the number of her schools and churches; and the value of the school-master's stipend had greatly diminished. In 1803, there was still but one school to a parish, however large or populous, and it may well be said that the profession of a teacher had become synonymous with poverty, when it is added ; that the maximum salary was

£11 2s. 6d. It was soon after raised, however, to £22 4s. 5d., and the minimum to £16 13s. with a house and garden containing about a quarter of an acre. As might have been expected, so pitiful an improvement did not answer the end. The school-master was poor and despised, receiving less for his services than the common artizans of the country, and eking out his miserable subsistence as he could.

As a natural consequence of this lamentable decline, it was found by a Parliamentary Board of Commissioners in 1816, that out of 416,000 inhabitants in the Scottish Highlands and islands, there were 100,000 adults who could neither read nor write. There were 171 parish schools containing only 8,550 scholars. *Two hundred and seventy-four* private schools were found however, which, with the former afforded the means of education to one *sixteenth* of the inhabitants. In all Scotland there were 942 parish schools, and 2,222 private schools; but the whole attendance did not exceed 176,000, that is, not more than a *twelfth* of the entire population was at school. Add to this, that from the smallness of the income in both classes of schools, the *style* of education was found to be very low, and the office of a school-master to be anything but inviting to men of competent education and talents. Some good probably resulted from the commission; for in 1828 the maximum salary was raised by act of Parliament to £35 and the minimum to £27. Still, nothing was done to extend the parochial system. After a hundred and twenty years, the schools remained at the same sacred number of one to each parish.

I should be glad to quote the eloquent requiem (shall I call it?) of the writer before me entire; but I must content myself with extracting a few sentences.

“Much and proudly, do we talk of our parish schools, and often do we eulogise the men who founded

them in a barbarous age, and cherished them, amid difficulties and prejudices which we can now but little appreciate;—but what have we done to imitate their patriotism, or give effect to their benevolent designs? It is said that Romans never talked so much about Brutus and liberty as when they crouched most submissively to the will of the imperial tyrants; and surely, never did any age, talk more than the present, about education and the school-master; yet no civilized nation in Europe, is at present doing less to diffuse its blessings, and raise the standard of the qualifications of teachers of youth. We are vain of our past fame, as an educated nation, and talk of the prospective wisdom of men like Knox and Melville; but we are the degenerate descendants of a noble ancestry, who little imagine that the designs which they conceived, should be left well nigh to perish in an age boasting of its superior refinement, gathering wealth without measure—whose merchants live in luxury, unknown to the ancient princes of Scotland, but who apply the accumulating *wealth and resources* of their country, to every possible purpose under heaven, save that of rendering the educational institutions which they founded adequate to the wants of their country.”

Present State of Education in Scotland.

In order to obtain a standard, by which to measure the actual condition of any country, in respect to education, it is necessary to ascertain what proportion of the population *ought* to be at school, so as “to ensure universal juvenile education.” Now the Glasgow Association, say they find, that in Prussia, the educational age, bring between *six* and *fourteen*, the proportion which ought to be at school, is one *sixth*; in the U. States of North America, the educational age, being between

five and *fifteen*, one *fifth* ; the actual school attendance in Prussia, in 1831, fell but a fraction below the estimate. In the State of New York, it was one *fourth*, that is 500,000 out of 2,000,000 ; and in Connecticut, not far from one *third*. The result to which they come, is, that at least, one *fifth* of the population of Scotland, too, ought to be at school.

“ It may be assumed as a fact,” says Mr. Dick, in his recent and very valuable work, on Mental Illumination, “ that the number of children in any state from the age of *two*, to the age of fifteen years, is about *one-third* of the whole population. We find that in the States of Massachusetts, Maine and Connecticut, North America, there is one out of every *four*, of the population, attending a seminary of instruction. We may, therefore, fix on one *third*, including those, who should be in the infant schools, as the proper proportion. How many seminaries, then, would Scotland require, the population in 1831 being 2,400,000, and the one third, 800,000 ? Supposing 80 children, at an average, in every school, we must have no less than 10,000 schools, for the efficient instruction of all the youth, from two to fifteen years of age—but 2,500 of these, would be infant schools. According to Mr. Colquhoun’s statement, the number of parishes in Scotland is 907, and the parochial schools are 1,005 ; so that it would be requisite to establish *ten times* the number of schools, that presently exist, in order to the efficient instruction of the whole population. If there are 1,000 private schools, or 2,000 in all, still we need 8,000 more, or *five times* the number, presently existing.”

But let us take the more favorable estimates of the Glasgow Educational Association, already mentioned, and see in what aspect they present the actual state of education in Scotland. The basis, as above, is, that

one *fifth* of its population, ought to be at school. The most recent and accurate inquiries, in regard to the educational state of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, made by order of the General Assembly, show, that but one *tenth* of the population, are at school; that is, about 50,000 out of 500,000. And no less than 83,397 persons, between six and twenty years of age, are returned, as unable to read, either Gælic or English. Of the art of writing, a still greater number know nothing. In 132 parishes of the Lowlands, with a population of 215,000, only 20,000 are at day schools of all sorts—about one *eleventh* part, instead of one *fifth*. According to returns made in 1833, fourteen parishes in Perthshire, with a population of 24,025, had 2,811, or nearly one *seventh*, in school. In the parish of Annan, Dumfriesshire, a *tenth*; in Dundee, a *fifteenth*; in Stranvær, a *ninth*; in Cumbernauld, a *fourteenth*, and in New Monkland, a *twelfth*. The presumption, therefore, is, that even in the Lowland, and Midland counties, which may be regarded as the moral garden of Scotland, not much more than one *tenth*, are at school; that is, *one half* the number that ought to attend.

In the cities and large towns, the case is still more unfavorable. In the parish of Old Maschar, Aberdeen, containing 25,000 souls, at least, there are but a *thousand* children, in a course of primary education; that is, one *twenty-fifth*; in Dundee, one *thirteenth*; in Perth, one *fifteenth*; in one parish of Edinburgh, one *twelfth*; in three parishes of Greenoch, the same; in the large Abbey parish of Paisley, a *thirteenth* or *fourteenth*, and in Glasgow, about the same.

And it would seem that there is as great a deficiency in the *quality*, as in the *quantity* of popular education in Scotland. "The *style* of education," says the author of the able Glasgow report now before me,

“ may be judged from the remuneration of the teacher, his own education, his standing in the society where he exercises his profession, and the books employed, (used ?) in the schools. The average income, from all sources of the parochial teachers in the Highlands, the General Assembly, estimated at £40 a year.” In the Lowlands, it is somewhat higher, but still inadequate. The compensation of private teachers, is exceedingly penurious, as they are often obliged to put their fees still lower than are the very small fees of the parish schools, or have no scholars. The consequence is, that but few men of competent talents and education are willing to encounter the toil and confinement of the school-room ; and those of inferior qualifications, who do, are obliged to eke out their starved salaries by engaging in other employments.

The general tone of the Report to which I am so much indebted for the foregoing statistics, with reference to the decline and present alarming depression of popular education in Scotland, may possibly be somewhat too desponding. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true, that looking at the past history, of the country, and its present condition, its first days after the Reformation were its best. The teachers, as a body, were better educated, better principled and better paid. The rudiments of learning were more universally diffused among the lower classes. A more careful inspection was exercised over the schools, by ministers and elders of the church, and by influential and pious laymen, who took a deep interest in their prosperity. And it is past all controversy, that for fifty years after the down-fall of Popery, thorough Bible instruction held a more prominent place, in the popular education of the country, than it does now, or ever has done since that golden period.

As several respectable Scottish writers have lately

given us quite as much credit as we deserve, for the wisdom, liberality and efficiency of our common school systems in New England and New York, it may not be out of place for me just to glance at the subject. It is certainly a matter of high congratulation, that such liberal provision is made for the instruction of the poor ; that our children of all classes are so generally sent to school, and that every body is taught to read and write. But it ought to be felt by all the friends of education, that our systems are susceptible of great improvements, and that they are loudly called for.

In the first place, we suffer exceedingly for want of a competent number of able and efficient teachers. And the reason is, our standard is altogether too low, and we keep it down by our penuriousness. Whatever we may demand and expect, and however loudly we may complain that good teachers are not to be had, we should not be willing to pay them if they were. In this case, as in every other, under our free institution, the supply will be in proportion to the urgency of the demand. If men of talents and enterprise were sure of being well paid, as teachers—of making their efforts and their literary acquisitions as productive in the school-house as any where else, the deficiency of which we complain would soon be supplied. But how can we expect it, so long as the wages of a school-master are kept below those of a common journey-man mechanic? Just so long as we compel our teachers to work *cheap*, we must expect to have *CHEAP* teachers.

In the next place, we suffer exceedingly for want of better systems of supervision. We have boards of education and visiting committees, to be sure. Parents take some interest in the schools, and the clergy, more ; but, after all, much more must be done, before

we shall see them placed on that high ground which they ought to occupy.

In the last place, (for I cannot pursue the subject,) too little stress, by far, is laid upon the importance of *religious* instruction in our schools. The teachers, whether male or female, ought invariably to be persons of high moral qualifications, and as far as possible, of personal religion; and all our children ought every day to be taught to "fear God and keep his commandments."

Grammar Schools and Academies.

The original plan of erecting "a College in every suitable town," which, as we have seen, was recommended by the fathers of the Reformation was never carried into effect. But there is an intermediate class of seminaries, between the common schools and the Universities, in which a more elevated course of instruction is pursued than is called for in the former, and preparatory to entering the latter. To this class belong the *Grammar Schools*, which are found in the principal boroughs and provincial towns, and which, under this name, are in fact a higher description of *parochial* schools. To some extent, they accommodate boarders, and, it is said, they afford a very fine education. The masters are by courtesy styled Rectors.

The *Academies* of Scotland have sprung up within the last thirty years, in some of the larger towns, and are intended to rank higher than the grammar schools. They are taught by a Rector, who is aided by subordinate masters. They are in some cases under the direct patronage of the magistrates, but in others, are managed solely by subscribers.

The *High School* of Edinburgh is the most ancient Grammar School in Scotland, and is by common con-

sent styled the *High School, par excellence*. It was established by the magistrates of the city, in 1578, four years earlier than the University. The magistrates, it would seem, were invited to this undertaking by "the earnest dealing of James Lawson," one of the ministers of the town. Its beginning was small, having only a master and an usher; but it advanced so rapidly, that by the end of the century, it had become, next to the Universities, quite the most important literary institution in the country. Having flourished for two centuries, and the place becoming "too strait," by reason of its increasing celebrity, a new and more commodious building was erected, consisting of five apartments besides a great hall for prayers, and a room for the Library. It has a rector and four masters. Each master carries his class through a four years course to fit them for the more advanced classes of the Rector, in which they remain one or two years longer. The average number of scholars is about 700. Some of the most distinguished men of Scotland have received the elements of their classical education in this school.

Scottish Universities.

These are four, viz.: *St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh*. The University of *St. Andrews* is the oldest, having been founded in 1412. It once consisted of three Colleges: *St. Salvator's, St. Leonards's, and St. Mary's*. *St. Leonard's* is now converted into private houses, the buildings, as I understand, not being wanted for the accommodation of students. This University is governed by a Chancellor, and the professors of colleges. The Chancellor is elected by the two principals. *St. Salvator* has nine professors, and *St. Mary's five*. Notwithstanding the advantages of this very ancient University, in

regard to situation, instruction, and discipline, all of which are highly spoken of, it seems to be on the wane ; the average number of students scarcely exceeding 130.

The University of Glasgow was founded in 1450. The buildings, though erected at different times, and displaying very different styles of architecture, would make a noble appearance, had they been placed upon the hill a little back of the town, where many stately private mansions are now going up. And even standing, as they do, almost on a level with the the Clyde, closely hemmed in by many old and rather unsightly edifices, it has, upon the whole, an air of solemn and imposing grandeur, well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. It consists of four distinct courts, or quadrangles, in passing through which a great many non-descript and grotesque figures grin upon you from their projections, and niches in the walls, and you almost fancy, that you hear them gibbering out their reminiscences of bye-gone ages. In the rear of this great pile of buildings, is a very extensive garden, tastefully laid out, and divided by gravelled walks into three parts,—one for botany—one for the gymnastic exercises of the students—and the other, in which the observatory stands, is reserved as a place of retirement for the professors, and of relaxation and amusement for their families and friends.

At the head of this University is a *Lord Chancellor*, chosen for life. Next to him is the *Lord Rector*, elected annually. Both these officers are honorary, and not executive. The *Dean* of Faculties is chosen by the Professors, or Regents ; and the Principal is appointed by the Crown. There are *nineteen* Professors in the following branches ;—Divinity, Church History, Oriental Languages, Natural Philosophy,

Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Greek, Latin, Civil Law, Medicine, Anatomy and Botany, and Practical Astronomy; Lectures are also delivered in Materia Medica, Chemistry, Natural History, Painting and Drawing.

The government of the University is vested in the Principal and Professors, under the title of Regents. Their supreme court, consisting of the whole faculty, once assumed the power of inflicting capital punishment; but the severest sentence which has been passed for many years, is that of expulsion. The present number of students I did not ascertain. Probably there are from *eight* to *nine* hundred. There is one peculiarity in the elections of Rector, &c. which is worth noticing. The Professors and students are divided into *four Nations*. First, the natives of Clydesdale, and the adjacent districts of Scotland, south of the Forth; next, the natives of Scotland on the north of the Forth; then the natives of the west Highlands and of Ireland; and last, of the eastern districts of Scotland, of England, America, and the Colonies. Each of these Nations votes, first, in order to ascertain the majority within itself; and then the majority of Nations decides the question. In cases of parity, the Regents decide by their casting vote.

In visiting this University, nothing interested me so much as the museum of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, of London, which was one of the most valuable bequests that any institution ever received. It consists of a choice collection of paintings, a very valuable selection of anatomical preparations, a cabinet of medals, and a fine library. It is said, that the trustees of the British Museum offered £25,000 for it, besides furnishing such duplicates as they possessed.

Honorary degrees are conferred at Glasgow, and I

believe the same is true of the other Scottish Universities, without regard to church and state monopolies. Any Dissenter in the three kingdoms may receive a Diploma, if he is thought to merit it, and the doors are opened to students of all Protestant sects, as well as to the sons of the Establishment.

The University of Aberdeen was chartered by a bull of Pope Alexander, in 1494. It has two Colleges, King's College in the Old Town, which was built almost a century before the University was founded, and Mareschal College in the New Town, which was not erected till 1593. The former has *nine* Professors, and the latter *ten*. Both have *bursaries*, or college funds, to a considerable amount, for the aid of poor students. The number of students in 1808, was between *three* and *four hundred*, and is probably now considerably larger.

The *University of Edinburgh*, though founded a century later than either of the others, has long been the most celebrated seat of learning in Scotland. The first edifice was begun in 1580, and three years after, the course of instruction commenced. After standing more than two centuries, this building was pulled down, in 1789, and the foundation stone of the present edifice was laid by Lord Napier. Owing to the want of funds, it remained in an unfinished state till 1815, when a Parliamentary grant of *ten thousand pounds* (about \$50,000) a year was made, to complete it. The east front is adorned with a magnificent dome. A handsome portico, supported by columns of the Doric order, twenty-six feet high, and each formed of one solid shaft, forms the chief entrance. The north and south sides of the quadrangle are 358 feet (about 22 rods) in length, and the east and west sides 255 feet. The new

library is on the south side of the square and is to occupy two floors, of 198 feet in length. The other parts of this magnificent pile are partitioned off into class rooms, for the different professors, and apartments for other necessary accommodations. None of the students have their studies, or dormitories, in the University. The library, which I visited, consists of about 100,000 volumes. The museum contains an exceedingly fine collection of birds and animals, and, indeed in almost every branch of Natural History.

The chief or rather almost the only studies for a long period, however, were the dead languages, the divinity and philosophy of the schools, and some branches of mathematics. Early in the seventeenth century, it received a new and powerful impulse, especially in the department of medicine, and soon rose to be the first medical school in the world. Under a succession of distinguished professors, it long held this proud pre-eminence. The number of medical students, attending the lectures, in the zenith of its popularity, was more than *twelve hundred*. In 1791, the whole number of students in all departments, however, was but 1279. In 1810, it had risen to 1980. In 1824-5, there were matriculated in the department of Literature 777; Medicine, 939; Law, 233; Divinity, 249 — total, 2198.

The chief patronage of the University lies in the magistrates of Edinburgh, and they nominate to all the chairs except *nine*, which belong to the crown, and one (that of agriculture) which belongs to Sir G. F. Johnson, who established it. The whole number of professors is 28, in the following branches.

1. In the department of *Literature* and *Philosophy* — Humanity, Greek, Mathematics, Logic, Moral Phi-

losophy, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Universal History and Natural History.

2. *Theology*—Divinity, Divinity and Church History, Hebrew.

3. *Law*—Civil Law, Institutes and Pandects, Scots Law, Public Law and Conveyancing.

4. *Medicine*—Dietetics, Materia Medica and Pharmacy, Practice of Physic, Chemistry and Chemical Pharmacy, Theory of Physic, Anatomy and Surgery, Theory and Practice of Midwifery, Medical Jurisprudence, Clinical Medicine, Clinical Surgery, and Military Surgery. In this last great department, there are no less than *ten* professors. The University year is divided into two sessions. The first begins in October, and continues about six months. The second commences in May, and generally ends in August.

Well may Scotland be proud of her Universities. She can show a catalogue of great men, which will bear comparison with the brightest records of any nation. If Edinburgh and Glasgow cannot vie with Oxford and Cambridge in the Gothic grandeur of their colleges, in the amplitude of their endowments, or in the number of their students, graduates and fellowships; they are not a whit behind them in the ability of their professors, or the thoroughness of their instructions. There is no better or more solid material than the Scottish mind; and it will bear a high polish too. The same air that braces the Highland warrior, and makes him so terrible in the deadly onset, nerves the soul for the most splendid intellectual conquests; and that corps of *savans* must have an exceedingly good opinion of their own prowess, who should cross the Tweed with the hope of vanquishing the veterans of the Scotch Universities. Whatever advantages Cambridge might gain in mathematics, or Oxford in Classical literature, they would be sure to

lose, when they came to try their strength in intellectual philosophy and the physical sciences.

No city in the British empire has, within the last sixty years, made greater progress in Science and Literature, than Edinburgh. If it is not the *Athens* of the three kingdoms, it is certainly the great literary emporium of the north. It would be interesting, did my time and limits allow, to glance at the libraries and museums, and galleries, and learned societies, and courses of lectures, and great printing establishments, which adorn the Scottish Metropolis. But I can only just mention the chief of her periodical Publications, some of which are not second to the very first that can be named, in their respective departments.

1. The Scots Magazine, begun in 1739, published monthly.

2. The Farmers' Magazine, begun in 1800, published quarterly.

3. The Edinburgh Review, begun in 1802—quarterly.

4. The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, begun in 1805—quarterly.

5. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, begun in 1817—monthly.

6. The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, begun in 1818—quarterly.

7. The Edinburgh Journal of Science, quarterly

8. Edinburgh Christian Instructor, monthly.

9. Christian Monitor, monthly.

10. Christian Herald, monthly.

11. Scottish Missionary Register, monthly.

12. Edinburgh Annual Register, monthly.

13. Edinburgh Almanac, monthly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RELIGION.

Established Churches—Dissenters—Support of Religion by Law
—Church Patronage—Want of Church Accommodations—
Established Clergy—The Sabbath.

As statistics are so exceedingly convenient for reference, I have taken some pains to compile the following ecclesiastical abstract, from the best authorities within my reach. In 1825, the Established Church of Scotland consisted of 15 Synods, 78 Presbyteries, 911 Parishes, and 940 Clergymen. The number of members, or rather parishioners, was estimated at something more than 1,600,000, or about two thirds of the whole population. The supreme Ecclesiastical Judiciary of this church is the General Assembly, which meets yearly in the month of May, in Edinburgh, and sits for twelve days. The session is opened with great pomp, by the King's representative, who is always a nobleman, and is denominated *the Lord High Commissioner*! This reminds a spectator, much more of Agrippa, than of Paul; and of the high court of appeals at Cesarea, than of the first General Council at Jerusalem. The General Assembly consists of 200 clergymen and about 160 elders. The Royal Commissioner does not preside, but that duty is performed by a moderator chosen from the body.

The Dissenters from the Established Church of Scotland are:

1. The Reformed Presbyterian Synod, consisting of 3 Presbyteries and 8 churches.

2. The United Associate Synod of the Secession church—19 Synods and 333 churches. *Fourteen* of these churches are at Newcastle, and *seven* in London.

3. The Associate Synod—3 Presbyteries and 19 churches.

4. Original Burgher Association Synod—5 Presbyteries and 50 churches.

5. The original Anti-burghers—16 churches.

6. Relief Synod—7 Presbyteries and 84 churches.

7. Scottish Episcopalians—65 churches.

8. Church of England—6 chapels.

9. Independent Congregational churches—77.

Besides these, there are the Glassites, Bereans, Unitarians, Baptists, &c., estimated at about 50,000 in all, Roman Catholics, 70,000; Methodists, 10,000 and Quakers, almost none—less than 1,000. The whole number of clergymen in Scotland, exclusive of the Catholics, is about 1,750. The Covenanters have about 30,000 representatives left in Scotland, now called Cameronians. The General Assembly employs about *forty* Home Missionaries, and the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, from *ten* to *fifteen*. The Independents also have several missionaries, employed under the direction of the Congregational Union, ministering to feeble churches, and gathering new congregations; but I am unable to state the number.

The Established Clergy were supported by tythes till about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the government sold them to proprietors on condition, that they should annually contribute a stipulated sum for the maintenance of the pastors, and a corresponding diminution was made of the price of the lands sold. Attached to each manse, or parsonage house, is a glebe, of at least four acres of arable land, with pasturage for one horse and two cows. No where perhaps

are the clergy better supported, than in the Established Church of Scotland. The average amount of their salaries, including manse and glebe, has been computed by some at £285 ; but this I suspect is too high. The lowest salaries are £150, nearly \$750, besides the manse and glebe. The pastors of Edinburgh are supported by a tax paid by the tenants, which, however, is taken from the income of the proprietors, and their salaries are about £400.

The coercive principle of government endowments is a yoke pressing upon the necks of the Scottish Dissenters, "which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear." As might have been expected, they have been growing more and more restive under it, and of course, their complaints have, for a series of years, been waxing louder and louder, against the injustice of taxing them, either directly or indirectly, for the support of the established clergy, on whose ministry they never attend. A good deal of skirmishing has long been going on at the outposts, and some heavy charges have been made upon the main body of the Establishment, which it has been found difficult to repel. But it was not till about the time I visited Scotland, that the strength of the two parties was fully brought out. The immediate occasion of the excitement which then agitated the whole country, was a strong petition from the established church to Parliament, for a grant to build new churches. The Dissenters, or *Voluntaries*, as they are now called, while they admitted the need of a great many more churches to furnish room for the increasing population, strenuously opposed their being built at the public expense ; and the discussion which ensued, soon covered the whole ground of the right and the expediency of supporting the Gospel by coercive enactments. When I was in Edinburgh and Glasgow, this discussion was at

its height. Two courses of public lectures had just been delivered, in each of those cities, by the ablest ministers on both sides, among whom were Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Brown, Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Heugh, Mr. Ewing, Dr. Smith, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Anderson. Dr. Chalmers, having very warmly espoused the side of the Establishment, had gone up to London to advocate the petition, and Parliament had taken order on the subject, so far as to appoint a Commission to inquire into the destitution complained of, and make report at the next session. Besides the regular course of lectures just mentioned, scores of others were delivered from the pulpit, and the most distinguished laymen did not think it beneath them to take an earnest part in the discussion. Indeed, I suspect, that the great *Church and State* question, so far as endowments are concerned; was never more thoroughly and ably discussed, than it has been within the last two or three years in Scotland.

In assailing the whole *compulsory* system, the Voluntaries occupy the highest and strongest ground that has ever been taken anywhere. They strenuously maintain, that no shadow of authority can be derived from the New Testament for compulsory assessments in any form to support the gospel—that on the contrary, the whole genius of Christianity is utterly opposed to civil interference—that wherever the unholy alliance of church and state has existed, the church, so far from being strengthened, has always been paralyzed and corrupted by it—that it has done incalculable injury to the cause of religion in Scotland—that it is for the interest of the Scottish Establishment itself, to sue for a divorce, with the least possible delay—that the great destitution of religious instruction complained of, is one of the legitimate consequences of governmental patronage,—and in a word, that civil legislation, for

the support of religious institutions, ought never to be resorted to.

The friends of the Establishment, on the contrary, maintain with equal zeal and confidence, that the Bible makes it the bounden duty of the Government, in every Christian state, to make provision for the support of religious teachers—that where this duty is neglected, religion can never be expected to flourish—that as the public good requires the legal establishment of some one denomination, it is but reasonable that the largest should be preferred; and that, of course, the smaller sects, if they choose to dissent, have no reason to complain—that the existing church establishment has been an unspeakable blessing to Scotland—that the churches only want more aid from the government, to make its salutary influence felt by the whole population; and that the utter inefficiency of the voluntary system has been tested in the large towns of Scotland, where it has had the freest scope for a full and fair trial.

It is amusing to observe, in looking over this controversy, with what assurance and exultation, both parties appeal to the great experiment which we are making in this country. Never was any thing plainer, exclaim the *Voluntaries*, than that religion is more widely diffused, and that the clergy are better supported in the United States, without an establishment, or any legislative aid whatever, than they would have been by compulsory assessments. “By no means,” rejoin the *Compulsories*, “the facts in the case, lead us irresistibly to the opposite conclusion. The religious statistics of the United States, are frightful. According to their own showing, whole states and territories, larger than the island of Great Britain, have scarcely a dozen competent religious teachers. For *want* of Establishments, they are fast forgetting

the God of their fathers, and either yielding themselves up to the wildest fanaticism, or plunging into the gulf of infidelity."

Now, though it may at first seem quite unaccountable, that men of sense and piety should come to these opposite conclusions, from the working of our voluntary system, the discrepancy, if I mistake not, admits of a pretty satisfactory explanation. By going back some *twenty* or *thirty* years, by quoting the opinions of a few of our distinguished men at that time, and by hunting up the earnest appeals of our secretaries and agents, the advocates of religious establishments abroad, are able to impart some plausibility to their reasonings. The friends of free institutions, on the other hand, by appealing to more *recent* facts and opinions—by showing what the voluntary system has actually done, and is doing, to establish gospel institutions in all parts of this great country, through the agency of Education Societies, Home Missions, and other appropriate means,—confidently challenge the world to show when and where *church and state* have ever been able to spread out such glorious results.

If the ablest and most zealous champions of Religious Establishments can meet this challenge, I have read ecclesiastical history to very little purpose. Suppose an Establishment had been transplanted by our Puritan fathers into the soil of this country, and that church and state had been wedded here, as they are in Scotland. Who will say, that it would have "fallen out unto the furtherance of the gospel?" Who believes, that any great Ecclesiastical Establishment, secularized and controlled by an alliance with the Civil Power, would keep pace with our spreading population, and carry the gospel to as many frontier cabins as are visited by the voluntary out-pourings of Christian beneficence? I well remember that when

the laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut required every man to pay something for the support of religion, to the denomination which he preferred, and a repeal of these laws was loudly called for by a portion of the community, I trembled, as did many who were older and much wiser than myself. It seemed to me, that such a withdrawal of support would break up many of our feeble societies, and cut off the already moderate support of ministers in many others. But I was mistaken. The voluntary principle prevailed. The responsibility of sustaining our religious institutions, was thrown entirely upon their friends, and the result is, they are better sustained than they were before.

But while I fully agree with the Scottish Volunteers in their general views and reasonings, they have broached certain ultra opinions, to which I cannot subscribe. They will not allow the government, to legislate *at all* in religious matters—not even to recognize the Christian Sabbath as a divine institution. It is true, they complain of their opponents, for endeavoring to prejudice the public mind against them, “by representing them as opposed to all legislation, by which the people may be secured in a day of rest, in the midst of their toils.” But how do they repel the charge? One of the lecturers in Glasgow, (Rev. W. Anderson,) an accredited organ of the Voluntary Church Society, answers it in this way. “None of us questions, that the civil magistrate, in full consistency with the nature of his office, as the guardian of the health and worldly interests of the lieges, may ordain such a day of cessation from labor, especially on behalf of those who are in the condition of servants; in the same way, as when he limits the hours of daily labor in a cotton factory. And as a prudent and discreet judge, since many of the subjects will,

from religious views, sanctify the first day of the week, at all events, he will make *his* day of civil rest coincide with *their* day of sacred rest." And is this all that the rulers of a great Christian Empire may do for the Sabbath, the corner-stone of all its religious institutions—to put it on the same ground with a *cotton factory*? This, I confess, is a scrupulosity which I did not expect to find among the good ministers of Scotland; and it may be taken as one of a thousand examples, to show how liable good men are, in guarding against one extreme, to fall into the opposite.

Church Patronage, is the right of presenting to an ecclesiastical benefice, or living which is, more commonly expressed by the term *advowson*. When a vacancy occurs, by the death or removal of a clergyman, it is filled, not by the choice of the church and congregation, but by some individual, who has acquired a *legal* right to nominate, or present a successor. This right is sometimes acquired by purchase. But in most cases, it was vested centuries ago, in certain great families, or is one of the ecclesiastical prerogatives of the crown. In either case, it is one of the crying abuses of Church Establishments. That it is so in Scotland, every one will perceive, when I state, on the authority of the Rev. *Robert M' Corkle*, in one of his lectures delivered in Glasgow, on the Church Establishment controversy, that "300 patronages belong to the crown, and 600 are the property of private individuals—of whom one or two are Roman Catholics, many are Episcopalians, several possess no religion at all,—some are children and minors, and one or two are in the unfortunate state of mental derangement."

Was there ever any thing more preposterous? The King of England, himself an Episcopalian, holding one-third of the livings of Presbyterian Scotland! Some of the patrons Roman Catholics, infidels, children, and lu-

natics ! Can all the records of Protestant Christendom show a more arbitrary infringement of sacred and inalienable rights ? Let us bring the case home to our own blessed America. What if, when a beloved pastor dies, we were to be told, "you are not allowed to make any inquiry, or even to exercise a volition, about a successor ; but must wait quietly, till you learn the high pleasure of the President of the United States, or till the Catholic, the infidel, or the maniac patron send you the right man ?" But it is due to the honor of the Established Church of Scotland, to say, that she has never given her consent to this papistical usurpation. On the contrary, she has struggled and protested against it, with an earnestness and perseverance, which however recreant *some* of her sons may have been, entitles her to high commendation. Thus in her first Book of Discipline, drawn up by John Knox and four other distinguished reformers, she says, "It appertaineth to the people and to every several congregation, to elect their minister ; and it is altogether to be avoided, that any man be violently intruded, or thrust in upon any congregation ; but this liberty, with all care, must be reserved for every several church, to have their votes and suffrages in election of their ministers."

The second Book of Discipline, agreed upon by the General Assembly in 1578, and sworn to in the National Covenant, renewed and ratified by the Assembly in 1638, maintains the same free Protestant doctrine, "that no person be thrust into any office of the kirk, contrary to the will of the congregation to whom they are appointed, or without the voice of the eldership." Had the Reformed Church of Scotland been left to the free exercise of her own enlightened judgment, lay patronage would probably never have been heard of in that country. But the yoke of bondage was finally fixed upon the necks of the people, in the reign of

Anne, and they have never since been able to throw it off. It is true that at the present, time, there is a sort of tacit compromise between the patron and the congregation, which gives the latter some voice in the election of a pastor, and in virtue of which the General Assembly has within these few years ventured to prescribe the manner in which this Christian franchise is to be exercised. But the law remains as it was ; and whenever the patron chooses to carry the question of right into the courts they must inevitably decide in his favor. Whenever the householders meet to deliberate and make a show of hands in the election of a pastor, it is by courtesy and sufferance. The *Dissenters* elect whom they please, to be "set over them in the Lord."

*Deficiency of Church Accommodations and
Pastoral Care.*

This, especially in the cities and larger manufacturing towns in Scotland, is already very great, and the prospect is, that neither the Establishment nor the Voluntaries, nor both together, will prevent increasing thousands from growing up and forming their characters for time and eternity, without religious instruction. As a specimen of the statistics on which I rely, take the following. Till very lately, Glasgow had but *twelve* parish churches, for 200,000 inhabitants. Now, at least one-half the population ought to be every Sabbath-day in attendance upon religious worship ; and it has been proved by this standard, says Mr. M'Corcle, that there are in Glasgow 35,000 individuals capable of attending church, for whom no accommodation has been provided in places of worship of all denominations." Dr. Heugh, in an eloquent appeal to the Christian Instruction Society, estimates the number of those who rarely, if ever, attend the public ordinances

of religion, at 50,000, at least. The Abbey parish of Paisley, with its 31,000 inhabitants, has *one* parish church, with sittings for 1,636 persons, and one chapel of ease which accommodates a thousand more. St. Cuthbert's, with 70,000 souls, has *one* parish church and five chapels, in all of which no more than between six and seven thousand hearers can be accommodated. Besides these, however, the Dissenters have a considerable number of chapels. The Barony Parish of Glasgow numbers 77,000, with *one* parish church, seating 1,433 persons, and five chapels of ease, affording sittings for 6,940. In one portion of the Barony, including the districts of Calton and Bridgeton, and containing a population of 34,000 souls, there is but *one* church, in connection with the Establishment, and "two relief meeting houses (it is rather sarcastically remarked, by one of the lecturers against *voluntaryism*,) were till lately all the accommodation that, after skimming the surface of the population, Dissent could supply." Perhaps Edinburgh may be somewhat better off; though it cannot be denied, that multitudes, especially in the Old Town, are festering in the dark lanes, and going down to death, without religious instruction.

In the pending controversy, the champions of Establishments attempt to throw the blame chiefly on the Dissenters, by jeeringly demanding, why, since they have long had the field open before them, they have left it so over-run with thorns and briars! The Voluntaries, on the other hand, deny that the field is, or ever has been fairly open. To be sure, they are *tolerated*; but besides being taxed to support the Established church, a thousand other obstacles are thrown in their way. And they add, that while they highly appreciate the piety and zeal of some of their opponents, the blame of leaving such multitudes in a

state of deplorable destitution rests upon the *Church*. She might and would have done infinitely more to elevate and save them, had not her soul been chilled, and all her energies stifled, by her unholy alliance with the civil power. Now as I am a staunch voluntary myself, every reader will know where to find my sympathies. But I cannot quite agree with my friends, that the Scottish Establishment is justly chargeable with *all* the delinquences, which both sides unite in deploring. Calmer reflection, I have no doubt will convince them, that in spite of the disabilities of which they complain, they might have done more ; and this conviction will be increased, by the greater success of their more zealous efforts hereafter.

Clergy of the Established Church.

Owing to the shortness of my stay in Scotland, Dr. Gordon was the only one of them whom I had the pleasure of hearing preach, and I was barely introduced to a few others. Of course, I cannot speak of their comparative standing and merits from personal acquaintance. But from the inquiries which I had opportunity to make, I formed a very favorable opinion, both of their talents and education. The masculine vigor of the Scottish mind is acknowledged everywhere. There are now, as their always have been, many strong men and able divines, among the established clergy of Scotland. In church politics, and in their adherence to the Westminster Confession of Faith, most of them are said to be extremely rigid ; but I am afraid, from what I could learn, that the general strain of their preaching is more *sound* than *evangelical*. There is said to be a great deal of cold, dry Orthodoxy in the Scottish pulpits, as well as much warm, and searching, and practical preaching. Though I suppose vital piety is deemed an essential qualifica-

tion in ministers of the Establishment, I was told that they are rarely examined as to their acquaintance with experimental religion, when they are inducted into the sacred office. And examinations for church membership are much less strict than in New England, and throughout the Presbyterian churches of this country. If the applicant sustains a fair moral character, has a pretty good knowledge of the Catechism, and is ready to subscribe to the Confession of Faith, he is considered as entitled to Church privileges, without further inquiry. So that in some Presbyteries, at least, a young man may first come into the church, and then enter the ministry, without ever giving "a reason of the hope that is in him," to any body. Surely these things ought not so to be.

It might naturally have been supposed, that among so many bodies of Seceders as there are from the Established Church of Scotland, some, at least, would have adopted a laxer theology. But this is not the case. They all rigidly adhere to the faith of their fathers. There is probably no country in the world, in which the great body of the people are so strictly Calvinistic, as in Scotland. And I know not where the external observance of the Sabbath is so strictly enforced. Travelling for business and pleasure is not only forbidden by law, as with us, but the law is *enforced*. I heard two of our fellow passengers, the day we left Edinburgh, complaining bitterly of the superstition and hypocrisy which so grievously oppress the people, by stopping the coaches and steamboats on the sabbath. They spoke of it as peculiar to Scotland, and a blot upon her character. I could not help letting them know, how much I differed from them in opinion. This quite softened the tone of one of them, and he took a good deal of pains to convince me that he was himself a decided friend of the Sabbath, and only

hated to see people over righteous in the manner of keeping it.

I believe Edinburgh is the only capital in the world, from which coaches and other vehicles for the conveyance of passengers are not allowed to depart, or make excursions on the Lord's day. May she long thus nobly distinguish herself, by her reverence for the fourth commandment.

still to be seen a Roman bridge, perfectly entire, near the line of the Roman wall, which extended quite across from the Clyde to the Forth. The prospect which here opens to view, is rarely exceeded for richness and variety. The noble expanse of the river—the steep hills of Kilpatrick on the north—the fine slopes of Renfrewshire on the south—the castles of Douglass and Dunberton perched upon high rocks, with the lofty mountains of Argyle in the distance, taken altogether, make an exceedingly fine picture. Douglass castle was a Roman station, supposed to be the western extremity of Antonius's wall, or an impregnable outpost connected with it. The rocks and castle of Dunbarton, are a little further down. This also is supposed to have been a Roman station, and was probably the extreme western point, to which that warlike people penetrated. About four miles below, on the south bank, is Port Glasgow, a place of considerable trade though small in comparison with Greenock, to which the boat takes you in half an hour more, and which is now becoming one of the most considerable seaports in the United Kingdom. The Frith of Clyde is here three miles broad. Just below Greenock, it expands into a noble bay. As you approach the north channel, the conical summits of Arran, on your right, are lost in the clouds, while the barran head of Ailsa rises out of the green waves to a great height, directly before you. It is a mile in circumference at the base, and consists of one vast mass of columnar sienetic trap, the columns being in some places 400 feet in length.

Isle of Man.

This island, which is 30 miles long, and 11 broad, lies about midway between Glasgow and Dublin, but not so far to the left of your track as to deprive you

of a glance at its picturesque scenery. *Douglass*, the largest town, has a fine pier, and a light-house, and contains 7,000 inhabitants. *snæfell* rises to the height of 1,720 feet, from the summit of which, it is said, you have a very extensive view of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. What a horizon of kingdoms! and what a pity that a traveller cannot stop every where, and climb every mountain, and see every thing. But we were past the Isle of Man, as soon as British steam could cleave the waters, steering a southwesterly course, so far, however, from the Irish coast, that we could see nothing more than a dim outline, and beyond that, the blue tops of the mountains of Morne.

Bay of Dublin.

Whether, as you double Howth Point, and enter the Bay of Dublin, "one of the most splendid prospects in the world, breaks upon your view," I do not know. And whether "it strikingly reminds one, of the Bay of Naples, and wants nothing but Vesuvius, to make it equally beautiful and striking;" those that have seen both, can tell. For myself, I strongly suspect that as you are now so near the Emerald Isle, there must be in this comparison a touch of Irish hyperbole. But be this as it may, the view is certainly worth all the trouble of crossing the channel; and however inferior it may be, to the Bay of Naples, I had all the advantage of not being able to make the comparison. On the right of this magnificent Bay, is a bold promontory, called the Hill of Howth, and on the left, is Dalkey Island, and the Black Rock, with the distant mountains of Wicklow, which looks as if they might well enough be the craters of another Vesuvius in repose. And who can tell, but that the fires will ere long, break out, to the infinite satisfaction of future tourists? The centre of this magnificent

crescent, is filled up with the city of Dublin, its shipping and spires, and populous environs. As you advance, the new and splendid harbor of *Kingston*, opens to view on the left, and you find yourself rapidly approaching the light-house, which stands on the extremity of the mole, or wharf, as we should call it, which runs in a straight line, nearly three miles and a half into the sea. The astonishing length, the great breadth, and the solid construction of this mole, must excite the admiration of every beholder. Passing it, you soon thread your way up the Liffey, and land upon one of those spacious quays, which are worthy of being reckoned among the ornaments of this noble city.

DUBLIN.

The Irish are very proud of their capital, and not without reason. It is certainly a noble city—in population the *second* in the United Kingdom; and as it respects location and beauty, the *finest*, after Edinburgh. It contains many charming open squares and gardens, which, while they delight the eye, give to the whole town a balmy air, and a healthy circulation. Among the largest and most attractive of these, are St. Stephen's Green, College Park, Merrian Square, Coburg Gardens, Rutland Square, Montjoy Square, and the Botanical Gardens.

St. Stephen's Green, is a parallelogram, in the southeast quarter of the city, in the immediate vicinity of the Coburg Gardens, tastefully laid out, and ornamented with shrubs and the richest velvet carpet. The gravelled walk, is just an English mile in circuit, within the railing, while the broad and neatly flagged promenade on the outside, is said to measure exactly

an *Irish* mile. The gardens themselves, are nearly as large. The *Botanical Gardens*, too, are very extensive and delightful. The gentle undulations of the surface, the serpentine walks, and the great variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers, together with handsome and spacious green-houses, enriched with the choicest exotics from every clime, all conspire to make these grounds extremely attractive.

Phenix Park lies quite in the north-west quarter of Dublin, rather out of town than in, and stretches for a mile or more along the north bank of the Liffey, I do not know its exact extent, but should think it must be from four to five miles in circuit. It contains two sheets of water, one of them very fine, with two handsome bridges. The Zoological Gardens, are in a corner of the Park, and, taken altogether, this, in a cool summer's day, is undoubtedly the most pleasant retreat from dust and toil that can be found anywhere, in or near the Irish metropolis. I wish our enterprising countrymen, who are laying out so many new cities, on as few square acres as possible, could enjoy the luxury of escaping, a few times, from the business and jostling of crowded streets, to these ample pleasure grounds, and of seeing the happy thousands, by whom they are thronged. It is true, perhaps, that most of our embryo cities, one or more of which every third man you meet at the west, carries about in his pocket, will always remain there ; but some of them, no doubt, will sooner or later, expand into large and populous towns ; and it is highly desirable, as I took occasion to remark in a former chapter, that when that time arrives, the inhabitants should have room to live, and move, and breathe, as well as to buy and sell and make money.

Dublin is built somewhat in the form of an ellipse,

and the longest diameter is measured by the river Liffey, which coming from the west, divides the town into two nearly equal parts. The Grand Canal sweeps quite round upon the south side, in a regular and beautiful curve, till it reaches the spacious docks, just at the edge of the harbor. The houses are built chiefly of brick, from three to five stories high. The public edifices are of stone, and some of them are truly magnificent—but I can do little more than give them a passing notice.

Trinity College.

This ancient and venerable institution is richly endowed, and in a flourishing state. It is by far the most important seat of learning in Ireland, and, in most of the departments of science and literature, vies with the great universities of the sister kingdoms. Though politically and ecclesiastically connected with the Established Church, in Ireland, just as Oxford and Cambridge are in England, it is not quite so exclusive.

The college edifices of Trinity are on a grand scale, and display no little architectural skill and magnificence. There is a single front, or rather depth, of *six hundred feet*—nearly a furlong, an eighth of a mile in length. In the library, which is truly worthy of a great public institution, you see the busts and portraits of the most distinguished of her sons. The College Park contains *twenty-five acres and a half* of ground, and is a mile and a half in circuit. This, lying as it does, in the very heart of a great city, would be considered by many, as an unconscionable waste of the most valuable land. Will it ever be sold and built upon? If it lay in one of our American cities, I should fear it might, for we are the *greatest utilitarians* in the world. We might not perhaps

demand quite so soon as some others, What does Milton's *Paradise Lost* *prove*? but I am quite sure we should be among the first to ask, What would such a park as this *fetch*? It is laid out in fine taste. The shady walks, and cool sylvan retreats, and shorn lawns are truly delightful. It contains some fine marble statuary. Who can estimate the amount of health and pleasure, of intellectual and moral improvement, which these classic grounds confer, every year, upon the students of Trinity College?

The Custom House is one of the most splendid edifices in Dublin. Indeed, it is the finest Custom House I ever saw, not excepting the new one in Liverpool. It is no less than 375 feet, (more than 20 rods,) in length, and 205 feet (13 rods) in depth, and exhibits four lofty and handsomely decorated fronts. It cost more than a million and a half of dollars.

The Bank of Ireland.

This noble structure is the ancient Parliament House of Ireland, at the sight of which many a patriot weeps, when he thinks of the former glory of his nation, and despairs of ever seeing this building restored to its legislative functions. That the money which lies in its vaults and traverses the whole island, is power, no one will question; but how many millions of people would infinitely prefer the power of a local Parliament to that of all the money changers in the British empire. This edifice stands nearly opposite to Trinity College, on the south side of the Liffey. The front is a magnificent crescent, with a fine portico, supported by a long row of columns of beautiful architectural proportions. I was indebted to the Rev. Dr. Urwick, for an introduction to the principal overseer of the engraving and mechanical department,

who is represented to be a man of extraordinary ingenuity, and who readily showed me the admirable machinery for the various processes of striking off the bills, and for detecting the workmen, should a bill ever be missing, before reaching the hands of the cashier. It is said, that this great manufactory of bank bills is the most ingenious and perfect establishment of the kind in the British Isles, and that the directors of the Bank of England have long been trying, but without success, to rival it. For a stranger to be admitted into these *penetralia*, as I was, is a rare favor, and one which, I presume, no suspicious looking Yankee would be permitted to enjoy. Perhaps they saw, at a glance, that I had no stealthy mechanical bump about the *os frontis*. I suspect, however, that neither this safeguard nor my clerical habit, would have turned the key, had not Dr. Urwick been there to endorse for me.

But I must confess, that nothing which I saw of the art of turning paper into gold, excited my admiration so much as several miniature specimens of sculpture, done in ivory, and entirely by machinery. One of them was a Venus de Medicis, and I believe another was an Apollo. The young artist who invented the machine was not there ; and if he had been, it is quite doubtful whether I should have seen it, as the whole process is kept a profound secret. Nothing, it appeared to me, could be more perfect, than the specimens which were shown us. How it was possible to *turn* them out, in any kind of lathe, or other similar contrivance, I could not conceive. But I remembered very well, when I should have thought it equally impossible to turn gun stocks and shoe lasts, or to weave bobinet lace in a web three yards wide, or to set card teeth by water power.

Among the other curiosities in the Irish capital,

which naturally attract the stranger's attention, may be mentioned the Royal Exchange, the Royal Hospital, the Linen Hall, the Royal Barracks, the Four Courts, the Town House, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Orphan Hospital. The charitable institutions of Dublin are very numerous, and some of them, I have reason to think, are extremely well managed; but the shortness of my stay did not allow me to visit them.

I was assured, that the view of Dublin from Calisle Bridge is hardly surpassed by any single view in the proudest cities of Europe, and I might have believed it, perhaps, if I had trusted my eyes merely, and had not recollected how many such views there are all over the world; and over each of how many thousand places the sky is higher than it is any where else. Standing with your face to the north, the whole length of Sackville street lies directly before you. This is the handsomest, if not the widest street in Dublin, terminated by the Rotunda and Rutland square, and embellished with the Post Office and Nelson's Pillar. This pillar stands near the centre of the street, and is 130 feet high. On the right are the broad quays, extending down to the harbor, on both sides of the Liffey, which, with the Custom House, the lofty warehouses, and the shipping, have a fine effect. On your left is the river, with its seven other beautiful bridges, and its spacious quays, upon which stand the Four Courts and several other splendid buildings. And then, turning your face to the south, you have Westmoreland street closed in by the College on the one hand, and the Bank of Ireland on the other.

Irish Carryalls.

I have never met with any thing more convenient for quick conveyance from one part of a city to an-

other, or for short trips in fine weather, than these singular vehicles. I am sure they must be a genuine Irish invention—they are so handy, so safe, so facetious-looking, and so sociable. An Englishman's gravity would never have hit upon such a witty contrivance. The more common carryall, is a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by one horse. Properly speaking, it has no *body* at all, and I never saw one with a top, to keep off the sun and rain. The seats, instead of being transverse, and placed within the wheels, above the axle, as in our light wagons, are hung over the sides, parallel to the thills, and very much resemble two settees, placed back to back, with a space between for light baggage. Three or four persons can sit on each side, and the footstools are not more than fifteen or eighteen inches from the ground. Of course you step on and step off, with the most perfect ease. There is not the least danger of upsetting, and if such a thing should happen, nothing is easier or safer, than to leap from your seat, at a moment's warning. Some of these *uniques* are quite handsome carriages, with seats not unlike a plain sofa; and you will see the most genteel looking people continually availing themselves of them in the streets of Dublin.

There is another construction, which some prefer, but which I think cannot be either so safe or convenient. Instead of being suspended over the sides, the seats are elevated two or three feet above the axle, the backs flaring over the wheels, and the passengers face each other, as in the common omnibus. But if this is not quite so *handy* a fashion, it is even more *sociable* than the other.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

British Association for the advancement of Science—Distinguished Members—Sectional and general Meetings—Public Breakfasts and Dinners.

Having learned early in the summer, that the British Association would hold its annual meeting in Dublin, about the middle of August, it was a favorite object with me, to pass over to Ireland, in season to attend the meeting. I had already met a great many of the most distinguished religious men, both clergymen and laymen, from all parts of the United Kingdom at the May anniversaries in London. I had also heard some of the first orators in the British Parliament, and now I wanted to see and hear the learned professors from all the universities, who, I was assured, would be present, at the great convocation in the Irish capital.

This was the *fifth* annual meeting of the society, the others having been held successively, in Cambridge, Oxford, York, and Edinburgh. One entire week, is devoted to the business of the association, which consists of elaborate reports, lectures, dissertations, and animated discussion. The sessions are opened on Monday morning, and close on Saturday evening. The most intense curiosity, as you may well suppose, had been excited in Dublin, to see the *elite* of so many renowned universities—I may almost say of the whole British empire; and the most liberal arrangements were made, to receive and entertain these illustrious guests. During the greater part of the preceding week hundreds of distinguished strangers were pouring in

from every quarter, to enjoy the anticipated "feast of reason and the flow of soul." On Saturday, a great number of professors, from the English and Scotch Universities, together with other learned men from the sister kingdom, assembled in the theatre, or great hall of Trinity College, to meet and exchange salutations with their literary brethren of Ireland, by whom they were welcomed, with all the warmth and enthusiasm which distinguish the Irish character. I understood that about *twelve hundred* members, including a brilliant representation of all the learned professions, enrolled their names during the sessions. They were from London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Durham, Leicester, Bristol, Woolwich, Belfast, Cork, &c. Among them, were the chemists, Dr. Dalton and Dr. Thomson—Professors Sedgwick, Danberry, Davy and Graham—Sir J. Brisbane, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Babbage, Professor Whewell, (pronounced *He-well*,) author of one of the Bridgwater treatises—Mr. Griffith, Dr. Robinson, Dr. Lloyd, the venerable Provost of Trinity College, and a great multitude of other members, perhaps equally distinguished in their respective professions and departments. *Sir John Ross*, and *Capt. James Franklin*, were also there; and every one seemed anxious to see those daring and renowned arctic adventurers. Captain Ross has the more Atlantean shoulders of the two; but they are both very stout built—extremely muscular, and every way fitted for the utmost limit of human endurance, amid the perils and famine of everlasting winter. *Thomas Moore*, the distinguished Irish poet, was likewise there and attracted great attention. His Hebrew Melodies, have been highly and justly admired, and some of his other poetry, perhaps, is entitled to the negative merit of having no palpable immoral tendency. But what

shall we say of a splendid quarto volume of "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," which he published in 1806? Of these grievous sins of his youth, I hope he may have long since repented. Alas, that his fine genius should ever have been so prostituted, as to deserve the terrible rebuke which was so justly administered by the Eclectic Review of the same year.

Who can tell what awful havoc may be made by one such book as this, of peace and purity and happiness, even in the life-time of the author? Mr. Moore will soon better understand the nature and extent of his own accountability, as he is now between sixty and seventy years of age, than it has ever yet "entered into his heart to conceive."

All the arrangements were made for opening the sessions of the association on Monday; and in order to bring as great an amount and variety of instruction and entertainment as possible into the week, the members were divided into *six* sections, designated thus:

- Section A—Mathematics and Physics.
- " B—Chemistry and Mineralogy.
- " C—Geology and Geography.
- " D—Zoology and Botany.
- " E—Anatomy and Medicine.
- " F—Statistics.

Dr. Lloyd was elected President of the association, and took the chair in the *Rotunda*, amidst the enthusiastical cheering of the great assembly. His address on the occasion was characterized by neatness and good sense; and was chiefly taken up in exonerating the recent investigations in one department of natural science (geology,) from the charge of encroaching upon the truth of the Mosaic history. He went at some length into a course of reasoning to prove that there is no real discrepancy between the two; and while he cautioned those who watch over the sacred text, against vague interpretations and hasty conclu-

sions, I should have been better satisfied, if he had given the geologists similar advice.

The annual report, by Professor Hamilton, was drawn up with singular ability, and was particularly interesting to myself, as containing a condensed, but lucid statement of the objects and plan of the British association, and of its advantages over all the local societies which had before been established for similar purposes. I can only afford room for one short extract. "First, it differs in its magnitude and universality from them all. What other societies do upon a small scale, this does upon a large. What others do for London, or Edinburgh, or Dublin, this does for the whole triple realm of England, Scotland and Ireland; its gigantic arms stretching even to America and India, insomuch as it is commensurate with the magnitude and the majesty of the British empire. It differs, also, from all others in its constitution and details; in the migratory character of its meetings, which visit for a week, each year, place after place, so as to indulge and stimulate all, without wearying or burdening any—in encouraging oral discussion, throughout its several sections, as the principal medium of making known among its several members the opinions, views and discoveries of each other—in calling upon eminent men to prepare reports upon the existing state of knowledge in the principal departments of science; in short, in attempting to induce men of science to work more together than they do elsewhere; to establish a system of more strict co-operation between the laborers in one common field, and thus to effect more fully than other societies can do, the combination of intellectual exertions. The discussions in the British Association are more animated, comprehensive and instructive, and make minds which before were strangers more intimately acquainted with each other, than can be supposed to be the case in any less general body."

The sections held their daily sessions in the College lecture room, which had been assigned for their use respectively, from *ten* o'clock A. M. till *two*, or *three* P. M. Each place of meeting was announced before hand, and subscribers were invited to attend, but no one without a ticket could gain admittance. A glance at the lectures and leading topics of discussion, would be sufficient to show, that these annual meetings of the British Association are what they profess to be, meetings for *business*, and not for mere learned pageantry, and the mutual exchange of civilities. But I can mention only one of them.

Dr. Reid of Edinburgh read a paper, which seemed to give general satisfaction, on the form and construction of buildings intended for public assemblies. He recommended, that all large rooms, like the House of Commons, should have their walls and floors very low, so as to diminish the reflection of sound, or echo; and that by ornaments or other means they should be made as rough as possible. He illustrated his doctrine, by reference to the choir of St. Patrick Cathedral, in which the enunciation is extremely clear. The rougher the walls, according to Dr. Reid the less their effect in injuring the intonation. The walls should be fretted and fluted. The floor also, should be roughened by carpeting, or sand or saw dust, or some such material, so as to absorb the sound reflected by the ceiling, and make it act as a sounding board to "give body" to the voice.

But the evening sessions in the Rotunda were the most interesting: for there, all the sections being assembled, the chairman of each gave an abstract of the business of the day, after which, popular lectures were delivered to brilliant and crowded audiences.

A line from my friend and brother Dr. Matheson of Durham introduced me to Prof. Johnson, through

whom I also gained an introduction to Professors Davy and Lloyd, of Trinity College, and though I did not arrive till the middle of the week, I was invited to enrol my name, and to take lodgings with other foreign members in the College.

I was also immediately furnished with all the necessary tickets ; and although a perfect stranger, and not a delegate from any society, I was treated with all the attention I could possibly expect or desire. To say that I was exceedingly interested and delighted with what I saw and heard, where every thing was so new and on such a magnificent scale, would be mere common place. When I left the United States it was as much beyond my expectation that I should have the opportunity of attending a meeting like this, during my absence, as it now is that I shall ever again meet such another assemblage of learned professors and distinguished votaries of science, either abroad or at home.

The question occurred to me, and it has often occurred since, why cannot we have an *American Association*, on the same noble and comprehensive plan ? The answer will probably be, that we are yet too young—we have not the universities, nor the libraries, nor the men. It is true, that compared with Great Britain, we are of yesterday, and all our institutions are in their greenness. It would be as ridiculous in us to claim equality with our trans-atlantic kindred in these respects, as it would be absurd and uncandid in them to taunt us with our gristle and boast of their own superiority. But without pretending to rival them in pure mathematics, or in any of the great departments of physical science, we have some very distinguished and a great number of highly respectable professors in our public institutions, and other scientific men in the country—enough, I am confident, to form an Associa-

tion of which no American need be ashamed. As for talent and industry and enthusiasm, why should there not be as much in a new country as in an old one? Is it presumption to express the hope, that within a short time, a great society, like that of which I have just been speaking, will be formed in this country, and that we shall hear of its crowded and brilliant annual meetings in Cambridge, in New Haven, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and other parts of the Union? Why will not the learned professors in our colleges, and others, to whom it belongs to take the lead in an enterprize of this sort, correspond on the subject, and mature such a plan of organization, as in their wisdom, they may think best adapted to our circumstances?

Taken altogether, the meeting of the British Association in Dublin was a very brilliant affair—more so, it was said, than any preceding anniversary of that learned body. The breakfast and dinner parties were very large and imposing. The Lord Lieut. of Ireland, and other high officers of state, were, on more than one occasion, among the guests.

Innumerable, almost, were the compliments which members of the Association from the sister kingdoms, lavished upon the metropolis, and indeed upon the whole people of Ireland. O'Connel himself could scarcely have been more hyperbolical than were some of the learned professors in their toasts and laudatory speeches. Every thing was superlative: Dublin was the queen of cities—the island, the brightest gem of the ocean—and then the quick and fervid genius of the people, their exquisite taste, their unbounded hospitality, the surpassing elegance and beauty of the ladies,—all these, and a hundred other Irish nonpareils, were the standing themes of eulogy and admiration. Ireland, in one word, was all heart, all soul, all ro-

mance ; and to do her justice, she bore it all extremely well. It was amusingly evident, however, that some of the learned professors were more conversant with mathematical lines and angles, and chemical affinities, and the geological sledge hammer ; and more expert in disinterring ante-mundane ichthyolites and iguanidons, than in polishing a compliment.

Two or three hours were spent in the Rotunda, on Saturday morning, in closing up the business, with votes of thanks, making arrangements for the next annual meeting, and all the *et ceteras* of such an occasion. Several hundred of the most distinguished members of the Association were on that day invited by the Provost and Faculty to a sumptuous dinner, in the great hall of Trinity College. A ticket was very politely sent to my lodgings, and I accepted the invitation. Some time before the cloth was laid, the company met in the library. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Mulgrave, was there, in a military dress, with his suite—*sweet*, I believe, some phylologists will have it, though as I am no Frenchman, I always eschew it, as too luscious for my organs. And there the honor of knighthood was conferred, in due form, upon Professor Hamilton, of Dublin. The ceremony is more simple than royalty ordinarily condescends to employ. The intention having been announced to the candidate, he came forward and kneeled before the Lord Lieutenant, who, as Viceroy of Ireland, touched him with a sword, and he rose *Sir William Hamilton*. How different a personage from what he was a moment before !

The dinner was served up in a magnificent style ; and a band of music was in the orchestra. I never hold myself bound to drink toasts, either at home or abroad ; but I own, that I had a good deal of curiosity to see how this thing is done in Ireland. The first, I

think, was, 'Our Royal Sovereign the King.' The next was, 'Our illustrious guest, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.' Lord Mulgrave, who is a tall soldier-like man, of about forty, rose to express his thanks; and I confess, it struck me as a most 'gracious speech.' It was in the Royal style. He spoke of Ireland, not exactly as his kingdom; but as committed to his government and protection; and after bestowing some kindly compliments upon the people, expressed his determination to govern them mildly, but firmly, so long as he should remain in the island. (Great cheering.) The other toasts, I do not remember; nor much about the speeches. They were chiefly from the stereotype foundry, however, and, for the most part, went off with great applause. Several of them were manifestly prepared, with wide spaces between the sentences, to make room for long continued cheering and it generally came in, to fill up these blanks, very finely; now and then, however, the speaker, after a considerable pause, which did not *take*, found himself obliged to go on without the stimulus. The party broke up, with the kindest feelings towards each other, and not at all dissatisfied with themselves. In politics, there was the most perfect truce, from the time that the Association met, till its final adjournment. They were all whigs and all tories; or rather, they were neither one nor the other; but were all united as a band of brethren, for the advancement of science in the British Isles.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Drogheda—Dundalk—Belfast—Trip to the Giant's Causeway—
The Causeway.

In a day or two after the British Association adjourned, I left Dublin for Belfast, through Drogheda, Dunleer, Dundalk, Newry, Hillsboro, and Lisburn. The distance is *seventy-six* Irish miles, in the ratio of about *five and a half to seven*, English measure. The road would be thought extremely fine in any part of the United States, though less perfect than the great thoroughfares on the opposite side of St. George's Channel. The surface is undulating, but not hilly; and with two or three exceptions of no great extent, quite free from stone. The soil, for the most part, appears to be good, and in some places very rich; but the cultivation is very far behind that of England and some parts of Scotland.

Drogheda is an old town, 24 miles from Dublin, lying at the head of a short arm of the sea, which puts up from the bay of the same name, and containing, I should think, from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. I found it the most folorn looking place, that I had ever seen. There are very few decent buildings of any description, in the town. The best I saw were the grog shops. It might, one would suppose, be a place of considerable trade; and certainly a fifth part of the enterprise which we find in our own towns of the same size, would make the people comfortable, at least. But there it lies, in the valley, like a dead lake, green and slimy with stagnation. When we drove up to the inn, if inn it can be called, it seemed as if the

town was full of beggars. They came out upon us like the musquitoes, in a hot day, from their ambushes in a salt marsh ; and a more ragged, dirty, famine-stricken, and clamorous army of lazaroni, it would, I presume, be difficult to find in Naples itself. If you have a few pence to spare, the only way is to throw them among your besiegers, and while they are scrambling for them, retreat as well as you can. While some of the passengers were taking such refreshments as I could not abide, I hastily turned three or four corners to see the town. The houses everywhere told the same sad tale of poverty and decay. Children and pigs were going in and coming out at the same door, like the most intimate acquaintances, and not seeming to know any other etiquette but that which superior strength has established. The first floor, consisting not of boards, but of earth, is commonly a foot or two lower than the street, and I noticed the same thing in several other places, so that when it rains, I could see nothing to prevent the water from pouring in and drowning out the biped and quadruped rent-payers altogether. Multitudes of able-bodied men I saw sauntering about in tatters and idleness ; but as for the hum of business, and what we should call moderate indications of industry, if they exist in Drogheda, I was not so fortunate as to find them. It made my heart ache to witness so many unequivocal tokens of the deepest wretchedness, and to reflect that even there I was looking at the bright side of Ireland. If such is the state of things, thought I, on the east side of the island, what must it be on the west ?

Dundalk, which lies twenty miles further north, on another small estuary, perhaps two miles from the bay, is not more than half as large as Drogheda, but resembles it so much in every other respect, that I shall not trespass upon the time of your readers with any additional remarks.

The sight of *Newry*, which lies a few miles further on towards Belfast, was truly refreshing. It is pleasantly situated, on one of the Lough Neagh canals, near its junction with Caringford Bay, and has a thriving appearance. Many of the buildings are large and in good taste, as well as the grounds around them. The manufacture of linen and cotton goods is carried on here to a considerable extent and with good success.

Belfast.

We reached this northern capital of the *Scotch-Irish* late in the afternoon. The Rev. James Carlisle, by whom I had been repeatedly and most cordially invited to visit Belfast, met me at the inn, and ordered my baggage at once to his own house. He is a native of Ireland, and though I had never met him before, I could not have been more heartily welcomed by my own brother. Belfast is a handsome and flourishing town of about 50,000 inhabitants. The streets are wide and well-paved. The houses are built of brick. Many of them are lofty and make a fine appearance. It is situated in the county of Antrim, near where the river Lagan empties itself into an arm of the sea, and from its size and opulence, and the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, has become the capital of Ulster and the emporium of its trade. The estuary or frith, at the head of which it stands, is called Belfast Lough. It is about 15 miles long, and at the entrance, half as broad. The channel, for four miles after you leave the docks, is very circuitous, and at low water the flats are bare to a great distance from the town. When the tide is full, vessels bring about thirteen feet of water up to the wharf.

The growth of Belfast, compared with other towns in Ireland, has been very rapid. In 1758 its population was below 9,000—in 1824 it amounted to more

than 37,000. It carries on an extensive foreign trade, which is fast increasing from year to year ; and should the general peace of Europe and America be continued, I see nothing that is likely to check its growth. It is now the second port in Ireland. Dublin has greater advantages, and will always, probably, hold the first rank ; but as Belfast has more manufactures, it seems in a fair way to gain upon the capital, at least for some time to come. It is connected with the county of Down, by a remarkable bridge of *twenty-one* arches.

The Royal College which was built in 1810 stands on a handsome green at the west end of the town. It is an elegant and spacious brick edifice, faced with hewn stone. It has given a new impulse to classical education in the north of Ireland, and promises to extend its benign influence over all that part of the Island.

Belfast is the principal mart of the fine Irish linens. The bleach-fields are very extensive, and appear, on the declivity of the hills, just back of the town, like well-defined tracts of virgin snow, lying in the midst of ripening harvests, and pastures of the richest verdure. Large quantities of cotton goods are also manufactured in this town.

The mountains which sweep round majestically, west and north of Belfast, present a fine range of grand and beautiful scenery. They are not more than two miles off, and the highest point, which is called *Devis*, is 1,550 feet above the level of the bay. It might not improperly be called *Napoleon's Profile*. Whether I should have noticed the resemblance, if my attention had not been drawn to it, I cannot tell. But I am sure that when once it is pointed out, no one can help seeing the renowned exile of St. Helena, reclining there, and looking up to the heavens.

Trip to the Giant's Causeway.

There are two routs from Belfast, to this greatest and most mysterious of all the natural curiosities of the British Isles. By far the most interesting route is by the coast, through Carrickfergus, Ballycarry, Larne, Glenarm, Cairnrough, Ballycastle and Ballintoy. I chose it therefore, though it is much more circuitous than the other, and in company with my friend Rev. J. Carlile, who took the excursion chiefly on my account, left Belfast, on as charming a morning as could have been selected from the whole month of August. The distance is about *seventy* English miles, and the road winds along by the sea, sometimes on the narrow beach, just at the water's edge,—sometimes through rocky defiles, beneath overhanging cliffs, rising to a great height, and apparently too giddy to stand much longer—sometimes doubling the jutting head-lands, and at others climbing their rugged steeps closely hemmed in nearly all the way upon the left by high hills, loose rocks, and precipices, and altogether combining and alternating the wild, the grand and beautiful, in a remarkable manner.

Carrickfergus is eight miles from Belfast, and between these two places you have a fine view of the coast of Down on your right, and on your left several neat villas. The coachman also points out to you as you pass along, the ruins of Green Castle, of Woodburn Abbey, and of a very ancient Monastery. Near the conical hill of *Knockdoo*, on your left, you wind up an abrupt eminence, called the Path, from the summit of which, you have a splendid view of many interesting objects, among which are the village of *Glenarm*, situated in a deep dell on a bay of the same name—the ruins of its ancient Monastery, and close by, the castle and picturesque domains of the Countess of Antrim. Near *Dunmaul*, is an almost frightful preci-

pice, which the road crosses with some peril and difficulty, and soon brings you to *Glenariff*, where Mr. Turnby has done you great service by cutting an elegant gothic arch out of the solid rock.

A little beyond Murlow Bay, is the celebrated *Benmore*, or promontory *Fairhead*: The following description of this head-land, though a little turgid, will give the reader some faint idea of its wild, and ruinous aspect.

“Benmore rises abruptly, 631 feet above the level of the sea. It is composed of columnar basalt, huge masses of which, during a course of ages, have fallen down, and lie in tremendous heaps, around the base of the cliffs, like the wreck of a former world. The perpendicular altitude of the columns, is 283 feet. One of them is a gigantic quadrangular prism, 33 feet, by 36 on the sides; and about two hundred feet in height. It is perhaps the largest basaltic pillar in the world, exceeding in diameter, the pedestal that supports the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg; and being much larger, than the shaft of Pompey's Pillar, at Alexandria.”

Further on, is *Carrick-a-Rede*, a basaltic rock, more than 300 feet high, and separated from the main land by a frightful chasm, over which the fishermen have thrown a bridge of ropes, on which they pass to the rock with perfect safety; but upon which, I did not choose to venture my own giddy brain.

Ballintoy lies three miles northwest of Ballycastle. Here a species of coal, or fossil wood is found, lying under a mass of Basalt, twenty feet thick. In burning, it emits an odour like rotten timber, and has the appearance of charred wood, which no doubt it is; but how and when charred, I leave for the geologists to determine. Three miles beyond, near the shore, you

descrie a melancholy ruin, which was once the proud castle of the O'Kanes. But how has all the feudal glory departed ! In a little time more, scarcely "one stone will be left upon another." And now at last, turning, to the right, you find yourself, in a few moments, at *Rockheads*, which overlooks

The Giant's Causway.

Of this stupendous natural formation, certainly one of the most remarkable in the world, I had no adequate conception before I visited it ; and I quite despair of conveying such a conception to the mind of the reader. I had seen a few joints of the Causway, among other geological collections, in two or three public seminaries. I had also read descriptions of it, and looked at one or two drawings ; but it seems to me, that I could scarcely have been filled with greater wonder and astonishment, if I had never seen a specimen, or read a syllable on the subject,—so perfect is the formation, and on so vast a scale. Imagine yourself then, advancing towards a precipice 400 feet high, with the ocean spread out before you. As you approach nearer and nearer to the verge, you expect every moment to catch a glimpse of the object for which you undertook the journey of a hundred or a thousand miles. You come to the brink and look over, and there it is, lying at your feet, and extending out like a vast quay or mole of hewn stone, from the base of the precipice, about forty rods, till it is lost in the sea. It seems to you, as if thousands of skilful stone-cutters must have been employed here for ages almost, in hewing and smoothing and preparing materials for building a magnificent city. I feel perfectly certain, that if no such natural formation had ever been heard of, not one person in a million, who might happen to come upon it suddenly, would suspect it to be

any thing else than human workmanship. And even now, with all your knowledge and all your geological theories, you cannot, I will venture to say, help feeling, for the moment, that every stone must have passed under the hammer and chisel.

But this is not the most favorable station from which to look at the Giant's Causway. You want to get nearer, to view it from different points, and then minutely to examine it. Accordingly, returning to the Rockheads, where there is a breach of some fifteen or twenty rods in this mighty rampart, you descend by a shelving and circuitous path, half way down the steep, to a resting place called the Stookans, from whence you see the Causeway projecting from the stratified cliff, beginning at the height of nearly 200 feet, and sloping down somewhat irregularly into the water. After a short pause here, you descend to the Causeway itself, and find yourself upon the top of perpendicular pillars, some a little higher than others, but constituting a pavement of 30,000 beautiful polygons, the sides and angles being so closely and accurately joined together, that water left upon the surface remains as it would upon a solid rock. These pillars are pentagons, hexagons, and octagons, though chiefly the two former. One I saw of *three* sides, and two or three of *nine* sides. Very few of them are exactly similar, and scarcely one can be found perfectly equilateral. But the contiguous sides of any two pillars are always equal, however much they may differ in other respects. The columns become larger, as you recede from the water. Near the cliff, or at the upper part of the mole, they are; many of them, nearly thirty feet in height, (from what depth they rise no one can tell,) and from sixteen inches to two feet in diameter. Each pillar is composed of distinct parts, or blocks, about nine inches deep, with alternate con-

cave and convex surfaces, like ball and socket joints. Some of these sockets will contain from two quarts to a gallon of water, though in general they are much shallower. In the higher columns, which have long been exposed to atmospheric action, these articulations are distinctly visible. The sides are as true as any architect in the world could have fitted them with his plumb-line, and you might take down one block after another, with your hands, just as if they had been nicely matched by the most skilful artist, and laid up without a particle of cement between them. Where the ball adheres at all to the socket, it is so slightly, that a little jar is sufficient to detach it. Below high water mark, the waves have thrown down many of these pillars, and fragments have fallen from many others, high up in the face of the cliff. But as visitors are not allowed to take them away, I scarcely indulged the hope of procuring even two or three of these polygons for our cabinet. Through the kind agency and liberality of Mr. Carile, however, we have just received several fine specimens.

Viewed from certain points, the transverse section of the Causeway somewhat resembles a honeycomb, and one part of it has received that name. Standing upon this tessellated ruin, with your face towards the cliff, you see a row of pillars at the base of it, from ten to fifteen feet high, called the *Giant's Loom*, and a few hundred yards to the left, high up in the face of the precipice, another row, called the *Giant's Organ*, from its resemblance to that instrument. The central pillars, or pipes, are about forty feet high. I counted forty-five of these pillars. Still further east, you see a row of high pillars, called the *Chimney Tops*, which at a distance they very much resemble. Passing round the point upon which they stand, you

come to a little bay, and just beyond that, to the Pleasken-head, which is a remarkable formation. It consists of a perpendicular colonnade of basaltic pillars, sixty feet high, resting upon an immense bed of compact basalt, which again is supported by another range of columns, about fifty feet high, resting upon beds of ochre and basalt. The total height is 170 feet, and I leave the reader to judge what must be the effect of such a magnificent natural structure upon the beholder. To form any thing like a correct idea of the handy workmanship and overpowering grandeur of the scene at and around the Giant's Causeway, you must imagine to yourself an immense wall, rising to the height of 400 feet over your head—here in adamantite repair, and there crumbling under the hand of time—here a colonnade, as perfect as if it had been finished but yesterday, and there another falling to decay—the ruins of a Thebes or a Palmyra under your feet—and the whole shore, as far as your eye can reach, one vast impregnable fortress, with its rude battlements and colossal architectural ornaments, beetling over the dark waves below.

How far the Giant's Causeway extends into the sea, it is impossible to ascertain; but, as the same formation, equally perfect, occurs in the island of Staffa, 100 miles distant, upon the coast of Scotland, some geologists conjecture, that the two are actually connected by a submarine pier of these basaltic columns. From the nature of the case, this conjecture can never be verified by actual survey; but when we consider, that the same agency, whatever it may have been, which formed and set up 30,000 pillars at the Giant's Causeway, might just as easily form 30,000,000, the supposition will not appear so absurd and incredible as some might be ready, at first, to pronounce it.

But how shall we account for the existence of all these millions of perfect polygons? Who built this stupendous causeway? Are these columns of solid basalt so many immense crystals, or what are they? I do not know whether I am a Plutonian, or a Neptunian. I might, perhaps, embrace the hypothesis of crystalization, if these pillars, like all other known crystals, were solid throughout. But how came they to crystalize in *blocks, nine inches thick*, with ball and socket joints? Can any of the learned professors tell us? The ancient Irish explained it all, without the least difficulty. The Causeway, they said, was built by the Giants, under their Chief, Fion Mac Coul, the renowned Fingal, father of Ossian. This is cutting the knot, which an Irishman always knows how to do, when he cannot untie it; and here, for aught I can see, the question must rest for the present.

I am not geologist enough myself to know how many other localities of this columnar basaltic structure have been found, nor whether any others equally perfect have elsewhere been discovered. Since my return, Professor Hitchcock has pointed out to me a similar, though comparatively imperfect formation, at the western extremity of Mount Holyoke, on the bank of Connecticut river, and he has since discovered better specimens on the declivities of Mount Tom.

CHAPTER XL.

IRELAND.

Miserable Condition of the People—Pauperism—Beggary—Want of Employment—Low Wages—Want of Education—Agitation and Crime—Oppression.

Poor, starving, misgoverned, “meted-out and trodden-down Ireland!” What shall a stranger from the other side of the ocean, just touching upon thy borders, and glancing at thy beggary, and lending his ear only for a few days to thy complaints—what shall he say? How little can he know from personal observation of the extent of thy poverty, of the depth of thy wretchedness, or of the causes of thy manifold sufferings? And yet he can see and hear more than enough in a single week, to make his heart ache, nay *bleed*, from hour to hour; and, if he is an American, to call forth many thanksgivings to Him, who maketh his own beloved country to differ so essentially, from this teeming, but famished, almost out-cast island of the sea.

I need not say, that the history of Ireland, for six centuries, is a history of wrongs and suffering and crimes—a mournful record of idleness and starvation, of ignorance and superstition, of oppression, rebellion, and slaughter. Its present condition certainly is not so deplorable as it was two centuries, or even half a century ago. Between 1724 and 1772, there were *eleven* years of famine in Ireland; and not one year of what we should call plenty, throughout the whole

island. But although the people are now, perhaps, better fed, better clothed, better sheltered, and better governed than they have been at almost any former period, the state of the country, especially as it regards subsistence, mendicity and want of employment, is deplorable. The following statements, extracted from the report of the Commissioners, who were sometime since appointed by the king, to enquire into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland, and which was made to Parliament at the last session, are truly appalling. They say, "That a great proportion of the laboring population, are insufficiently provided with the common necessities of life. That not less than 2,385,000 persons of that class are in distress, and require relief *thirty* weeks in a year, owing to want of work. That the wives and children of many are obliged reluctantly, and with shame, to beg—and mendicancy is likewise the sole resource of the aged and impotent of the poorer classes in general, whereby encouragement is given to imposture, idleness, and crime."

I have already, in a former chapter, glanced at the filth and wretchedness and swarming beggary of two or three considerable towns, through which I passed, and although I did not go into the poorer districts of the south and west, I saw enough everywhere, to convince me, that the above picture, presented by the Commissioners to the British Legislature, is not overdrawn. Even in *Dublin*, where provision is made for the poor, at what we should consider most enormous expense, and they are forbidden by the city authorities to beg in the streets, you can scarcely walk fifty yards, without being assailed by some miserable object, in human form, imploring your compassion; and if you stop to enquire you are gone.—You may as well make up your mind at once, to stand a regular siege, or rather

assault from five, or ten, more or less, who are sure to surround you and deafen you by their importunity. The manner in which they swarm around the hotels, and infest the more public places of resort, is extremely annoying; and the expedients which they employ, to arrest your attention and excite your sympathy, are often disgusting, and sometimes inhuman. Passing, about ten o'clock one evening, by the old Parliament House in Dublin, I almost stumbled under the portico, upon a group of children nestled down, for the night, close to the wall, upon a little straw, or an old rag perhaps, but without any covering at all. Here was a picture of starvation and death, which I shall never forget, consisting of a girl eight, or nine years of age, a little boy, about half as old, and an infant under a year. It struck me with horror, for I really thought the child was dead—it was so still and so pale. I saw it in the same place the next day—the breath of life was in it for it moved and moaned; but I am sure it must have been nearly famished, or in the last stage of disease. The object of this inhuman exhibition, by night and by day, undoubtedly was, to excite the compassion of strangers and get money; and it is not at all improbable, that the parents of these children, were themselves hale and sturdy beggars, pursuing their vocations, in some other part of the city.

Something like this, though not quite so shocking, I witnessed again and again, in one of the principal streets of Belfast. It was a lad about a dozen years old, with the mere rag of a shirt, and another of pantaloons, to hide a little of his nakedness, standing up by the wall, with a young child upon his back, nearly as naked as himself. There he stood like the statue of famine itself, facing all who passed along, and seeming piteously to cry, "Help, or we perish." And

throughout Ireland, there are thousands of able-bodied mendicants, who practice every kind of deception, to lay contributions wherever they can be collected. Vagrant beggary, is the best learnt, and most productive trade in the country. Every sort of disease and infirmity which poor "human nature is heir to," is counterfeited ; and every conceivable artifice is employed, even up to absolute torture and maiming, to deceive the benevolent, and move their compassion.

But while it is scarcely possible too strongly to reprobate the idleness and cruelty of those healthy and muscular harpies, that prey upon every part of the island, when they might gain an industrious livelihood, the fact cannot be concealed, that thousands and thousands, who are able to work, and would rather "dig than beg," can find nothing to do. It is affecting to see this class of the Irish peasantry, wandering up and down the country and asking in vain for employment. This is the case, even in mid summer, when with us, every hand is employed, and for the highest wages. When I went from Dublin to Belfast, the wheat harvest was just begun. Though we took the stage-coach at an early hour, we had scarcely got beyond the limits of the city, when we began to see reapers standing near their humble dwellings, or walking along the road with their sickles, as if they knew not where they were going. As we advanced, the number increased. Here you might see a strong, able-bodied man, standing alone, in a kind of desponding reverie ; and there a group of five or ten, leaning against the wall, lying upon the ground, or sauntering along, evidently without any certain aim, or object ; and in another place, you might observe several of these reapers, looking over wishfully into a fine wheat field ; or sitting upon the fence, and waiting to be employed. I cannot tell how many of these healthy and willing labor-

ers we passed in four or five hours, for I did not begin to count them in season ; but there must have been, from 150 to 200, who, had any one asked them, " Why stand ye here all the day idle ? " might have answered with a sigh, " Because no man hath hired us." Now if such is the difficulty of getting work in that part of Ireland, what must it be, from Cork to Limerick, and from Limerick to Sligo ?

It is well known, that just before harvest, great multitudes of the poor Irish peasantry, chiefly from the south, cross the channel, and spread themselves over England and parts of Scotland, in quest of work, which they cannot find at home. The farmers employ them as long as they choose, and when the season is over, they return to their miserable cabins, with such moderate savings as they can bring back, to buy a little turf and a few potatoes for the winter. When I was in Glasgow, almost every vessel from Belfast, brought over a full freight of these laborers. I happened to be in Greenock, when one of the larger steam-packets came up to the wharf, with some two or three hundred men women and children, upon their annual migratory expedition. It was affecting to see them as they landed ; and to think what must be the condition of a country, which compels its industrious poor to go abroad in harvest-time, and beg from door to door, for work.

As an illustration of the miserable state of the Irish poor, I will just mention an incident, which occurred on our return from the Giant's Causeway. The sun was just going down, when a lad, about twelve years old, came up upon the trot, behind our carryall. He was miserably patched and tattered, and had a kind of coarse satchel slung over his shoulders. Being encouraged to advance, he ran along by our side, for some distance, holding on in the best way he could. " What have you got there my boy ? " " Potatoes,

ed, are nearly at the bottom of the scale of European civilization. Their dress is ragged in the extreme; their cabins mean and dirty, and their diet always poor in quality, and in quantity, not seldom insufficient."

But if I were to bring forward a hundred such witnesses, it would be impossible for us, in this country, to form any adequate notion, of the real condition of from *five* to *six* millions of the people of Ireland. The word *pauperism*, has nothing like that painful intensity of meaning in America which it has in Ireland. Families that would be called extremely poor here, would be regarded as quite comfortable there. The rags of one New-England mendicant, would serve half a dozen Irish beggars. The crust which the former throws away the latter would almost fight for. Beneath the lowest depths of wretchedness which we know any thing of, are many lower depths for the poor starving Irish peasantry.

The common laborer here, selects his place with the independence of a Duke and receives his dollar, or two dollars, for every day he is pleased to work, while the healthy Irishman who clings to his native soil, (when he is so fortunate as to find anything to do,) gets from *fifteen* to *twenty-five* cents, for the same amount of labor. It was testified by Professor Edgar, of Belfast, before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1834, that the rate of wages, for agricultural laborers throughout Ireland, was from *eight pence* to *one shilling* a day; and I presume there has been but little if any improvement since. Alas, what can a man do, who is obliged to take up with *seven shillings* a week, for his toil? No wonder that his children are obliged to *travel* for potatoes.

A common farmer, in this country, is a freeholder, who can show you a good warrantee deed for his fifty or hundred acres. But the case is very different in Ire-

land. Not one farmer in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, owns the land which he cultivates. The whole island, as I shall have occasion to show more particularly hereafter, is parcelled out into great estates and princely domains, which are subdivided by the proprietors into farms and patches, and rented on leases of various lengths. When we see a large farm, in any part of the United States, under cultivation, and a great many laborers gathering in the luxuriant crops, we infer, as a matter of course, that he who employs and pays all these men is the owner of the soil, and that he is in very independent and prosperous circumstances. But when you pass by such a farm in Ireland, and meet the farmer himself, at the head of his twenty reapers, you know that he does not own one foot of the land, and that, in all probability, it will take nearly every thing he can earn, to pay the rent and the taxes. Thousands who are surrounded with all the tokens of thrift and independence, are literally poor men, and would not be able, if their landlords were imperative, to meet their engagements. There is a large amount of wealth in Ireland; but it is in a very few hands. One third of the population, I have no doubt, are, in our sense of the term, *paupers*; that is, entirely without property; and all that another third possess, would scarcely be sufficient to feed and clothe them one year. Take away *two*, out of the *eight* millions of inhabitants: and let them carry along with them all that they own, and but very little would remain in the hands of the other *six* millions.

I hardly need to say, that the great body of the Irish are extremely *ignorant*, as well as mortally *poor*: for if poverty and ignorance are not twin sisters, their relationship is so striking, that it cannot be mistaken, and they are generally found in the same hovel. How can a nation of paupers be educated? Who will fur-

nish the means of clothing their children, and sending them to school? Who will build the school-houses and purchase elementary books? Can any of the 2,385,000 of the laboring population of Ireland, who, according to the report of the king's commissioners, are in distress, and require relief for *thirty* weeks in a year, do these things for themselves? Can the two, or three millions more, who are but little better off, furnish the means? Will the rich land-owners, the lordly absentee proprietors of this beautiful island do it?

It would be wrong to represent, that the education of the Irish peasantry is *wholly* neglected. It is said, that many of them have an uncommon thirst for knowledge, and when they are taught, make rapid proficiency in the rudiments of learning. This encourages benevolent individuals to assist them, and there are several Hibernian School Societies in England and Ireland, to which thousands of the poor are already deeply indebted; and I rejoice in being able to state, that the means and efficiency of these excellent associations are fast increasing. But nearly all of them, are Protestant societies. Very little, in comparison to the wants of the country, is done by the Catholics themselves, except to teach the absurd legends of their own church. And how can those who believe, that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion,' ever be expected to favor any popular system of education? At the same time, the Protestant school societies meet with great opposition from the Romish priests, whose influence over the people is almost unbounded; so that in some districts but few can be persuaded to send their children to school. Still, enough has been done to excite the gratitude of all the friends of Ireland, and to stimulate them to persevering and more vigorous efforts. It appears from the twenty-ninth report of the *London Hibernian Society*, for the year ending in

1835, that they had 994 schools, and 77,141 scholars ; of whom, 29,629 were Catholics, and 47,512 Protestants. The *Sunday School Society*, which was formed in 1810, has 2,813 schools, 20,596 teachers, and 214,462 scholars. The *Kildare Place Society* has 1,000 schools with about 84,000 scholars. The *Irish Society*, for the education of the native Irish, through their own language, was formed in Dublin, in 1818, and has 588 teachers, and 16,950 scholars, of whom 330 are over 50 years of age.

Besides these there is a *National Board of Education*, which was constituted in 1831, with an appropriation of £20,000 annually. Efforts are now making, both in and out of parliament, to raise it to £200,000 ; but the measure is powerfully opposed, on the ground of its being a virtual endowment of the Catholic church in Ireland. It appears that in all the schools, there are about 630,000 scholars ; but ‘what are they among so many ?’ *Six hundred and thirty thousand* only, in a population of *six millions*—for it cannot be supposed, that more than *two millions* out of the *eight*, of the whole Irish population, have private schools for the education of their children. And besides, probably about one half of the 630,000, are mere Sunday school scholars, who receive no instruction at all during the other six days of the week.

In several other respects, the present state of Ireland is truly deplorable—not so bad as it was in the times of the *White Boys* and the *Right Boys*, the *Hearts of Oak* and the *Hearts of Steel Boys*—nor yet so perilous as under the more recent confederacies of *Orangemen* and *Ribbonmen* ; but still such as to fill every philanthropic heart with pain and apprehension. However the general education of the Irish peasantry may be neglected, there is one thing which the Romish priests and political agitators of the country teach

them, with great perseverance and fearful success ; and that is, to lay up all the wrongs which their fathers have suffered for six centuries, and concentrate them into the most deadly hatred towards the living protestant generation. However calm the surface may appear just now, there are deep and dark agitations of which the government is fully aware, though they may be unsuspected by the common observer. It is absolutely terrific to think of those mighty energies of evil which lie in a feverish slumber throughout the island — of that vast accumulation of destructive elements, by the explosion of which, every thing might be swept off in an hour. Some of the old volcanoes have long been quiescent, and seem to be extinguished ; but there is reason to believe that the very rocks which lie out of sight are molten with fervent heat, and no one can tell how soon a deluge of fire may burst out and roll over the land.

Does any one think that I exaggerate, let him go to Ireland. Let him con over the *fifty-nine* indictments for murder, which were tried at the last spring assizes, in the county of Tipperary alone. Let him ask the Lord Lieutenant how large a standing army it requires to keep the country quiet in a time of profound peace ? Although it is now thirty-seven years since the union which made Ireland one of the three kingdoms of the British empire, it has ever since been treated rather as a conquered province than as a sister kingdom. At this moment it is governed by twenty thousand bayonets, bristling all over the country, and under the direction of experienced and veteran officers. I do not complain of this. It may be necessary to ensure the public tranquillity. I believe it is. I have no question, but that the British government would gladly be relieved from the expense and the odium of this formidable military guardianship. I am persuaded that

neither the whigs nor the tories wish to oppress Ireland. It has lately been asserted, on high British authority, that two-thirds of the time of parliament is taken up in legislating for that one small island. No administration, for fifty years past, has known what to do with it. No one has been able to keep it from tearing out its own vitals, without the presence of a standing army. Whether this terrible necessity is invincible, by any change of policy, I have not time now to inquire. At present, neither the lives nor the property of a million and a half of protestants would be safe, without this hateful and hated military occupation. And besides these 20,000 troops, spread over the island, it is found necessary to employ a constabulary force, of 7,000 to assist in keeping the peace.

To prevent the shedding of blood, it is found necessary to hold the parliamentary elections under the gleaming of swords and muskets. The last canvass which took place in Belfast, (certainly one of the most orderly towns in Ireland,) a few months before my visit, was attended with riot and murder. The member who was then chosen having deceased, a new election was ordered; and just as I was leaving the city, a company of dragoons entered it, having been sent for by the magistrates to keep the people in awe. A corps of infantry, I believe, was also in attendance. The election passed off quietly, but there is every reason to think that blood would have flowed, had not bayonets and sabres been ready to avenge it.

CHAPTER XLI.

Causes of the Poverty and distress of Ireland—Not owing to the density of its Population—Nor to the Soil and Climate—Nor to the natural Indolence of the People—But to the whole-sale confiscations of the Stuarts—To the absenteeism of the great landed Proprietors—And to the want of a wise system of Poor Laws.

Having for many years felt a deeper interest in the condition of Ireland, than in that of almost any other foreign country, owing partly, perhaps, to her swarming emigration to the United States, and never having seen her deep, almost hopeless, degradation satisfactorily accounted for, I was exceedingly anxious, in my late tour, to see as much of it as I could, with my own eyes, and to make such inquiries, on the spot, as might help me to solve the problem. I never could understand, how a people, dwelling in sight of the English coast, and living for three centuries under the same Protestant government with the sister island, should remain to this hour, in the language of the London Quarterly, already quoted, “so far as the comforts of life are concerned, nearly at the bottom of the scale of European civilization?” and though I will not say, that I am now able fully to account for it, I feel quite sure, that I cannot be mistaken in regard to the principal causes.

It is common to ascribe the starving condition of Ireland to the *density of its population*. The disciples of Mr. Malthus tell us, that the geometrical increase of consumers has already overtaken the tardy capabilities of production in that ill-fated country ; and this is the

great reason why two or three millions of its inhabitants are driven from their huts, during one half the year, to beg their potatoe morsel where they can find it. But is not the soil capable, under proper cultivation, of sustaining eight millions of souls, of giving them enough to eat, and making them in all other respects comfortable? For my own part, I believe it is, and that even *twelve millions* might enjoy all the necessities and comforts of life, upon the “Emerald Isle.”

Ireland, it is admitted on all hands, is a fine country. The climate is mild—the winters are remarkably short and favorable, for so high a latitude—the soil is naturally good, and, under proper management, might be made extremely productive. In these respects, it is scarcely inferior to that of England itself. But it is not near so well cultivated. I have not a single doubt, that in any district you can name, two “blades of grass,” or two stalks of wheat, or, if you please, two *potatoes*, might be made to grow, where there is now one. This doubling of the means of subsistence, would at once furnish food enough for every family in Ireland, and leave a handsome surplus for exportation in lieu of those shoals of paupers, which they annually cast upon our shores. It is computed, that the waste lands of Ireland amount to five millions of acres—nearly one third of the island. The greater part of these lands consists of what is called bog, having a very deep and rich soil; and nearly all of them might be brought under productive cultivation. Some experiments have recently been made, quite sufficient to show, that by ditching and draining the bogs, and mixing in the calcareous sand, which generally abounds in the vicinity, they can be made to yield abundant crops. Vast supplies of small grains and esculent roots might annually be drawn from this source alone—much

more than enough to satisfy the wants of all the poor, who are now obliged to go supperless to bed in Ireland.

It is obvious, moreover, that much might be done for the people of that beautiful country, by establishing manufactures of various kinds, in favorable locations. Though very little coal has yet been discovered, Ireland has a good deal of water-power, which might easily be brought into action. I am aware, it is said, that she has very little, if any, which can compete with steam in England and Scotland; and this may be true. Still, where labor is so cheap and so abundant, much more, I am persuaded, might be done in linens, cottons, and other fabrics, for which there is always a great foreign, as well as domestic demand.

Are the miseries of Ireland, owing to the *natural indolence of the people*? Is it because they *will not work*, that the whole country swarms so frightfully with beggars of both sexes, and of all ages? Are they incapable of being stimulated to honest industry, by those motives which are so effectual in other countries? I know that man is inherently a sluggish animal. If "*nature does not abhor a vacuum*," it certainly abhors *hard work*. I cannot differ very much from a shrewd observer of men and things, in my native State, who held, that "*every man is as lazy as he can be*." But compared with others, the Irish are very far from being a stupid and sluggish people. On the contrary, they are easily roused to action, "for good or for ill." Their preceptions are quick—their limbs are supple—their love of distinction is strong, and they are as capable as any people, of being induced to earn their bread "by the sweat of their brow." If they are not quite so persevering as their English and Scottish fellow-subjects, they are more elastic and buoyant, than either. Lay the proper motives before them, and they will act vigorously. Only give them something

to do ; and show them the advantages which they will reap from their labor, and I am persuaded, they can be reclaimed from their idleness and pauperism, as soon as any other people under similar disadvantages. Let the Irish peasantry have a fair trial, before they are reproached for the millionth time, with inflicting upon themselves all the miseries of everlasting hunger and nakedness.

“ But why have they been for these six hundred years—ever since the conquest by Henry II,—so turbulent, so rife with conspiracies, rebellion, and massacre? Is not this proof positive, that the Irish are pre-eminently factious, vindictive, and blood-thirsty, in their natural character. No, I answer, *no*. There are causes enough in operation, to account for all the out-breakings and portentous heavings of the island, without supposing its inhabitants to be naturally depraved and turbulent, above all other men. Who does not know, that the noblest minds are capable of being goaded on to madness, by unrelenting and protracted injuries ?

As much as I shudder at the atrocities of an Irish rebellion, and firmly as I believe that the smothered vengeance of millions would break forth, if it were not restrained by the presence of a standing army, still I am convinced that these atrocities are not chargeable upon the *national character* of the people. On the contrary, I should not know where to look for a greater number of fine native traits of character than among the Irish. These only want to be cherished and brought out, by favorable circumstances, to satisfy the world that they have a right to complain of having been flagrantly misrepresented by their enemies. There is certainly a charm about the Irish, especially when polished by education, and adorned with piety, which is exceedingly attractive. There is so much

frankness, vivacity, and intelligence—so much kindness, and warmth, and sympathy—so much cheerfulness and enthusiasm—and so much child-like simplicity, combined with elevated conceptions, and an easy flow of language, that you cannot but be interested and even delighted. These characteristics you cannot expect to find in their full developement in the cabins of the poor and uneducated peasantry ; but even there you will see enough to convince you that the same traits exist, like diamonds among the rubbish. I visited a good many of their cabins, in some of which I could scarcely stand erect ; and it was extremely interesting and affecting to find so much cheerfulness in the midst of a thousand inconveniences and privations. In two or three instances my companion, Mr. C., made particular inquiries about their potatoes, which were hanging over the fire, it being just at evening. Their answers showed how sorry they were that their supper was not ready, that they might offer us a share ; and when at length we found the potatoes smoking on the table in one of their turf hovels, no prince could have made his invited guests more welcome to a feast, than we were to as many as we chose to take.

In returning from the Giant's Causeway, I had an opportunity, one morning, to witness the contentment and good nature of some of these people, under different circumstances. At dawn of day I found myself upon the coach, or rather open *carryall*, with about a dozen fellow passengers, three or four of whom were females. The sky was overcast, and we had not proceeded far when it began to rain. I happened to have an umbrella and a wrapper, but most of the party were without either ; and the inconvenience was not a little increased by a strong wind, which blew the shower directly in our faces. And how did they receive this unexpected ablution ? If they had been English-

men or Americans, and ever so well guarded, each would have wrapped himself up in his cloak and his dignity, and we should scarcely have heard a word spoken, for the hour together, except, perhaps, now and then a fretful exclamation against the insufferable fickleness of the Irish climate. Not so my dripping companions. So far from complaining, or yielding themselves up to sullen silence, as the rain increased, they grew more sociable. Many a pleasant remark was made, and many a joke was played off with the highest glee of the brightest sunshine. Thus we rode on mile after mile, and scarcely was the good humor of a single passenger for one moment interrupted.

The sons of Erin are proverbial, all the world over, for the aptness of their replies and a sort of perennial facetiousness, which we are pleased to call their *blunders*, or to designate by a still more uncourteous appellation. It is admitted on all hands that a great many of these supposed blunders have more wit in them, to say nothing of the pure good nature which they breathe, than it is easy to find elsewhere; and I am well convinced that their most ludicrous incongruities are not uttered so unwittingly as many are apt to imagine. An Irishman very well knows what he is saying when we are making ourselves merry at his expense. His associations are somewhat different from ours, and he loves to express them, for our amusement and for his own. Nothing can repress his propensity to make a shrewd, or a pleasant remark, when it happens to come into his mind. Take the following as a specimen. A gentleman one day going into a miserable cabin, and seeing a large swine very comfortably reposing in one corner of the room, says to a poor man, "I see your pig has got the best place in the house." "And why shouldn't he, for he pays the *rent*," was the instant reply.

No people, I believe, under similar privations, treat each other with more sympathy and kindness than the Irish peasantry. Even the sturdiest beggar, who ought to be in a tread-mill, is sure to get something as long as a single half meal of potatoes is left.

In the foregoing remarks, I have given the bright side of the Irish character, no doubt. Along with these interesting and commendable qualities they possess others, of a dangerous tendency. Their natural temperament is extremely sanguine. They act from impulse rather than from the dictates of a clear and cool judgment. It takes too much time and trouble for them to count the cost. On all subjects, but especially those of politics and religion, they are dangerously ardent in their feelings, and impetuous in action. They are altogether too capable, as the history of the island most abundantly shows, of being roused to deeds of violence and revenge. But even the 'wild Irish' are not that turbulent and vindictive and untameable race of men which they are so often taken to be. They have been made and kept what they are by the tremendous operation of a variety of untoward causes. To some of the more obvious causes and remedies, of the evils under which Ireland has so long been crushed and starved, let us now direct our attention.

The *first* of these causes, which I shall notice, and perhaps the greatest of all, is *the monstrously unequal and arbitrary division of landed property*. The enormous abuse of cutting up the Island into immense private domains, or rather principalities, is chargeable upon Henry VIII. and his immediate successors. Soon after his quarrel with the Pope, that arbitrary prince granted nearly the whole of Ireland, to *ten* of his favorites, by one of the most tyrannical and sweeping acts of confiscation, which can be found, even in that despotic age. The same system was continued and acted

upon, down to the end of Elizabeth's reign, "as forfeiture, or failure of children, afforded the means, and in the huge tracts of land, thus bestowed upon a few powerful absentee nobles, originated an evil, from which Ireland has not to this day been completely delivered."—or rather *I* should say, *under which that* "meted-out and trodden down" Island, now suffers, almost as much as ever. To cripple the energies of popery, and consolidate her own power in Ireland, it was the policy of Elizabeth and her cabinet, to induce as many English protestants of distinction as she could, to go over and settle in that country ; and the grand inducement which she held out, was, the bestowment of vast landed estates, in fee simple, to be owned and held by them, their heirs and assigns forever. Thus, the greater part of the Island went into the hands of foreign adventures, who were as a matter of course, hated by the native Irish, as the robbers and spoilers of their country. And in this way it is accounted for, that *nineteen-twentieths* of the taxable property of Ireland, is now owned by the protestants ; that is, by a small number of protestant nobility and gentry : for it must not be supposed, that the great body, or that one in fifty, of the protestants themselves, in Ireland, are landholders.

Now, however long and however extensively this system has prevailed in the old world, it is monstrously *unnatural and oppressive*. It puts the many into the power of the few. It takes away the strongest motives to industry and enterprize among the great mass of the people. In short, it makes mere *serfs* of the lower classes, delivering them over into the hands of task-masters, and demanding of them the full tale of bricks, whether the seasons furnish them with straw or withhold it. And can any state be prosperous, and happy, and virtuous, under such circumstances ?

fix upon one particular evil, as paramount to all the rest, we should mention absenteeism. And how much does that word imply! It appears that, from the county of Limerick alone, there is annually drawn by absentee proprietors, the sum of *three hundred thousand pounds* (about \$1,500,000); and from Kerry, *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds*. The whole sum annually abstracted from Ireland by absentees, is estimated at not less than £3,000,000 sterling; (almost \$15,000,000!) Is it necessary to point out, with what a train of mischiefs this system must be connected? By the absentee not one of the kind offices which take place between an English landlord and his tenant, growing, as they *do* grow, out of habits of personal acquaintance and daily intercourse, is very likely to be discharged; mutual distrust, mutual bickerings, mutual hostility; extortion and harshness, on the one hand, disaffection and hatred on the other, are the natural results of absenteeism; it claims exemption from all duties, and acts conformably with the claim."

"Oh, this dreadful absenteeism! Who has ever looked upon a group of the peasantry of Ireland, and has not mourned for their desertion? And to think of the love and homage from which our absentees fly away! I remember when the name of — would have sent a trumpet tone into all hearts within the limits of an extensive country. I remember well, when there needed but that name to rouse into any action of labor or of peril, as fearless and as gallant a host as ever the sun looked down upon. And he who could thus wield at will the energies of a fine people, before whom, I am convinced, if danger assailed him, ten thousand men would have made a wall of their dead bodies, rejected the godlike office to which he seemed to be called, of being the bene-

factor of such multitudes, for the debasing pleasures that alienated him from all good ; and now, even in the neighborhood of his magnificent but desolate mansion, his name is associated with evil, and pronounced in a tone that seems the very echo of disappointed hopes and affections."

Is it strange, in view of facts and appeals like these, that Ireland does not take rank with the sister kingdoms, in comfort, in wealth, and in general intelligence? Other causes are yet to be mentioned, which are still more disastrous in their influence upon the well-being of that country ; but if there were no others, what could be expected but deep poverty and general discontent, so long as *fifteen million of dollars* are annually abstracted almost entirely from its agricultural products, and so expended abroad, as to bring back no more return than if it were cast into the depths of the sea? In a rich commercial and manufacturing state, the loss might be borne ; but when it falls upon poor Ireland, which could scarcely spare a thousand pounds, without in one way or another pinching a considerable number of its *eight million* of people, the pressure must be deeply felt, almost throughout the whole length and breadth of the island. Suppose the 15,000,000 of dollars to be all shipped at once from the port of Dublin, who would not exclaim, "Such an enormous annual drain as this must entail everlasting poverty and distress upon the land." But does it make any essential difference, that the absentee proprietors of Ireland take it away by little and little, as they want it, for the race courses of England, or for the theatres and carnivals of Paris, Rome, and Naples?

Want of Poor-Laws.

This is the *third* cause to which I ascribe the overwhelming pauperism of Ireland, with its thousand

afflicted evils and miseries. I am aware, that, in taking this ground, I have to meet some of the most popular authorities on political economy. Among these Dr. Chalmers has probably been more extensively read and admired, in this country, than any other writer. I well remember, how much delighted I was, many years ago, with two or three powerful articles from his pen, in the *Edinburgh Review*, comparing the two systems of relieving the poor in England and Scotland, for the purpose of showing the infinite superiority of the *voluntary* principle, in his own country, over the compulsory system in the sister kingdom. The effect of these papers, and of some others which were published about the same time, was extraordinary. The existing poor-laws of England were brought into great discredit—insomuch, that Elizabeth, under whose reign they were enacted, was charged, in high and influential quarters, with having inflicted mischiefs upon the country, that were equally incalculable and incurable.

Dr. Chalmers has certainly shown, that there are inherent evils, in throwing upon the public those responsibilities, which ought to rest upon every man who has the ability, to help his poor relations and has unanswerably proved, that any system of legal assessment—which encourages idleness and prodigality, with the certainty of relief, only widens and deepens the gulf, which it undertakes to rill up. Whatever the system may be, for the support of the sick and aged and impotent poor, if in the working of it, it holds out a premium, in any form, to laziness, the demand for charitable aid will outrun the supply. This is human nature, in England, Ireland, America, and every where else. But does this prove, that all the poor-laws of England and America ought at once to be repealed ; that no legislation of this sort should ever be tried in Ireland ; or even that Scot-

land herself might not be benefitted by some legal provision, adapted to the state of the country and the habits of the people ;

It is now agreed, on all hands, I believe, that Elizabeth and her counsellors were not quite so short sighted nor so infatuated as has been supposed. I presume, that Dr. Chalmers himself, would not, if it was now submitted to his discretion blot out the poor laws of England from the statute book. That they were originally imperfect, and liable to very serious objections, might easily be shown. That they have been very much improved of late, is universally admitted ; and that other amendments would make them still better, I am not disposed to deny. But I think it has been made fully to appear, that the evils of pauperism were much greater before the poor-laws were enacted, than they have been since, and that the expense of supporting any given number of street beggars, is twice, or thrice as great, as it requires to make them comfortable, in a well-regulated public alms-house.

When we see *two million and a half* of paupers in a population of *eight million* in *Ireland* the question is not, what is the wisest and best way of relieving the comparatively small number of this class of persons in *Scotland*, with all its intelligence, directed by the immense power of moral and religious principle ; but what can be done for them in *Ireland*, where all the circumstances are so widely different ? Reasoning upon abstract principles is rarely safe ; and infinite mischief often results, from pushing analogies too far. If Dr. Chalmers and the other political economists of the same school, had proved, ever so conclusively, that *Scotland* is vastly better off without poor-laws, than she would be with them, it would not follow, as a corollary, that they must be fraught with mischief, only, in every other country. But have they proved it ?

Notwithstanding the several laws which exist for the suppression of vagrancy in that country, it appears, from the records of the General Assembly, that so late as 1818, and after the eulogiums of Dr. Chalmers, above alluded to, had been pronounced upon the manner in which the Scottish poor are taken care of, street beggary was a great and crying evil—in consequence of the extreme humanity of parishioners, who cannot resist the pleasure of listening to the plea of apparent distress, and bestowing alms. It is indeed computed, that the stranger poor carry away in the shape of alms, from the parish, more in value, each year, than would support comfortably the whole poor in the parish roll : and a general belief prevails, that the practice is attended with many hurtful effects, both to the best interests of the public, and the morals of the mendicant.” (Report of the Committee of Gen. Assembly, p. 14.) “This testimony is true ;” and I do not believe, that in any part of the world the community can be protected from the importunities of vagrant paupers, by any legislation, however severe, which does not at the same time provide for their relief, in some other way. Multitudes of the poor, having no legal provision at home, will wander and beg from door to door, among whom there will always be many sturdy impostors ; and though some may turn them away, others will give them food and clothes, and even money, by which they will be encouraged to persevere.

But our present business is, to look at the actual condition of Ireland, and to inquire, whether the miseries under which she is groaning and starving, would be essentially mitigated by any system of poor-laws which legislative wisdom might devise. It is unnecessary to repeat what I have before said on this afflictive topic, or to present other details equally repulsive and sickening. It is enough barely to remind the read-

er, once more, that at this moment nearly *one third* of the population of that ill-fated island are absolute paupers. Now, of these two million and a half of *Lazaroni*, there may be *five hundred thousand*, who, by reason of age, and various infirmities, are incapable of doing any thing for their own support. If only this half million were abroad, craving alms from door to door, the burden might possibly be borne, especially if it could in any way be equalized: though, in that case, it would cost twice as much upon the present system, to keep the breath of life in them, as to make them comfortable by some regular provision. But what shall we say of the *two million*, who might, in the aggregate, earn their own living, by honest industry; and particularly of that strong and able-bodied million of them, by whom Ireland is now infested and laid under daily contribution and extortion? Half the plagues of Egypt, were they annually to visit the island, would scarcely produce a greater amount of human suffering.

Even if these enormous assessments were made upon the *property* of the country—upon the rich landlords, as well as upon the small farmers, and shopkeepers, and that class of the peasantry, who are but a few degrees above starvation themselves, the case would be bad enough,—or rather it would be quite intolerable. But in point of fact, the burden falls chiefly upon those who are least able to bear it. The rich, can keep off these swarms of beggars, by shutting themselves up within high walls, and posting their centinels at every gate-way. And although some of them, no doubt, bestow large sums in charity upon the poor, beggars are rarely admitted within their enclosures. But what are the common people to do? They have no such means of protecting themselves against the incursions of those brawny vagabonds, who ought

in some way to be confined to their own parishes, and to eat the bread of their own industry. And even if the lower classes, who are a little more or less removed from pauperism, could protect themselves against these vagrant hordes, they would rarely do it. "It is well known, that from motives of mis-directed charity, beggars are never refused admission into the cabin of the laborer, or the house of the farmer."

"The extremely poor," says an eye-witness, "are almost exclusively fed by those who are but one degree removed above them in the scale; and the tax thus levied upon the humanity of the hard-working and industrious peasant, is much greater, than would be easily supposed. As far as I have been able to ascertain, and I have diligently inquired in various parts of Ireland, the house of every poor laboring farmer contributes, on the average, every year, no less than *one ton* of potatoes, worth at least, *thirty shillings*, to the satchel of the wandering beggar; and that over and above the relief which he is always willing to afford to those of his immediate kindred who happen to be in want. We are paying for the relief of the poor, a voluntary tax of about *two million one hundred thousand pounds*, the greater part of which is levied upon the poorest of those who have any thing to spare, without the least return in the way of labor, from the objects of their bounty. As the peasant's door is never closed during meal time, he cannot, and indeed he will not, discriminate; and consequently, idleness and beggary are encouraged to prey upon the industry of the land."

How much longer, let me ask, can such a state of things be endured? But endured it must be, till every thing is swallowed up in the yawning gulf of pauperism, unless some remedy can be found for this growing and frightful evil. And let it be borne in

mind, that the existing state of things is even much worse than this. Depredations, by petty thieving, to an immense amount, are annually committed upon every species of property, that the famishing myriads can lay their hands upon in Ireland. Nor must I omit to mention the pestilential diseases which extreme want is almost sure to generate ; diseases which are carried from district to district, by these armies of squalid mendicants, and by which, thousands of the industrious peasantry are sometimes swept off in a single year.

“In towns and cities in the interior and along the coast,” says the London Morning Chronicle of Nov. 17, 1836, “poverty and disease make frightful ravages annually among the people. The fact that the peasantry of Ireland are at this moment the most wretched beings in christendom, is admitted. It is conceded that in a population of about eight millions there are two and a half million of paupers—of human beings, who have no other means of subsistence than the scrapings of mendicancy. Is this a state of things that can be allowed to endure? Can there be any real security for life and property in a country the one third of whose people are beggars, left by the legislature to levy contributions upon the small farmers and shop-keepers in towns, and cottiers, themselves a little removed above the condition of the beggars?”

But how, it may be asked, are these enormous evils to be remedied by any system of legal assessment? Is there any such charm in a poor law that it can keep off famine from five hundred thousand cabins and turf hovels in Ireland? Certainly not. Probably some of the advocates of the proposed experiment are quite too sanguine. But the conviction is fast gaining ground both in that country and in England, that it ought to be tried as soon as possible. The framing of such a

law, will require the best wisdom of the British Parliament. Without presuming to say how far it should agree with the English poor-laws or our own, or in what respects it should differ from them both, I may safely remark, that it should keep the poor at home, and find employment for them, if possible, to the extent of their ability to work, and earn their own subsistence. And surely all the able-bodied among them, might find employment enough for a great while to come, in reclaiming the five millions of acres of waste lands on the Island, if the proprietors saw fit to employ them. And why should they not, when the value of their estates would be so much enhanced even beyond the cost of the labor?

Mr. O'Connel's plan, is to throw the whole burden of supporting the aged and impotent poor upon the absentee owners of the soil. That those who voluntarily expatriate themselves, and squander their millions in foreign parts, should be heavily taxed for this object, seems to me perfectly just and reasonable. But why should the absentees pay the whole? Some of them no doubt are driven from their homes by bad health, or are absent from other justifiable causes, and why should their Irish estates pay more than those of the resident landlords?

What Ireland wants is a system of poor laws which will at once suppress sturdy beggary and at the same time assess upon the property of the country whatever sums may be necessary to feed and clothe the impotent poor. Without poor-laws this never can be done. As matters now stand, the enormous burden falls chiefly upon the poor; so long as this grinding extortion continues, the people can never rise from their present degradation, and continue it must, forever, if the law does not come to their rescue by laying the tax upon the land-holders and others who are able to bear it.

CHAPTER XLII.

INTEMPERANCE.

Annual Consumption of Ardent Spirits—Grain converted into Poison—Minutes of Evidence.

This, after all, is the blighting, *burning*, MADDENING, CONSUMING curse of Ireland:—the curse of all curses; the woe of all other woes. Confiscated and parcelled out by the Henrys, its life-blood annually drained off by absentees, and its remaining substance devoured by a terrific and insatiable pauperism, it would be a miracle, if this island were not one of the poorest and most degraded spots in christendom. But these cases of its unparalleled wretchedness are cast into the shade, by the ravages of strong drink. Bad and oppressive as the whole system of political economy is, in Ireland, if the demon of intemperance could be cast out, there would still be bread enough and to spare for its great population, while the condition of the people, in every other respect, would be infinitely improved. Intemperance is not like famine, or pestilence, or any other single-handed enemy which marches through a land and leaves it. Its name is 'legion,' and its waves of fire never cease to roll. There lie beneath the sparkling of intoxicating liquors, all the poison of adders; all the infernal agencies of bodily torture; all the elements of pauperism, insanity and crime; and all the burnings of hell. Horribly torturing and debasing every where; intemperance is pre-eminently so in Ireland, owing to the poverty of the country, and other kindred aggravations. It is the

garment of Nessus, tattered indeed, but saturated with a venom, which no constitution could resist; and it must be torn off, or it will calcine the bones, which famine has left bare and dry.

The documents on which I chiefly rely, to bear me out in these strong statements, are contained in the *Parliamentary Evidence on Drunkenness, taken before a very respectable Committee of the House of Commons, in the months of June and July, 1834*. This was after the temperance reform had been introduced and made considerable progress, chiefly in the north of Ireland; and since then, vigorous efforts have been made, by a few individuals, to carry forward the work; but from all the inquiries I could make, when I was there, and from all that I have been able to learn since, I am afraid that the state of the island at large, in this respect, is very little better than it has been for the last ten years.

In 1828, the consumption of distilled spirits, in Ireland, according to the Excise office returns, was 10,000,000 gallons. Besides this, a very large quantity must be put down to the score of *illicit* distillation, which no vigilance of the government has yet been able to suppress. In the Parliamentary papers for 1823, it is stated, that at a period when 3,000,000 of gallons were charged with duty, 10,000,000, in opinion of the Revenue committee, were really made. In another case, subsequently to this, where 6,000,000 were charged, it was believed 12,000,000 were distilled. For some reason, however, which does not appear, Professor Edgar estimates the private distillation, in 1828, at only 2,500,000 gallons, which, added to the 10,000,000 paying duty, makes 12,500,000; and this, by the addition of water in the vaults and shops, raised it to at least 14,000,000. The cost, to the consumers, could not have been less than *nine*

shillings per gallon, or £6,300,000 sterling. At the annual meeting of the Hibernian Temperance Society in Dublin, held on the 19th of June, 1835, it was stated, by John Mackay, Esq., that no less a sum than *seven million* of pounds was expended on whiskey, in 1833. Taking this as a fair estimate, of the present consumption, in Ireland, the annual cost of liquid fire which goes down into her vitals, and up to the throne of reason, is \$35,000,000.

But this is not all. In 1836, there were 245 brewers in Ireland, whose consumption of malt was 1,829,587 bushels. The product of this, must have cost the consumers from *three* to *four* million of dollars—so that, including wines, large quantities of which are drank by the higher class in Ireland, the aggregate cost of intoxicating liquors must exceed \$40,000,000! Now suppose this money were thrown into the Irish channel, the loss would amount, in ten years, to \$400,000,000! Is it strange, that there are two million and a half of paupers in Ireland? The wonder is, how any thing can now be left to be consumed, by those tartarean fires, which have so long ravaged the island.

But where do the 14,000,000 gallons of ardent spirit come from? What substances in nature are put to the torture, in order to fill these fountains, and furnish these perennial streams of liquid poison? Not the vintages of France and Italy, nor the cane crops of the West Indies, nor the fruits of the orchards; but the *staff of life* itself. Yes, the *bread* which should feed the famishing millions of Ireland, is taken from their mouths, and converted into a fiery liquid, to madden and burn them up, soul and body together. I am not able, at this moment, to put down the average product, in whiskey, from a single bushel of grain. *Four* gallons, however, I believe, is rather above than

below a fair estimate. Reckoning it at four gallons, it takes 3,500,000 bushels of bread stuffs, to make 14,000,000 gallons of "liquid fire and distilled damnation." To this add the 1,829,587 bushels of malt, which the brewers consume, and you have 5,329,597 bushels of grain, from the annual produce of the Irish soil, thrown into the fire "before the eyes of those who are dying for want of it! That is, the distillers and brewers of Ireland actually take between three and four bushels of rye and other grain from every family in Ireland, and having converted all this nutriment into poison, send it back to torture and kill them!

Is this credible? Is it fact, or is it fiction cruelly invented to mock the hunger and nakedness of a great and suffering people? How is it possible, that such frightful devastation and wholesale murder can be tolerated for one moment! Why does not the government interfere, for the protection of the country, against this enormous waste and horrible cruelty? Where are the *fifty* regiments of his Majesty's standing army in Ireland, that they do not arrest these robbers of its graneries, and bring them to condign punishment? And why, since the military and civil authorities of the island do nothing for its protection, why do not Ribbon-men and Orange-men, the White-boys and the Right-boys, rise *en masse*, in all the strength of a common desperation, annihilate every distillery and demolish every gin shop from Dublin to Galway, from Malin Head to Cape Clear? What if some band of foreign marauders were to land at Donegal or Port Rush, and by a sudden incursion destroy a few thousand bushels of bread stuffs; how quickly would every drum and bugle echo the tidings from mountain to mountain, and valley to valley; and how many thousand blades would flash, to turn

back and avenge this Vandal irruption? Nay, what if only half a dozen wheat ricks should be fired, by a few scores of the exasperated and hunger-bitten peasantry of some remote district? How many tongues would cry out against this barbarous destruction of human subsistence. It would ring through the length and breadth of the island, so as to make all ears tingle; and the rioters would soon find themselves on the drop of the gallows, or under sailing orders for Botany Bay. And infinitely greater would be the indignation and horror of all men, were some thousand of domestic incendiaries, not only to burn up five or six million of corn in starving Ireland, but to substitute poison for bread, and vend it all over the island, to the enormous amount of \$35,000,000!

But while all this is doing, how feeble are the voices which cry out against it. With the exception of a few temperance agents and philanthropists, nobody complains, that the people are first famished by the manufacturers, and then slowly tortured to death by the venders of strong drink. The government stands and looks on, not with indifference merely, but with positive and high approbation; and even the starving millions themselves "love to have it so." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in presenting his annual budget to Parliament, exults when he comes to the item of *Irish excise*, and is cheered by the ministerial benches; while every body, both in and out of Parliament, wonders at the incurable poverty and degradation of the sister island; and all the wisdom of Whig and Tory cabinets, as they successively come into power, is baffled and foiled, as soon as it crosses the channel. It never seems to have occurred to any administration that it is impossible for such a country as Ireland to flourish, so long as the demon of intemperance is left to sway his

sceptre over it, and it is garrisoned and trodden down by his myrmidons.

The statistics of intemperance in Ireland are so much like those of our own country, and of every other country where it prevails, that a rapid glance at some of its more prominent features is all that justice to the subject seems further to require. There, as well as every where else, the use of strong drink inflames the blood, scorches and sears the delicate organs of digestion, generates the most painful diseases, exasperates them to fatal issues, and renders many of them hereditary. It devours the substance, begets idleness, pours gall and hemlock through all the channels of domestic fellowship, metamorphoses husbands and fathers into demons, mothers into furies, and children into imps and reprobates: weakens the intellect, fires and maddens the brain, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, multiplies crimes, saps the very foundations of religion and social order, and widens immeasurably "the gate that leadeth to destruction." Where intemperance reigns, the very breath of heaven is infected; the clouds black and pregnant with wrath, shoot out their lightnings, and the earth opens her mouth to swallow up that living mass of putrefaction and pestilence which it can no longer suffer to curse and disgrace its surface.

The reader may form a tolerably correct notion of the state of the case in Ireland, from the following brief minutes of the *evidence* to which I have already alluded. It is said by some careful observers, that twelve out of thirteen, and by others, that nine out of ten, who have been for any length of time engaged in the spirit trade, have been greatly injured, if not ruined by it. Many shops are kept by widows, whose husbands have been killed by it. I know, says Prof. Edgar, three such, one of whom had three husbands, and the others two, each, who died by drunkenness.

The first of these had a son, who killed himself by drinking; a son of the second was transported for stealing whilst drunk; and of the family of the third, *two* sons and *four* daughters became drunkards. Upon the Powercourt estate in Armah, (large enough almost for a dukedom,) the inhabitants of which are not more intemperate than those of any other district, a sum equal to one third of the whole rental, was till lately spent in spirituous liquors. The parish of Belfast, as it is called, with a population of 60,000, pays upon a moderate estimate, 44,500 pounds a year for distilled spirits. Among both male and female servants, but especially among the former, there is reason to fear that *three fourths* of them bring themselves to destitution by intemperance. Among artizans and tradesmen, the case is very little better. In one yard, says Prof. E., where 50 men were working at an average of 28 shillings per week, only *six* had saved anything—the rest were profligate, continually pressing for money in advance from their employers. In another yard, where 40 or 50 men are employed, at from 7 shillings to 30 shillings per week, the clerk states that there is but *one* who has saved any money. Again. The masters of 38 establishments in Belfast lately, were in the habit of giving to their men, as a stimulus to increased exertions, two and a half glasses of distilled spirits daily, during seven months each year, thus expending about 1,300 pounds upon 456 men, a greater amount than is voluntarily contributed for the lodging, food, clothing, and medical attendance of all the poor of the town.—This, instead of satisfying them, sends them to the spirit-shops for more; and it is estimated that these 456 men drink 6,000 pounds worth (\$30,000) of whiskey in a year.

And it is not merely the drunkenness and consequent misery among tradesmen that are considered

great evils, for when they get out of what they call the "run," or "spree," they have no desire to work, but whole classes of them spend Monday, and very frequently Tuesday, in idleness and dissipation.

A few more facts and estimates I feel bound to mention, before I dismiss this painful topic ; but I have not time to classify them. Private, or illicit distillation, works immense mischief, especially among the low Irish, by reducing the price of whiskey, and thus enabling thousands of starving wretches to procure it, who could not pay the regular duty ; and it was the opinion of the best informed friends of temperance, no longer ago than 1834, that the evil was on the increase. In a small district, in the county of Down, and that an uncommonly sober district, too, it was supposed, there were 30 unlicensed stills. Some of the owners of private stills, are in the habit of travelling round the country, carrying their satanic apparatus along with them, and distilling every bushel of grain they can find, at one shilling a hundred. Thus many small tenants are induced to cast every kernel of bread-stuff they can get, into the fire, and there come out scorpions, to sting them and their children to death.

Grocers' licences, for selling spirits by retail, contribute greatly to increase the evils of intemperance. This was strongly testified by several gentlemen before the Parliamentary Committee. "There are," says Professor Edgar, "peculiar facilities afforded, especially to females, in grocers' shops, of obtaining spirituous liquors ; and many an individual, that I am convinced would be ashamed to be seen going into a spirit shop, would have no difficulty in entering a grocers' shop. It is a well-known fact," he adds, "that mechanics' wives, not unfrequently get spirits at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands'

accounts, as soap, tea, sugar, &c. It was decided some time ago, by the Commissioners of the Excise, that the union of the grocery and spirit license was illegal ; but they changed their minds, after a deputation of grocers had alarmed the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the fear of a diminished revenue. So common has this union now become, that it has been said, there are only *twelve* grocers in Dublin, who do not sell spirituous liquors. Indeed the license system, in all its forms, is one of the most frightful causes of misery and crime throughout Ireland, as it is with us ; and there, at least, the evil seems to be greatly on the increase. In Belfast, since the change of policy in the Excise Board, respecting grocery licenses, there has been an increase of 399 places for the sale of spirituous liquors, and 221 of them are groceries. In Dublin, the case is quite as bad. The increase of dram-shops and whiskey-houses is enormous. In 1824, there were 868 ; in 1825, 1,074 ; in 1826, 1,400 ; and in 1828, 1,714 ! In Clonmel, which contains 17,000 inhabitants, there were, in 1811, 64 spirit shops ; in 1833, 129 ; and in 1834, there were 150—that is to say, one to every 22 1-2 families. In Claremorris, with a population of 800, there were 50 licensed shops, besides “ shibeen, or unlicensed houses round about.” Indeed, the alarming fact cannot be concealed, that within the last few years, there has been a great increase of licenses throughout Ireland ; and it appears, from testimony now before me, that no disqualification is so great, as to deprive any resolute Irishman of this diabolical privilege of murdering as many of the king’s liege subjects as he can, to *increase the revenue* ! “ Sir Robert Bateson,” says Prof. E. “ informed me, that he attempted to prevent a man from getting his license renewed, who had, in one of his fits of drunkenness, taken a spade and sallied forth, smashing windows and

terrifying the whole neighborhood ; he has since been condemned to be executed for the murder of his own father ; yet this man, notwithstanding Sir Robert's efforts to prevent it, obtained at the sessions a license for selling spirits ; in fact there is scarcely such a thing as a final refusal of a license to any man."

Another fact may be taken in proof of the Excise mania which exists, with regard to Ireland. When the practice of transferring licenses from one house to another was mentioned to the king's commissioner, as a serious grievance, he replied, that though the practice was illegal, he was opposed to enforcing the law, because the "interest of the revenue is to facilitate the sale of spirits, under proper regulations."

As specimens of the manner in which they get *qualified* for assault and murder in Ireland, take the following:—A young man tried for murder at the Kilkenny assizes said to the judge, "Yes my lord, I am guilty ;" and pointing to his mother, added, "she has been the cause of it." The fact was, that when her son started back, exclaiming, "How can I murder the poor gentleman?" The aged monster, (for she was above 80,) replied, "Take this, you cowardly rascal," and gave him the remains of half a pint of whiskey, which had been obtained for the occasion. He drank it off, and the bloody deed was done. A tenant near Caher, having been beaten unmercifully by the Whitefeet, for assisting his landlord in the collection of some small rents, the magistrate, in taking his deposition, asked the poor wounded man, "Had they drank anything?" He answered almost facetiously, "Well, I wonder that your honor, that a gentleman of your knowledge, would ask such a simple question. Sure, you do not think they would come, without *preparing themselves*. I will engage, they had taken two or three glasses of whiskey a man, what-

ever more they might have drunk." A single distillery was mentioned before the Committee of the House of Commons, which pays a duty of *sixty thousand pounds* a year to the government! In Waterford, with a population of 28,000, they were, in 1834, 198 whiskey shops, and a great many more applications for license were to be made, at the next quarter sessions. The *duties* paid at the Excise office in that town, amounted to *one thousand pounds* a week; and about *two thirds* of the liquor is consumed there.

"Thursdays and Sundays," said a young man at a late temperance meeting in Ireland, "were, when I was a boy, *punch* days, in my family, if we were good children; if not, the withholding the usual glass, marked the displeasure of those whom we loved most in the world." The case of a single workman in Dublin was mentioned to the Committee, who earns from 30 to 40 shillings a week, and drinks it *all* up; and parallel cases might be found all over Ireland. "What avail houses of industry, and orphan houses, and parish schools," say the Edinburgh Reviewers, "to mend the morals of the people in Dublin, when in one street, alone, there are *fifty-two* houses licensed to sell spirits?" "That a revenue derived from such a source, should be an object worthy of encouragement, it is impossible to believe, a government might as well impose a tax on coffins, and then inoculate all its subjects with the plague, to increase the revenue." It is said, that in the vicinity of St. Stephen's Green, which is a respectable part of Dublin, 300 female servants resort to one whiskey establishment almost every Sabbath, instead of attending public worship. By act of Parliament, passed in August, 1833, public houses may be open at 2 o'clock on the Lord's Day, and remain open till *eleven* at night. *Sixteen thousand pounds* is thought to be a low estimate of what is paid

for ardent spirits, per week, in Dublin!—and much more is sold on the Sabbath, than any other day of the week. “I have remarked,” says Robert G. White, Esq. “within the last few months, that I never saw so many people in a state of intoxication, as I have seen in the streets of Dublin of late. All days are bad, but the Sabbath is the worst. Drunkenness and its consequences, have brought at least *four fifths* of the inmates into the Mendicity Asylum of that city.”

Dr. Adams of Dublin, some time since adduced, in proof of the awful prevalence of spirit drinking among the poor, that in serving soup, in the parish of St. Peters in Dublin, it occurred to him one morning to ask some of the persons who came for the soup, whether they had taken any spirits that day? He put the question to the first twenty, eighteen of whom acknowledged that they had bought and taken their drams before they came for the soup; the price of the drams was probably more than the cost of the soup for which they thus came to beg. Another gentleman stated that when preparations were made to meet the approaching cholera, by giving beds and other comforts to the poor, in the same district, of 160 of these beds, given out in a day, he found upon inquiry in one lane, *the same evening*, that *thirty* of them had been sold again, and the price converted into whiskey! But there would be no end of these sickening and alarming details; and why should I enlarge? Poor, degraded, oppressed, starving Ireland! There she lies, crying for the bread which her own ruthless hands are every day casting into the distillery, that it may be transmuted into poison. There she lies, quaffing the burning waves, as they roll over her. There she lies, in the crushing folds of that great, fiery, flying serpent, whose coil is death. The indulgence of her appetite for strong drink trenches

at once upon the means of subsistence, and all the miseries of intemperance are aggravated by the scantiness of her resources. If she will have her whiskey rations, she must literally take them as "meat, drink, and clothing." The food which she barter away to the distillery for poison must be taken from the mouths of her famished children.

Were I to enumerate the evils, and suffering, and crimes, which spring from the use of intoxicating drinks, in Ireland, I should do little more than present a copy of that long and black catalogue, which the history of intemperance furnishes in every other country where it prevails. "They are," to adopt the language of Dr. Doyle, late Catholic bishop of Kildare, "they are rash swearing, profanation of the Lord's day, blasphemies without number, the poverty, the nakedness, the destitution, the ruin of families, the fraud, the thefts, the robberies, the seduction of innocence, the corruption of virtue, the disobedience of children, the infidelities of servants, the discord and disunion of those whom God united,—these and many others, which I do not name, are the effects of drinking and of drunkenness which I deplore."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Misgovernment of Ireland—Popery—Causes of its Predominance.

I have already mentioned several flagrant causes of the past and present deplorable condition of Ireland ; almost enough to account for its extreme physical and moral degradation, if no others could be specified. But unhappily other causes, of long and inveterate standing, are still in active, if not unmitigated operation. I believe it is not too much to say, that no Protestant government was ever so unwisely and oppressively administered, as that of Great Britain has been, over this ill-fated island. If we except some very short intervals, it has been treated infinitely more like a conquered country, than like a sister kingdom, ever since the Reformation, as well as during the three preceding centuries. In reading over the history of the last three hundred years, it is surprising to see how much has been done to manacle, depress, and exasperate the native Irish ; and how little to “undo their heavy burdens,” to win their affections, and to elevate their moral, intellectual, and physical condition. If it had been the grand object of the British Crown and Parliament, to impoverish Ireland, and to perpetuate the bitterest hatred towards its protestant rulers, and cripple the noble energies of its native character, and exasperate its religious bigotry, into an incurable chronic inflammation, a more effectual course of policy, to compass those ends, could scarcely have been adopted and pursued.

I have spoken elsewhere of the wholesale confiscation of the ancient Irish domains and estates, by Elizabeth and her more tyrannical father, which broke down the spirit of a sanguine and gallant people ; and it would be easy to show, that half the subsequent reigns have been characterized by a cruel and pitiful jealousy of Irish enterprise and prosperity. for the truth of this statement, let two or three examples suffice. So sensitively alive was the British government to the rivalship of Ireland in manufacturing, even in the mild reign of William and Mary, that it directly interfered, to depress all those branches, which could in the smallest degree compete with those of England. While this hostility was directed most vehemently against woollen fabrics, even the manufacture of linens, which the English government professed to encourage, was suffered to languish till formidable rivals had time to rise, both in England and Scotland. To prevent Ireland from rearing and fattening cattle, in the rich pastures near the Shannon, embargoes were laid on the exportation of Irish provisions ! “In short, Ireland was treated, not only as a conquered country, but as a country so formed by nature, that, if left to itself, it must unavoidably get the start of England.” To prevent this, she must be kept down by the strong arm of the British Parliament.

The reign of Queen Anne, also, was disgraced by oppressive legislation towards Ireland,—particularly by severe penal statutes against the Catholics. “It never seems to have occurred,” says a sensible writer, “that excessive severity only tended to increase the bigotry and ignorance against which it was directed ; and that mild measures, aided by endeavors to enlighten the Catholics, and adopted in the spirit of charity, without a constant reference to the state of

Ireland as a conquered country, would much more effectually have promoted the object, which the British government, and, under their influence, the Irish Parliament, professed to have in view." These measures, it must be admitted, were not so severe as some enactments in the reign of Edward *Third*, by which marriage between the English and Irish was forbidden under the penalty affixed to *high treason*; and the forfeiture of lands, or imprisonment, if an Irish name, or the Irish language, dress, or customs were adopted by their foreign masters; but the tendency was the same, to degrade and exasperate the people of Ireland,—to blight their industry and fetter their energies.

I have admitted, that the presence of a large standing army may now be necessary, to ensure the tranquility of Ireland; but, if so, it is a terrible necessity, which has been created by long and grievous misgovernment, and for which somebody is answerable.

Ireland ought, either to have been left to govern itself, as an independent kingdom, or to have been fully annexed to the British Crown, ages ago. It never should have been treated as a conquered province. This is the certain way to degrade and ruin any country. If the people cannot throw off a foreign yoke, when it becomes intolerable, they will either sink down in sullen despair, or expose themselves to a still more galling oppression, by frequent insurrections and massacres. Considering the proximity of Ireland to England and Scotland, and its comparative weakness, it is probably best for all parties, that it should belong to the British Crown, and form an integral part of the British empire. And it is easy to conceive how such a union might have been effected in almost any one of the last ten or twelve reigns, by the adoption of that enlightened and liberal

policy, which is beginning to shed its benign influence over the island. Had Henry VIII. treated the Irish kindly, and left them in possession of their estates, instead of parcelling them out among his favorites, he might have won their confidence, and gradually have prepared the way for a union, if not in his own lifetime, at least in that of his immediate successor. And had those illustrious men, who guided the helm of state, in the reign of Elizabeth, displayed half the wisdom in legislating for Ireland, which they did in all the other leading measures of their administration, the same thing, I have no doubt, might have been accomplished under their auspices. In a word, had Ireland been governed with mildness and equity ; had a spirit of industry and enterprise been encouraged ; had her commerce and manufactures been early fostered and protected, as those of England were ; had the Scriptures been given to the people, in "their own tongue wherein they were born ;" had the Protestant religion been tendered to them by the law of love, instead of being forced upon them by the civil and military arm ; and had they been taken at once to the bosom of the state, and invested with all the rights and immunities of the English subjects of the Crown, who can doubt, that their condition would have been infinitely better than it is now ?

But for two hundred years and more, after the reign of Elizabeth, they were kept off at arm's length.— They were treated, not as subjects of the crown, but as vassals of English masters, rioting upon their paternal inheritance. The language of every governmental enactment was, "We dare not trust you and we will not." From generation to generation, they were trained up, not to be governed by good and wholesome laws, but by the bayonet. And what nation, or state, ever prospered under such a system as this ? There

has been a growing conviction, I believe, throughout Great Britain, for half a century, that the system must be changed. Under this conviction, the act of union was passed in 1800. Under this conviction, Irish catholics were made eligible to seats in both houses of Parliament, in 1829, and under this conviction, other important measures are now in train—such as reforming the Irish corporations, settling an equitable commutation for tythes, and appropriating the surplus of the church revenues to the purposes of general education. In urging forward these measures, the present ministers, as it is well known, are strenuously and powerfully opposed, particularly in the House of Lords.—What the issue of this great struggle will be it is hard to tell. If the friends of Ireland prevail, and proceed to redress some other grievances, of which she justly complains, it will do more, in a short time, to consolidate the Union, and quiet the country, and promote its prosperity, and win over the catholics to the protestant faith, than could be accomplished by the old system, in a thousand years. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel, may push the claims of Ireland too far and too fast, perhaps; and they may be actuated by sinister motives; but they certainly have a right to cry out, against the oppression which has so long trodden her in the dust.

Popery in Ireland.

This is, beyond all question, another great cause of the ignorance and wretchedness of the Irish peasantry. Popery, wherever it prevails, is a paralysis of the body politic—is an incubus, which presses with mountain weight upon the heart of a community, always threatening suffocation. Popery is also, the great usurper of the sacred prerogatives of conscience, and the despot over the whole empire of mind, whose

mandates are as inexorable, as they are arbitrary, from whose anathemas, there is no refuge, and from whose decrees there is no appeal, to earth or heaven. It is the enemy of all free institutions, the blight of public morals, and the ravisher of domestic purity. It is the parent of bigotry, superstition, fanaticism, and persecution, in their most heated and cruel forms. It incarcerates both soul and body in its foul prison houses, and allows no one to think and decide for himself, on the most important of all subjects. It stops up the well of salvation, with its cartloads of relicts and legends, and impiously snatches up the keys of the kingdom of heaven, as if it had power to open and shut the gate at pleasure. In one word, popery is the woman of the Apocalypse, sitting upon a scarlet colored beast full of names of blasphemy, arrayed in purple and scarlet color, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations, drunken with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and having upon her forehead a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.

Such, as has been proved, a thousand and a thousand times over, is the true character of popery, where it has full scope to toss its seven heads and ten horns. Where this is not the case, its external manifestations are modified by circumstances ; and even in those parts of the world, where it has revelled most in blood and pollution, some persons, no doubt, nominally belonging to its communion, have kept themselves free from the foul leprosy, and made their garments white in the blood of the Lamb. As the Romish church in Ireland, has no power to wield either the civil or the ecclesiastical sword, she cannot, were she ever so much disposed, kindle the fires of persecution, and she is al-

together too poor, to array herself in purple, and scarlet, and gold, and precious stones, and pearls. With the exception of Spain, and some of the Italian States, there is no spot upon the face of the earth, I believe, where the Catholic priests exercise a more despotic sway over the minds of the people, than they have done age after age, in Ireland. There is no spot, where the millions are more firmly wedded to their superstitions, and none in the *whole world*, where there is such a deep and hereditary hatred of protestantism, especially in that church whose symbols are most like its own. In spite of all the ecclesiastical patronage of the British crown, and all the efforts which have been made to convert the Catholics of Ireland, they have been rather gaining than losing ground, for the last hundred years. It may almost be said, that at no period since the reformation in England, has their numerical preponderance been greater, than it is at this hour. According to the latest and best authenticated estimates, the population of the island, may be put down in round numbers. Catholic, 6,500,000, Protestant, 1,500,000. Judging from the past, and even from the present, if we except a few scattered rays of light, which have quite recently shot across the gloom, it would be difficult to find six million and a half of people any where, in a more hopeless state of darkness and religious servitude.

Such is Ireland—"Fairest flower of the earth, Brightest gem of the sea." Such is the actual condition of that beautiful anomaly on the map of the globe, to which even the pauper clings, with more than filial affection, while he sings,—*Erin a vourneen—Erin a dee-lish—O Erin a cashla machree*. "Ireland, I love thee—Ireland my darling—O Ireland, the veins of my heart are entwined around thee."

Such is Ireland as God made her—but conquered,

confiscated, exhausted, to pamper her lordly masters, revelling in foreign cities—maddened by hunger and oppression—consumed by intemperance, and enslaved by an ignorant and fanatical priesthood: O, when will her wrongs be redressed, her hunger appeased, and her nakedness clothed? When will the deluge of fire cease to roll over her green fields? When will she break the bonds of her spiritual thralldom, and come into the enjoyment of that liberty, wherewith Christ makes his followers free.

Ireland *ought* to have been delivered from her papal thrall, and brought over to the true faith, ages ago; and it hardly admits of a doubt, that she might have been, by a wise and pious use of the means which God has appointed, and of which England has had the responsible keeping. Never did a Protestant country enjoy so many facilities for the conversion of a Catholic state; and yet, strange to tell, never was so little done. Every attempt to shed the light of the Reformation over Ireland, has signally failed; and even left the people of the south and west, especially, in a worse condition than it found them. No where, at this very hour, is the *Man of Sin* more unapproachable, and more strongly fortified against reason and Scripture, than in this unhappy country. Poor, doubly enslaved Ireland! The religion of her English masters has ever been ‘a smoke in her nostrils,’ and synonymous, in her vocabulary, with the most grievous civil and ecclesiastical oppression. Whoever now attempts to approach her, in the character of a reformer, though inspired with the holiest yearnings of Christian benevolence, is sure to encounter prejudices and mortal enmity, the gigantic growth of more than three centuries. She hates the Protestant church, by law established over her, with perfect hatred.

Now why is this? Somehow or other, Ireland must

have been sown with "dragon's teeth," instead of the good seed ; for never was there a more bristling and terrific harvest. The Reformation spread in a few years over a great part of Germany, over Switzerland, over the Low Countries, over England, over Scotland—and why not over Ireland ? How is this great and afflictive anomaly to be explained ?—Romanism more than holding its ground, and fully maintaining its iron despotism, almost in the heart of a great and free Protestant empire ; and this, in the very country, which was the last to submit to the papal yoke ! It is not certainly known, when, nor by whom, the gospel was first carried to Ireland. It is thought, by some respectable authorities, to have been in the *fourth* century. Perhaps this is dating a little too early ; but so great was the number of learned and pious men, that sprung up in the *fifth*, and two following centuries ; so many were the good institutions which they founded, and so many missionaries were sent abroad by the Irish church, that the island was dignified by the title of *Insula Sanctorum*. Attracted by the light which shone across the channels, and by the tranquillity and prosperity which distinguished it from the rest of Europe, many persons of learning and high moral worth took refuge there, to bless and be blessed.

Though not free from error, the primitive church of Ireland differed essentially from the apostate church of Rome, "in the free and commanded use of the Scriptures—the inculcation of the doctrines of grace without any allusion to the mass, to transubstantiation, purgatory, human merit, or prayers for the dead—the marriage of the clergy—the rejection of the papal supremacy, and other prominent characteristics of the great apostacy. But having resisted all the attempts of the Roman pontiffs to bring her under subjection to the papal see, till the middle of the *twelfth* century, she at last unhappi-

ly submitted ; and before the lapse of another hundred years, every trace of her primitive purity and independence was obliterated. A hasty glance at the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, since the Reformation, will show reason enough, why she has not to this day been disenthralled, and brought back to her first allegiance to Christ, the only rightful Head of the church.

It would be extremely uncharitable to say, that her Protestant English masters in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries felt no desire for her conversion ; but if any reliance can be placed on the truth of history, in what they did, they were actuated chiefly by political motives ; and it would scarcely be too much to affirm, that if they had been all the while in secret alliance with Rome, they could not have done more, to strengthen and perpetuate her spiritual dominion over Ireland. The system, during many successive Protestant reigns, was a system of political jobbing and arbitrary religious coercion. It was, in this respect, the incarnation of Popery itself, under a Protestant name ; in so much, that it is difficult to discover the faintest resemblance in it to the apostolic method of propagating the truth. Instead of confiding the great work of converting Ireland to the piety and zeal of godly missionaries, as it ought to have done, the English government from the first, took the matter into its own hands, and what was even worse, managed it, in the most unskilful and unchristian manner, as the slightest reference to unquestionable authorities will show.

It would seem, as if it must have been one of the plainest dictates of common sense, to conciliate those who were to be converted from the errors of Popery, by kind treatment ; but instead of this, they were borne down by cruelty and oppression, as a proscribed and inferior race. By repressing the authority of the feu-

dal nobility, the English government, as has been very justly observed, deprived itself of all power of acting with effect on the minds and habits of the people, and transferred to an ignorant and bigotted priesthood the authority and influence peculiar to a hereditary nobility. From that moment, the Romish clergy became the effective aristocracy of the country, armed with new and impregnable facilities for opposing the progress of the truth. Having thus excited the most bitter animosity, and in effect fortified the whole Catholic strength of Ireland against themselves, as foreign spoilers and oppressors, the English sovereigns entered upon, and prosecuted their great politico-missionary enterprise. The first thing was, summarily to condemn the Romish faith, by acts of Parliament ; and to enforce the Reformed religion under the heaviest penalties. If the people were convinced by these cogent arguments, well ; but if not, they must take the consequences. And so far as Protestant Britain condescended to avail itself of other means and agents, its general policy was scarcely less preposterous. By employing Englishmen, exclusively, to inculcate the Protestant doctrines in Ireland, the most violent prejudices were unnecessarily excited in the minds of the people. Had native converts from Popery been selected, and, as fast as they could be qualified, been sent forth as missionaries among their benighted countrymen, who can doubt, that with their peculiar advantages of language, birth and consanguinity, they would have turned many from "darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God ? "

"But perhaps a still more fatal error," says Dr. Reid (History of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, published in 1834,) — "perhaps a still more fatal error, was that of attempting to propagate religion through the medium of a *foreign language*. This, as might

have been expected, the natives unanimously and successfully opposed. They utterly refused to relinquish their native language—endeared to them by so many, powerful associations ; much less to adopt in its room that of their oppressors—the most degrading badge of servitude a people could wear.” But though the civil and ecclesiastical powers could not coerce the Irish in this matter, they could and did persist, for a very long period, in the miserable, anti-christian policy, of withholding Protestant religious instruction in the vernacular tongue. “The native population might not be addressed in it, nor were Irish books permitted to be printed for their use. Divine service was to be performed *solely* in the English language ; and where the bishops could find no readers but those who spoke Irish, it was ordered that the services should be conducted in *Latin* ! How could the Reformation be expected to prosper by such means as these ? Ecclesiastical history furnishes no instance in which they have been successful.” Bishop Bedell, one of the very few apostolic luminaries of the Irish Church, in the seventeenth century, took pains himself to learn the language of the country, and publish the first grammar in it ; but of his *fifteen* Protestant clergy (all English,) not *one* could speak it, although but few of the people understood any other.

It seems almost incredible that a course so absurd as that of trying to persuade a whole people to abjure their native language, for the sake of learning a religion which they hated, from a nation that they abhorred, should have been persisted in for a single generation. And yet, it would seem that this most demented and anomalous policy is scarcely yet exploded by the civil and ecclesiastical rulers of Ireland. No longer ago than last April, the following strong language was held by the London Quarterly Review, a work which cannot

justly be charged with malignantly hunting up abuses, either in church or state.

“ While the Catholic priests were diligent, in season and out of season, in confirming the faith of their own flocks, and winning over others to it, in what way were the clergy of former days employed ? Did they take any one of the ordinary means, in public or private, for enlightening the minds or awakening the consciences of the Papists ? The lower Irish are passionately attached to their native language. Instead of being a barbarous jargon, it is now allowed to be singularly graphic and poetical, and a few sentences, delivered in its well-known sounds, are said to have an almost irresistible effect on those who will listen to an address in English without the least emotion. There appear to be certainly a million and a half of people in Ireland at present, and probably a far greater number, who understand Irish only, at least well, and their number must have been as great at any time within the last hundred and fifty years. Yet,—will it be believed ?—until the beginning of the present century, scarcely an effort was made to make them acquainted with the Scriptures, or the doctrines of the Reformation, either by speech or printing. The Protestant Established Church has never taken a single active step towards preaching in Irish, in those quarters where it is required ; nor was there, in 1830, a single building in all Ireland set apart for the purpose.”

But I have not yet presented the whole case, nor is it possible to do it within the very narrow limits to which I am restricted by my general plan. While on the one hand, during the 17th and 18th centuries, popish missionaries in great numbers came over to Ireland from the continent, and labored with extraordinary zeal and self-denial ; and while the native

Catholic priests were indefatigable in all the offices of the Romish ritual ; with some bright exceptions,—few, alas ! and far between,—the Protestant clergy were immersed in the dark intrigues of Irish politics, or scrambling for civil and ecclesiastical promotion, or yielding themselves up to idleness, and a variety of more than questionable indulgences. They did any thing but let their light shine before either their own parishioners, or their Catholic neighbors ; and reflected any image but that of their Master. They left undone nearly every thing that belonged to their sacred vocation, and did almost every thing which was forbidden by their high and holy calling. In one word, they disgraced the Protestant name, and brought the reformed faith into the greatest contempt by their pride, sloth, voluptuousness, and intolerable exactions. Could they have been placed beside the apostles and other primitive preachers of the Gospel, no one would ever have suspected any affinity or fellowship between them. And is it strange, that the *Catholics* were not converted ? No more strange, certainly, than that “men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.” •

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Established Church of Ireland—Very small—Its influence decidedly hostile to the Conversion of the Catholics—Tythes Revenues of the Church—Non-residents and Sinecures—Missionary Labors within the Pale of the Establishment, though not encouraged by it—Presbyterians—Seceders—Synod of Munster—Presbytery of Antrim—Covenanters—Remonstrant Synod—Baptists—Methodists—Independents—Irish Emigration.

So liable are men to get bewildered in the discussion of abstract questions, and to be led astray by sweeping generalizations, that I have learned to place very little reliance upon reasonings of this sort, either in myself, or others. On this account, though I am strongly opposed to Religious Establishments, I should hesitate to say, that they must unavoidably do more harm than good under all *possible* circumstances. That an established church, in any form, would be one of the greatest imaginable hindrances to the progress of true religion in this country, I have no doubt. I rejoice that even the shadow of such an incumbrance, (for it was very little more than a shadow,) has passed away ; and it is more than questionable, I think, whether a church establishment was ever, in the long run, a blessing to any country. But our present concern is with the *Established Church of Ireland*, and I have no hesitation in ascribing to its influence, in part at least, the extreme malignity and overwhelming predominance of Popery in that island.

Certainly such was never its intention—the farthest from it in the world. But, *Protestant* though it be, I am persuaded, that if there never had been a church by law established in that country, the gospel would have had a much “freer course,” than it ever has had since the Reformation. Nay, I verily believe, that it has indirectly, and by its pecuniary exactions, done more to rivet the chains of Popery upon the people, than Romanism itself could have done, had it remained the established religion of the island to this very day. The grounds of an opinion so startling in the terms of its announcement, I shall briefly state.

Though the Pope was dethroned in Ireland by the defection of Henry VIII., or rather, though Henry became Pope himself, when he abjured the supremacy of his Holiness of Rome; and though under his immediate successor, Edward VI., Protestantism was by law established there, it did not fully assume the form and symmetry of a national church till 1615, when, the sees being all filled by Protestant bishops, the first convocation of the clergy was held in the city of Dublin, and a system of doctrines and canons was drawn up and adopted. This constitution of the Irish church was afterwards so modified, as to make it conform to the articles and canons of the Church of England; and on that basis it has rested ever since. Why, then, do I object to it? Is it not a Protestant basis? Are not the thirty-nine articles orthodox? What has the Episcopal Church of Ireland done, to make herself answerable for the numerical preponderance, the monstrous errors, and the all but hopeless spiritual domination of the Romish apostacy, with which she has been battling between three and four hundred years?

I answer, had the same number of Protestants, who at first constituted the Established Church, gone over and

it would be difficult to resort to a more objectionable mode of raising the tax, than by tythe. There would be no end of mentioning the cruel exactions, the riots and murders, and conflagrations, and lasting enmities, that have sprung from this prolific, but deadly root. Taking every tenth sheaf, and lamb, and egg, and potatoe, is what the most ignorant tenant can see, and understand, and feel. And perhaps there is no country in the world, where the tythe system would reach and exasperate the whole population, as it does in Ireland. Agriculture is the great business of the Irish population; and as all the peasantry, who have it in their power, rent little patches of ground, about their cabins, they are exposed to the vexatious and summary process of the tythe proctor. The system has, for a long time been exceedingly obnoxious to the Irish catholics; and has been growing more and more so year by year, till it has become impossible to enforce the collections without blood-shed; and it is now agreed on all hands, that right or wrong, it must be given up. Immense and increasing multitudes are prepared to resist it at all hazards. And what has greatly aggravated the evil of tythe-gathering, in times past, is, that it has often been done, under the direction of the clerical incumbents themselves, acting as magistrates, and leading on, not only the civil *posse*, but sometimes the military to the odious distraint. Some most thrilling and tragical accounts of the kind, have reached this country through various channels; and many more might easily be collected by any one, who goes to Ireland, and is disposed to make the needful inquiries.

Passing over these harrowing details, however, I will just mention a single anecdote, relating to the collection of tythes, which I had from a friend when I was there, and which was as amusing as others were

painful. The rector of a parish, had a catholic neighbor, who was a blacksmith. For sometime, he received his tythes in the shoeing of his horses ; but at length he withdrew his custom, and sent in his demand for the money. The blacksmith immediately asked for an explanation. "Why do you charge me for your preaching? Your reverence very well knows, that I have not been in your church this year or more."

"Very well," said the Rector, "then it was your own fault ; for the church has been open every Sunday, and you might have come if you would." The blacksmith went home, and having made out his account for shoeing the parson's horses, sent it in for payment. This turned the tables. "What do you mean, by such a charge as this? You have not shod a horse for me this twelve month." "No matter," quoth he of the anvil, with a significant shrug, "then it is your own fault, your *honor* ; for my shop has been every day open to your sarvice."

Now supposing the object had been, to make the catholics of Ireland hate the very name of protestant, and to render their conversion morally impossible, could human ingenuity have devised a more effectual method than that of saddling them with the expenses of an establishment, assessed and collected in this manner? When the tythe-proctor comes, and takes away one-tenth of all their earnings, or when to enforce payment, where the whole produce of the summer, including the tythe, has already been consumed by a numerous family, the "stalled" theologue of the parish brings his warrant of distress, and seizes the only kettle in the hut, and carries off the half-grown pig, which was to pay the rent, and the middle man immediately follows, and turns them out to starve in the street, because now the pig is gone, they have nothing to pay to him—and perchance, the indignant neighbors rise en

masse, and insult the officer, and some of them are shot down by the king's troops.—I say, when scenes of oppression, tumult and slaughter like these occur, and they often have occurred in the collection of tythes, it is cruel mockery to tell the sufferers, that they have no cause of complaint; and it would be a miracle, if they did not abhor the religion, under whose auspices such tragedies are enacted.

All the foregoing objections against tythes, for the support of the Established church of Ireland, would lie with overwhelming force, even if the sums thus raised, barely afforded the clergy a comfortable support; and if they all had congregations to take care of, and resided upon their benefices and laboriously discharged their sacred functions.

But in the *first place*; the *revenues* of the Irish church are enormous. "Twenty-two Bishops," says a "beneficed clergyman,"* "divide in rents and fines, £220,000 per annum: that is, they receive an average income, if this estimate be correct, of £10,000 or nearly \$50,000!" The same writer estimates the income of the benefices of the Irish church, at 1,500,000 pounds, and the average worth of each living at £800, a little short of \$4,000! Now if this is any where near the truth, what monstrous oppression is that, which extorts these princely incomes in part, at least, from a half-clad and starving catholic tenantry!

In the *second place*; the greater part of this enormous income goes to support pluralists and other non-resident incumbents, in idleness and luxury. "Until lately," says the writer above quoted, "curates were obliged to work for £60 a year, and I believe get no more now than £75; and more than *two thirds* of the duty is performed by them." The following extracts,

* Metropolitan, vol. iii. p. 397.

from authentic tables now before me, will give the reader some idea of these crying abuses.

"No. 2. Rector not resident ; never was a curate ; duty done by two curates—tythe £3,000 ; (nearly \$15,000 ;) protestant population, 250 ; pay of the two curates, £159 ; glebe and house, £300.

No. 3. Rector not resident—highly beneficed in another county ; tythe 800 ; duty done by one curate, at £75 ; protestant population, 50 ; congregation 30.

No. 4. Rector not resident—never was a curate—tythe £400 ; protestant population, 10 !

No. 5. Rector not resident—never was a curate—highly beneficed, and resides on his other living ; tythe, £1,200 ; protestant population, 60 ; congregation, 40 ; paid for duty £68.

No. 21. Rector resident, but does no duty—was never a curate—benefice was resigned to him when he was a young man ; duty done by a curate ; tythe £1,600.

No. 59. Rector non-resident—is also rector of another large benefice, on neither of which did he ever reside ! tythe £1,100

I might carry out this list to an indefinite extent ; but I forbear. A glance is sufficient. Kind reader, what do you think of it ? Do you wonder that the catholics of Ireland are not converted, when such flagrant abuses exist before their eyes, and their deep poverty is taxed, to perpetuate them ? Suppose the Established church should exist there, in this attitude, three hundred or three thousand years longer ; is there the least probability that the people would, through her instrumentality, be brought over to the protestant faith ?

In the *third place* ; not only are there hundreds of non-resident clergymen, supported by tythes in Ireland ; but there are scores of *sinecure* benefices in every sense

of the term ! In 1834, as appears from the report of the commissioners of public instruction, the whole number of benefices was about 1,385. In 339 of these, the incumbent was non-resident ; in 210 there was no church ; and in 157 no service was performed by any person whatsoever, either incumbent or curate ! In some of these parishes, not a solitary protestant could be found ; in all the 157 last mentioned, there was not one congregation, and in many others the term congregation was a mere ludicrous misnomer. And yet, till very lately, the whole tythe machinery was brought to bear with unmitigated severity upon the catholic population. For example, in one parish, the protestant residents are put down at 10—congregation 6—tythes £500 : in another, population 30—congregation 15—tythes £1000 : and in another, population 15—congregation 5—tythes £500.

Now some of these parishes contain thousands of catholics, who, besides supporting their own clergy, are compelled to pay very large salaries to protestant incumbents, for residing, they know not where, and for doing just nothing at all, either by person, or by curate. And yet, some excellent people, acquainted with all these facts, think it very remarkable, that the truth has made so little progress in Ireland. They are astonished, that so few catholics have been converted ; that under the shining of the true light, ever since the reformation, the vast majority have continued in darkness until now. Is not the *real* matter of astonishment, that any of them have been converted, under the goading, exasperating and oppressive measures, both political and ecclesiastical, which have constituted the reigning policy of their protestant masters ?

In contemplating the disastrous influence which I ascribe to the Established Church of Ireland, upon the Catholic population of the country, I have never for

a moment supposed, that she intended to prejudice and exasperate their minds against the Protestant religion ; much less, to repel them from her own communion. She would gladly have brought them into her cathedrals and churches, centuries ago, and has all along marvelled exceedingly, no doubt, at their incurable blindness and obstinacy. Nor has it ever entered my mind, to question the general soundness and orthodoxy of her creed—nor yet, to bring any indiscriminate charge, either against her priesthood, or laity. Some bright examples of sacred fidelity in her dignified clergy, as I have admitted, adorn the pages of her history ; and it admits not of a question, that, in every age, there has been a goodly number of humble, pious, and laborious curates, and of exemplary private Christians in her communion. But these, till quite recently, were the exceptions. The Church of Ireland, as such, has been too worldly, and indolent, and repulsive, and craving, to make any favorable impression upon the Catholics, either by precept or example.

But I became convinced, while I was there, and it affords me great pleasure to state my convictions, that a very favorable change has been going on, for a number of years, within the pale of the Establishment, and is still in progress. There has been, to some extent, a revival of primitive vital piety, in the Irish Church. The number of pious evangelical ministers has very much increased ; and not a few of those who rejoice most in this change, and who have the best means of forming a correct judgment, both churchmen and dissenters, are quite confident, that there never has been so much true missionary zeal, and devoted apostolical preaching in Ireland, since the Protestant religion was established there, as there is now.

Among the encouraging signs of the times, that might be mentioned, there is one, which is worthy of

particular notice. Between *two and three hundred* ministers of the Established Church, have lately formed themselves into a sort of Home Missionary Society, to carry the gospel, as far as in them lies, into all parts of Ireland. Their plan, considering the circumstances in which they are placed, is perhaps the best that could be devised. Having first established their circuits, and fixed the times and places for preaching, *six* of them start in rotation, every second monday morning, for a fortnight's tour. Each has his own separate appointments, for preaching twice, every day, during his absence. When they return, six more are ready to traverse some other part of the great field, to be succeeded in like manner by others of their brethren, and so on, from the beginning to the end of the year. A great deal of good, it is said, has already been accomplished by these gratuitous and self-denying labors. It is approaching the Catholic in a way, to which, from that quarter, they have not been accustomed. Their curiosity is excited—thousands of them come together to hear what these new missionaries have to say. Their hatred gives place to respect. Their prejudices are gradually removed, and in spite of their bigoted priesthood, considerable numbers of them have already renounced the errors of the Romish Church. But it is painful to add, that although these labors of love are performed *within* the pale of the Irish Church, they are not rendered *by* the church nor with its approbation. So far from it, that the two, or three hundred pious and zealous preachers, just alluded to, are regarded by most of the Episcopal dignitaries, as extremely irregular, if not fanatical in their movements. They are tolerated, partly because a few of the higher clergy favor them; and still more, perhaps, on account of their numbers, and the high estimation in which the more liberal and pious members

of the Establishment hold them. I was exceedingly sorry to learn, that the Archbishop of Dublin is among their most decided opposers. It is not thought, however, that he will be able to prevail. On the contrary, there is strong reason to hope, that the evangelical and liberal influence, will continue to gain strength in the Irish Church, and that a much brighter career is before her, than marks the track of centuries over which she has already passed. In the eyes of some eminently pious men, in Great Britain, her present critical position, in relation to *revenue*, is ominous of ruin, almost, to the Protestant cause in Ireland; but for myself, I have no doubt, that if she would just renounce her legal claims altogether, and throw herself upon the country in the humble and faithful discharge of her religious duties, she would do infinitely more, than she has done, to root out Catholicism and to crown herself with true "glory and honor and immortality."

Presbyterians.

Of these there are several distinct bodies in Ireland.

The *first*, and much the largest of these, is the *Synod of Ulster*, consisting of about 235 ministers, and an equal number of churches. They are located chiefly in the northern part of the island, though found scattered here and there, far to the south and west. These churches were planted, mostly, by ministers and other emigrants from Scotland. The work was commenced, very early in the seventeenth century, by those devoted servants of Christ, Brice, Hubbard, Glendenning, Rridge, Cunningham, Blair, and Hamilton; and followed up by Welch, Stewart, Dunbar, Colvert, Livingston, McClelland and others, of a kindred spirit. Under the faithful and self-denying labors of these men, a revival of religion, bearing all the prom-

inent features of our American revivals, commenced in 1625. It spread extensively in various directions ; and the happy fruits of it long remained in the churches. Many of the clergy now composing the Synod of Ulster, were born in Scotland, and a great majority of them, I believe, are of Scottish descent. They are mostly high and rigid Presbyterians, in their notions of ecclesiastical government and state patronage. Embracing, as they do, the Westminster Confessions, they are of course highly Calvinistic in sentiment ; but from the best information I could obtain, I fear many of these Churches are far less *evangelical* than *orthodox*—that they have much more of the *form* of godliness, than of the *power*. The Synod of Ulster is, in rather a limited sense, an *Establishment*. Its clergy are supported, in part, by the British Government. They receive a small annual stipend which is called *Regium Donum* ; and which was, I believe, granted in perpetuity, by Charles II. This body has always sympathized strongly with the Established Church of Scotland ; and elective affinity is drawing it closer and closer to that communion every year.

The *seceders* stand next in point of numbers and respectability. They have 120 ministers and about as many churches. I am not aware that they differ much in doctrine from their brethren of Ulster ; but they are less rigid in their notions of ecclesiastical dignity, and are represented as somewhat more evangelical in their preaching.

Next to these stands the *Synod of Munster*, which is also an independent body, but quite limited in the number of its members and churches.

Then comes the *Presbytery of Antrim*, which is also small, consisting of 15 ministers.

The *Covenanters* may be mentioned next, and they have not far from 20 ministers.

The *Remonstrant Synod* was formed about nine years ago, by secession from the Synod of Ulster. It is Unitarian in sentiment and counts, I believe, not far from 20 ministers.

The *Baptist* churches are orthodox, but very few, not more than 8 or 10 in all Ireland.

The *Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists* have about 200 ministers, and a still greater number of congregations. They are commonly spoken of as dissenters, but do not separate from the Established Church. They are zealous and laborious, as they are every where else ; and, I have no doubt, are doing much good. If they fail of rapidly lengthening their chords and strengthening their stakes among the Catholics themselves, I am quite sure it will not be for want of enterprise and perseverance.

The *Independents or Congregationalists* have about 30 ministers and churches in Ireland. Most of these churches have sprung up within a very few years, and are still small. But they are in a healthy state, and all the while increasing in numbers and strength. The ministers, with several of whom I formed a slight acquaintance, appear to be highly respectable for talents and acquirements, as well as Calvinistic, evangelical, and seriously devoted to their work. God has manifestly owned their labors, and they are greatly encouraged to hope, and strive, and pray, for the more copious effusions of his Spirit. I spent a Sabbath with Dr. Urwick, in Dublin, while the British Association was there. He preached an admirable discourse in the morning, upon the infinite superiority of divine and saving knowledge over the highest attainments in mere human science. In the afternoon I occupied his place. He has a respectable congregation. Dr. Urwick, and some of his church, made many inquiries about American revivals, and expressed a

strong desire to witness such "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," among themselves.

By special and urgent invitation, I also passed a few days, (including the Sabbath,) with Rev. James Carlile, in Belfast. I found he had just been preaching a number of discourses on the subject of revivals, and that some of his church were much quickened, and seemed to be earnestly waiting for the salvation of God. In the few sermons which I preached, I endeavored to render what feeble aid I could in "preparing the way of the Lord." The prayer meeting on the morning that I left was peculiarly solemn and encouraging. I could not doubt, that a revival had actually commenced in the church, nor that the inquiry would soon be heard in the congregation, "What must we do to be saved?" I have since learned, that God did indeed pour out his Spirit and revive his work, even before I embarked for America.

Thus, in the rapid sketch which I have given of the present state of religion in Ireland, the reader will see that although "darkness still covers the greater part of the island, and gross darkness the people," the "true light shines" here and there, with increasing brightness. May it "shine more and more unto the perfect day." And surely, He who is giving "the heathen to his Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession," will not leave popish Ireland always in darkness and chains, though it may require more time and labor to eradicate her deep-rooted prejudices against the gospel, than to bring the most benighted pagan lands to embrace it.

Before taking my leave of Ireland, I wish to offer a few remarks, upon the subject of her swarming and increasing emigrations to the United States. I once thought, like most others, with whom I conversed, that we were in imminent danger of being overrun with

popery, from that "northern hive;" and till I visited Ireland, and witnessed its deplorable moral condition, and investigated the causes of its poverty and spiritual servitude, it gave me pain and alarm, to hear of the thousands of poor Irish that were annually landed upon our shores. But I confess, that my views and feelings, in regard to this subject are materially changed. I am now, upon the whole, glad to see them arrive; and am quite willing that this tide of emigration should continue to flow in upon us, for many years to come.

I rejoice in it,

First, because it saves multitudes from absolute starvation. In the existing state of things, they cannot subsist in Ireland. The surplus population must go somewhere, or die. Thousands are swept off every few years by famine, as it is; and the ravages of this terrible destroyer, would be much more frightful than they are, were the tide of emigration checked. Why should not a large part of it, at least, flow to the United States? We have land enough for the whole population of Europe; and it only needs cultivation, to sustain twice as many hundred millions as there are in that whole quarter of the world. Suppose then, our custom-house returns were to show us, an annual influx from Ireland, of 50,000; we can find work enough for them to do, and wholesome food enough for them to eat, in America. What if some thousands of them are paupers? This may occasion a little inconvenience and expense for a time; but we can soon teach them how to earn their own living; and in this way, what an amount of human suffering would be prevented and relieved.

Shall I be told that the pouring in of so many foreigners, must needs endanger our liberties? Why should it? What have they to do with our elections? They cannot force us to open the polls for their bal-

CHAPTER XLV.

FRANCE.

Striking contrasts between England and France—French Hamlets—Agriculture—Manufactures.

I had been warned to prepare for a rough sea in the English Channel ; but I do not remember ever to have enjoyed a finer sail of eleven hours, than in crossing over from Portsmouth to Havre. It was about the middle of June, and the same delightful weather continued, which had contributed so much to the pleasure of my recent visit to the Isle of Wight. We left Portsmouth in the Southampton steam-packet, at ten o'clock in the morning, and landed just opposite to the custom-house in Havre, at nine in the evening. Where the billows which commonly roll in from the Bay of Biscay slept that day, I do not know ; but from morning to night, they did not give us the least disturbance.

Judging from what little experience I have had, one of the highest pleasures of travelling arises from the thousand comparisons, which you are continually and almost unconsciously making, between men and things in different countries, or in remote sections of your own country, as they pass successively under your observation. It is so with the New Englander when he goes to the South, and With the Carolinian when he comes to the North, and with both, when they traverse the boundless regions of the west. But more especially is it so, when either of them crosses the wide

ocean, and passes from "one kingdom to another people."

After all you have read, or can read, of English and French history, it is hardly possible for you to conceive of two countries, lying so near each other, and having so much intercourse as they have had for a thousand years, being so totally distinct and *national*, as you actually find them. It would scarcely border upon hyperbole to say, that there is nothing, except original sin, in which they agree. The same heavens, indeed, are over their heads, and the same solid earth is under their feet. But when, after spending a few months in England, you cross over in a few hours to France, you find yourself at once in a new world.—To say nothing of the very wide difference between their respective languages, it would seem as if the two nations had entered into a "solemn league and covenant," infinitely more sacred than their other treaties, not to dress alike, nor walk alike, nor ride alike, nor sleep alike, nor build alike, nor till the ground alike, nor think alike, nor look alike, nor live alike, nor *die* alike—if they can possibly help it.

Instead of the fine, airy English coach, drawn by fleet blood-horses, with plated harness, and over Mc-Adamized Roads, as smooth as a marble floor, you have the clumsy French diligence, lumbering along, like a great baggage waggon, over rough pavements, harnessed by ropes, chains and half-tanned cowhide, to from *three* to *six* strong iron-grays, and urged on by two or three postillions, full of bows and mercury, and just on the point of being swallowed up alive by their enormous boots, which, you will perceive, have already more than half finished their scanty meal. When you call for a beef-steak, or a leg of Welch mutton, or a fricasseed chicken, in England, you know what is set before you; but in France, order what you will for

your dinner, and if, when it comes upon the table, you can *guess* whether it be *flesh, fish, or fowl*, why then you are a far better connoisseur than I am. An Englishman eats *four* meals a day, and a Frenchman *two*. The Londoner dines at home, and the Parisian at the *restaurant*. While the former reads his newspaper over his own breakfast-table, and sips his coffee in his own parlor—the latter does both in the garden of the Tuileries or the Palais Royal. The Englishman loves his home and his fire-side, better than any other place in the world—the Frenchman hardly knows what the words home and fire-side mean; and if he did, he would love every other place better than either of them. One extracts his sugar from the cane, and the other from the beet.

When you ask an Englishman for a favor, and he looks gruff and seems to say no—it often means yes—for he secretly intends to oblige you;—but when a Frenchman bows and smiles, and assures you how infinitely happy it will make him to serve you, perhaps it means—just nothing at all. Offer an insult to the former, and he will double his fist and knock you down without palaver or ceremony—wake up the ire of the latter, and he will run you through as politely and scientifically as possible.

Whether if on the other side of the Channel they should go to eating roast beef and plumb pudding, and a cold cut at bed-time, *John Bull* would, by way of retaliation, throw his fat oxen into the Thames, and send over an expedition to catch frogs in the Seine, or the Meus, and go to bed without his own supper, is an extremely delicate problem. And so on the other hand, were he to leave his roast beef and mutton, and betake his portly corporation to French soups and gravies, and read his newspapers and drink his claret in the open air, and dig up the turf of his fine parks, and

cover his promenades with chairs and settees, like his Gallic neighbors, how far it might endanger the peace of Europe, is one of those grave questions, which I am not diplomatist enough to answer.

In England you pay roundly for every thing you *see*, as well as for every thing you eat and drink ; and you may think yourself well off, if in visiting the more important buildings, places, and institutions, you are not handed over from one tax gatherer to another, till your patience, if not your change, is utterly exhausted. In France, the gates and doors are every where thrown open, free of expense. Your passport gives you access to the Louvre, the King's Library, and all the great public institutions, just as often as you please. In the more ancient English towns, the only remains of fortifications are a few gateways, preserved as curiosities, and parts of walls kept up as promenades. In France almost all the towns of any note are still surrounded with walls and moats and bastions. In England, whether you be American, Frenchman, German, Greek, Turk, or Russian, you may go just where you please, after your passport has once been examined. But in France, if you land at Havre, for example, your passport is taken from you and sent to Paris, where it remains in the hands of the police, till you call for it, and are ready to leave the capital ; and then, at the gate of every town you enter, it is taken from you again, passes under the eye of the police, and is handed back when you depart. In England, you may travel a thousand miles without ever seeing an armed patrol ; but in France, the *gens d'arms* meet you every where. The smoothness of the roads in England makes travelling, in fine weather, a perfect luxury ; but in France, where all the great roads are paved, it is excessively fatiguing.

In some of the fine arts, the French undoubtedly excel the English. And in the finish, beauty, and delicacy of a thousand toy-shop inventions, they are far before them. Indeed, whatever they turn their hands to, with a little paint and a little tinsel, they are the most elegant *triflers* in the world. But in landscape designing and ornamental gardening ; in laying out and adorning parks, lawns, and pleasure grounds, the English bear away the palm altogether. They have studied nature more and with far greater success. It is impossible not to admire a great many of the French chateaux and the grounds around them ; but then there is so much art—they are so prim and geometrical—every hedge is so neatly shorn, every shrub is so carefully trained, and in the long and beautiful linden avenues the inner branches are so mathematically trimmed, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, that, while you admire the skill which every thing displays, you cannot but wish that nature had been consulted more, and art less. In passing over from England to France, you miss the hawthorn hedges exceedingly. Whether it is owing to the unfriendliness of the soil and climate, that this beautiful fencing shrub is not cultivated, I cannot say. Probably it is ; for it requires a great deal of moisture, and languishes under the extremes of heat and cold. Those parts of France through which I travelled are not enclosed at all. From morning till night, it is one vast, interminable, common field. Where, then, you will ask, are the flocks and herds pastured ? Immense numbers of sheep, in the south and east, are driven to the mountains. There undoubtedly must have been cattle and sheep in the country through which I passed, from Havre to Paris and from Paris to Valenciens, on the Belgian frontier ; but they were out of sight. I hardly saw twenty cows in the whole distance.

The French have no scattered farm-houses. At least, I saw few; if any, in the country. The peasantry, by whom the soil is cultivated, live in villages, or rather in small, crowded, grotesque hamlets. You pass on four or five miles, through highly cultivated grounds, without seeing a building of any sort. Then you come to one of these permanent *encampments*, and thus they seem to be sprinkled over the face of the kingdom. How they appear *inside*, I do not know; but the aspect of every thing *about* them is capricious, slovenly, and forbidding. In the first place, there is no regularity or convenience in the general arrangement. There is no front nor rear, north nor south, east nor west. You may count twenty of them at various distances and all angles, as if they had been dropped down from the bosom of a tornado. And then, the materials of which they are built, present a most fortuitous aspect. Wood, stone, brick, mud,—all strangely joined together and stratified in the same wall; and upon the roof, some straw, some tile, and some boards, where the other materials did not quite hold out. As in Ireland, the same cabin is said often to serve for parlor, bed-room, kitchen, stable, piggery, hen-roost, and I know not what besides. The manure, thrown out hap-hazzard, lies piled up and smoking before the doors and windows, I presume to regale as many of the five old-fashioned senses as possible.

Agriculture.

The proportion of cultivated land is considerably larger in France than in England; owing partly to the different policy of the two governments, and partly to the different modes of living in the two countries. The French eat twice as much bread as the English, and the English, three or four times as much beef and mutton as the French.

In England, as we have seen already, the farmers own but very little of the soil, and the peasants none, —the land being nearly all held by great proprietors. In France, the actual cultivators of the soil own the greater part of it. The departments are cut up into an immense number of farms, and of course most of them are quite small. With industry and economy, the French peasantry are able to subsist quite comfortably ; but the greater part of them have very little to spare. The agriculture of the country is said to be in a prosperous condition, and I can easily believe it from what I saw, as I passed hastily through it in the month of June. The crops were certainly very fine, and there were many unequivocal proofs of good husbandry. Still France does not compare at all with England in scientific and practical agriculture, nor in the beauty and affluence of its rural scenery. The best husbandry is in the south and the north. In the former, the agriculturalist is aided most by the climate, and in the latter, by skill in the rotation of crops.

Wheat is the grand agricultural staple of France, as well as of England. Some districts through which you travel, seem to be almost covered with it. I am quite sure, that I never saw so much in any single day of my life, as from Rouen to Paris. We were during the greater part of the journey, in the midst of vast wheat fields, with strips of rye, oats, and barley here and there interspersed, and at long intervals variegated by patches of meadow, beets, mustard, and poppies. The English say, that the produce of their wheat per acre is much larger than in France. This is probably true, when the season is equally favorable on both sides of the channel ; but I confess it did not strike me so, when I was in France and

England. As the crops were ripening there was very little difference in the appearance.

Next to wheat, *rye* is more extensively cultivated than any other of the small grains in France. As we approached the Capital, I saw more of it than I had taken notice of any where else—not in large fields, but in small patches, many of them less than half an acre, and separated by narrow ridges thrown up with the plow at the time of sowing. Barley is not very generally nor very well cultivated. The French do not want it. They like their own wines better than English beer.

The *sugar beet*, which was introduced by Bonaparte, when the victorious fleets of Britain were blockading the Continent, still furnishes most of the sugar which is consumed by the French people. The quantity of beets manufactured in 1835, according to the Minister of Finance, was 668,946,762 lbs., and in 1836, 1,012,780,589 lbs. The value of the raw sugar from the harvest of 1835, 30,319,340 francs; and of 1836, 48,980,000. The number of manufactories was 542. This is probably a great saving to the country, even in time of peace, and it renders France entirely independent of all the rest of the world in time of war.

It is but lately, that the French have found out the value of turnips for feeding cattle and sheep; and even the potatoe, that most valuable of all the farinaceous roots of high latitudes, has not long been cultivated, even as a garden vegetable, in France. But at present, vast quantities of potatoes are grown in the provinces of Poitou, Normandy, Limosin and the Isle of France, and in less quantities in other districts.

The *vineyards* of France are estimated at about 5,000,000 acres, or *one twenty-eighth* part of the territory; and they are so exceedingly productive, that

the grapes form, it is supposed, about one-sixth part of its produce. They are commonly planted on rocky and inferior soils. The general routine of cultivation is as follows. The vines are planted promiscuously, from two and a half to four feet apart. About the middle of January, they receive the first cutting. In March the ground is dug. In April and May, the *provins* or tender sprigs are planted. In June the *seps*, or shoots, are hoed and tied to stakes with straw bands. The vines are hoed again in August, and the vintage takes place in September or October. The *Champagne* grape vine, it is said, will last 50 or 60 years.. It is never allowed to grow more than a foot and a half high, and is pruned about the end of February, pruned again, tied and propped up in April or May; pared and tied in June; second trimming in July; third trimming in August; vintage in September or October. In Champagne, the grapes are put into a press, and the juice is obtained by two or three quick turns of a screw. "In *Provence*, the method of pressing is very rude and simple. A man and commonly two or three children pull off their shoes, and jump into the vats, where they trample on the grapes till all the wine is pressed out." I need not say, that immense quantities of wine are exported from France every year to England and the United States: nor that if nine tenths of it were mingled with the waters of the ocean, before it reaches either country, the loss to merchants and under-writers would be great gain to consumers. Who does not know, that "wine is a mocker," as well as that "strong drink is raging?"

Nothing is more painful than to think how large a proportion of the gross produce of the earth is in Christian countries converted into poison, first to create and then to satisfy a raging appetite for narcotic stimuli. In this country the raw materials are chiefly

apples and *rye* ; in England, Scotland, and Ireland, *barley* ; in France and Italy, *grapes* ; in Sweden and all the north of Europe, various kinds of *grain*. Any thing to "steal away men's brains," inflame their blood, scorch their vitals, madden their passions, consume their estates, beggar their families, curse the ground with their carcasses, and send their immortal souls to perdition !

I forgot to say in the proper place, that the agricultural implements in France are for the most part, extremely imperfect in principle, as well as bungling in construction. The plow, for example, in many of the departments is almost entirely of wood, and so made as to scratch and push forward the soil, instead of turning it up in furrows. The use of oxen in the plow is pretty general in France ; and their yoke is a piece of wood, one-sixth as heavy, perhaps, as one of ours. It is put across the foreheads of the cattle, the extremities being neatly hollowed out so as to fit the head, and lined with sheep-skin or some other soft padding. This yoke is fastened to the horns with small leather thongs, and the beam of the plow being attached to the middle of it, the equipment for labor is complete. In the harrows you will see no iron teeth, and the use of rollers is very awkwardly supplied by a plank, on which a boy rides over the furrows. The carts are long narrow and inconvenient. The loads are sometimes bound on with a sort of rude windlass, which it would be very difficult for me to describe. It is wonderful that a people of so much natural ingenuity as the French, and claiming to hold the first rank in all the fine arts, should plod on as they do, from generation to generation, with such very imperfect implements of husbandry.

Manufactures.

France does not appear to have made any considerable

ble progress in manufactures, till the latter part of the 13th century. Before the end of the 14th, however, they had become extensive and important, particularly in woollen cloths, linen, and paper. But *Henry Fourth* was the first French monarch who appears to have perceived how closely connected their advancement was with the prosperity of his kingdom. Previously to his reign, the silk-worm and mulberry trees had been propagated only to a very limited extent in France. Nor could the great Sully have very cordially co-operated with his master, in carrying into effect the edict, prohibiting the importation of foreign silks, believing as he did, that the climate was unfavorable for rearing the worm. Before his death, however, Henry had the satisfaction of witnessing the entire success of the experiment in the southern provinces, and of seeing the manufacture of silks very prosperously commenced in the city of Lyons. In his reign, the manufacture of gobelins tapestry, afterwards so much admired in all Europe, was begun in the suburbs of Paris, under the direction of Flemish artists.

Louis Fourteenth did much, in the early part of his reign, to encourage such manufactures as had been established before his time, and to introduce others which he deemed of equal importance. But he committed a great and fatal error, in revoking the edict of Nantes, in 1684. I do not speak here, of the infinite cruelties which drove so many thousands of his most loyal subjects into foreign lands; but of the irretrievable loss which the country sustained by their banishment. They were generally, the best merchants, artificers, and manufacturers in the kingdom. But the immediate loss of their skill and industry was a trifle, compared with the rivalry which these persecuted Protestants soon created in England, Holland, and some of the Germanic states, to which they retired. They

were the very first to close foreign markets against France, by establishing the manufactures from which they had been driven, wherever they went. It was a suicidal blow, from which she has never recovered ; and thus it is, that tyrants always weaken themselves by oppressing and persecuting their peaceable subjects, especially on account of religion.

It is true that previously to the Revolution, some branches of manufacture, particularly in fine cloths and silks, were carried on extensively in different parts of the kingdom. In Lyons, it is computed that at one time 18,000 looms were constantly and regularly employed in the manufacture of silks. But when the whirlwind of the Revolution passed over France, and levelled every thing else, the manufactures could not escape ; and they languished during the whole of Napoleon's extraordinary military career. They are now advancing again, as fast, perhaps, as could reasonably be expected ; but what are they in extent and value, compared with those of Great Britain ? The French have not the capital for those vast operations, which so astonish you in the great manufacturing towns and districts of England. Nor have they, as a people, the physical energy and untiring perseverance of their English neighbors. They are extremely ingenious, and can turn their hands to any thing with the greatest facility ; but they want that Saxon hardiness and enterprize, which has made Great Britain the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation in the world.

As the *commerce of France* was nearly annihilated at the revolution and during the wars of the republic and of the empire, I have only to remark, that it will require more than one long reign of peace and good government, to enable her to compete, in this respect, either with Great Britain, or the United States of America.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Havre—The Market—The Cote—The Sabbath—Seamen's Chapel—From Havre to Rouen—Rouen—Public Buildings—Corneille—From Rouen to Paris.

Havre is a fortified town, very compactly built, and contains from *eighteen* to *twenty* thousand inhabitants. Although many of the buildings, particularly upon the quay, are lofty, none of them display much architectural taste or magnificence. The churches, (Catholic of course,) are not only very old, but rather neglected. The streets are narrow, badly paved, without sidewalks, and excessively dirty. There are no gardens or shady promenades in the city. The only open square, that I recollect, is the market, which appeared to be well supplied with provisions, especially with fish and vegetables. Nothing can be more amusing to a stranger, who commences his continental tour at Havre, than to spend half an hour before breakfast in this market, observing the costume, studying the physiognomy, and listening to the inimitable vivacity of town and country, thus casually thrown together—at the same time that he keeps his eye upon the helter-skelter cavalcades of market-women, as they come and depart, mounted, without hats or bonnets, upon their high wooden saddles, with as many baskets slung across their half-starved *Rosenantes* as convenience and pacing will allow.

Havre is situated at the mouth of the Seine, on a marshy soil, intersected with creeks and ditches. The largest of these have been excavated, so as to admit packets and merchantmen of the largest class

into the heart of the town. They enter at high tide, and, there being no locks to retain the water, they are left nearly as when the tide is out. There is no outer harbor for the safe anchorage of ships in rough weather ; but there is ample room in the basin for the shelter of a prosperous commerce. A brisk and increasing trade is carried on between this place and the United States. Our stripes and stars were flying at many a mast head when I was there ; and there was nothing in port to compare with the New York packets, either in naval architecture, or in the accommodations which they afford.

The fortifications extend back on the north side of the town, nearly to the foot of a commanding curvilinear eminence, which sweeps round from northeast to southwest, and terminates in a high bluff at the water's edge. This *cote*, or hill, rises in some places at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees ; and the whole slope is adorned with beautiful mansions and gardens, rising one above another, and affording the most delightful summer residences for men of business, some of the most prosperous of whom are Americans. You could hardly desire a finer prospect than you have in a clear day, from the noble avenue that stretches along on the summit of this hill. The country around is picturesque, though by no means so tastefully laid out or highly cultivated as an English landscape. Below is the town, with its antique buildings, and shipping, and moats, and walls, and citadel, lying like a map at your feet. Beyond is the mouth of the Seine, spreading itself out into a wide bay ; and far in the distance is the opposite coast of Normandy, fading away as it recedes and passes along down the English Channel. On the west, the deep blue sea, dotted and whitened with a busy commerce,

meets the horizon, and sparkles amid the glories of the setting sun.

A Sabbath in Havre.

This was the first Sabbath I had ever spent in a Catholic country ; and I had not conceived how painful it would be. When I rose in the morning and looked out of my window upon the broad quay, every kind of business was going on, just as it had been the day before. Nobody seemed to suspect that there was any difference between the seventh and the first day of the week. And was it really the Lord's day, or had I lost my reckoning ? I could hardly persuade myself, from morning till night, that it was the Sabbath. The Catholic churches, to be sure, were open, to amuse and delude the people with their idolatrous mummary, and a considerable number of females might be seen in the chancels, and kneeling before the images ; but very few men, from what I could learn, ever trouble themselves about the mass or the preaching, except on extraordinary occasions. There is a small French Protestant church in Havre, under the care of a pious pastor, and the congregation is said to be increasing. The want of a chapel where American seamen might hear the gospel preached, has long been felt, and a chaplain had been sent out two or three years before I was there, to make the experiment, with such scanty funds as could be collected for the purpose. Preaching on the Sabbath was commenced in a small upper room ; the ships were visited as they came into port, and the masters and crews were invited to attend, but with no very encouraging success. I left the hotel in season for the morning service, and with some difficulty found the place. The Bethel flag was there, not waving high above the chapel, as I had expected to find it,

but hung out so as just to clear your head, as if its drooping folds partook of the sadness and discouragement of the few who came there to worship. There were perhaps fifty persons, male and female, present, and among them a dozen sailors. I am sorry to learn, that, although there are often from *two* to *four* hundred American seamen in Havre, very few of them find their way to the chapel. I attended again in the afternoon, and addressed about the same number, at the request of Mr. Ely, the chaplain, who I believe has since gone to Marseilles to engage in the same benevolent work. Never before did I realize how disheartening it must be, for one who loves the souls of his countrymen and does all he can to win them to Christ, in a foreign land, to "labor in vain and spend his strength for nought." And yet there are some pious sailors, who are hungry for the bread of life; and it is matter of devout thanksgiving, that many of these hardy sons of the ocean have already, in our own and in foreign ports, been allured by the Bethel flag to hear the gospel and live. Let us not "despise the day of small things," but believe the promise, that "the abundance of the sea shall ere long be converted to God."

On Monday morning I took the boat for *Rouen*, which lies at the head of steam navigation on the Seine, about seventy miles from its mouth. Before we left the wharf, I was introduced to *Captain Pell*, master of one of the New York packets, who was going to Paris, and from whom I received many civilities, both on our way to that city and after we arrived there. Some I suppose will smile to hear me always talking about *fine weather*; but why should I not speak of it, and be thankful for it, when I so rarely experienced any other during the whole summer? This certainly was in every respect a delightful day. Some of our fellow pas-

sengers, indeed, complained of the snail-like progress of our boat, but I was glad of it. The day was long enough and I wanted to see the country. Even with this advantage, while I was looking at some fine chateau, or rocky battlement, or getting a glimpse of some enchanting vista on one side of the river, other objects equally interesting were almost sure to escape me on the other. As for looking back to recover what I had lost, it was quite out of the question, unless I would consent to lose more, as other views continually opened, than I could possibly gain. The reader will infer from these remarks, that the Seine winds its way through a picturesque and romantic country; and this is truly the case. One of the banks is generally bold and often precipitous, while on the opposite side you have the finest alluvial meadows and wheat fields. Just above Havre, the bank appears to be chiefly clay; but as you ascend the river, the lime stone is gradually developed, till it becomes perfectly distinct, and in many places presents a perpendicular wall, rising to a great height. Now it is on one side of the river, and then, suddenly disappearing, it springs up like some impregnable fortress on the other. Thus it shifts from the right bank to the left and from the left to the right, more than once or twice. The strata of this range are horizontal. I recollect but one place where they dip at all. So exact is the irsemlance, for long distances, to dilapidated walls, battlements, and towers, that it is with difficulty you can persuade yourself that they are not. I noticed the doors and windows of a number of dwellings, which have been excavated in the perpendicular face of the rock, and which make a singular appearance. This great rampart is in some places 150 feet high, and behind it, the ground, or rather the rock, with just soil enough spread over it, to nourish pasturage and under-brush, rises rapidly to

a much greater height. So serpentine is the river—and so changing and variegated is the scenery, that your attention is kept awake every moment. The bare perpendicular rocks—the steep and verdant hillside—the sudden slope—the deep ravine—the orchard—the forest—the ornamental shade trees, standing in long rows like the shorn box of our gardens—the smooth meadow—the busy town—the straw-thatched and fortuitous hamlet, hidden among the willows—the ancient castle—the vast ranges of cultivated fields, resembling the beds of a boundless garden—these and such as these are the objects upon which my eye was continually feasted, from nine in the morning till half past 7 o'clock in the evening, when we arrived at Rouen.

ROUEN.

As we stopped but a single day in this ancient capital of Normandy, I could only glance at some of its more prominent and interesting features. Rouen is pleasantly situated in the midst of a fertile district, on the right bank of the Seine. It extends two miles along the river, and about one mile back, towards gently rising and highly cultivated gardens and fields, which stretch away towards the north-west, almost as far as the eye can reach. It contains from 85,000 to 90,000 inhabitants, nearly 50,000 of whom are employed in manufactures. The streets are regular, but narrow and dirty. Many of the houses are built of wood, which, by the grotesque and jutting encroachments of their upper stories, almost shut out the light of the sun. In front of the town, and looking out upon the broad quays, is a long range of hotels and private dwellings, built in fine style and five stories high. Besides the Cathedral, which has been universally admired, the public buildings most worthy of a

stranger's attention, are the churches of St. Maclou and St. Ouen, the Old Parliament House, the Prison, the Exchange and the Hall of Justice.

The *Cathedral* is said to be one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in France ; and it is certainly a very magnificent structure. It was founded by William the Conqueror. The design of the front or main entrance, is exceedingly imposing, and the carving and other ornamental work, must have cost immense labor. The cathedral has three noble towers, one of which, however, was very much shattered by lightning a few years ago. They are now slowly repairing it with cast iron, which gives it an unique appearance, and which is more likely, one would think, than stone and mortar, again to attract the electrical fluid. As you linger for an hour before you enter this sublime edifice, and still look up, unable to sate your admiration of its architectural proportions, you are reminded by the little tufts of grass which have taken root in the projections, and the flocks of jackdaws which nestle in the broken cornices, a hundred and fifty feet over your head, that like all the other works of man, these proud towers and massive walls are destined to crumble into ruins. The interior of the cathedral is in some respects still more grand and imposing than the exterior. The lofty and solemn arches—the long rows of deeply fluted columns ninety feet high, and at least ten feet in diameter—the magnificent windows of painted glass—the long-drawn, and dimly-lighted aisles—the carved and waxen representations of Christ on the cross, and of the Virgin Mary—the pictures of apostles, saints and martyrs—the burning tapers—the white figures kneeling in the chancel and before the crucifixes—the deep-touching and almost unearthly tones of the organ—the gliding along of the priests in their party-colored vestments :

all these taken together, overwhelm your mind with a sort of indescribable awe, and almost make you forget for the moment, the enormous exactions by which this immense pile and others like it were reared, the stalled licentiousness of many of the ecclesiastics who minister at their altars, and the gross superstition, ignorance and idolatry of the common people. There is so much of the grand, of the awful, of the obscure, in the Romish cathedrals—so much to strike and overpower the senses—so much to bewilder the reason, and captivate the imagination in the gorgeous scenery of Papal worship, that I do not wonder at all, at the spiritual thralldom which binds so many tens of millions in stronger than adamantine chains. O, when will these “chambers of imagery” be purified? When will these sacerdotal voluptuaries be cast out? When will the deluded votaries of this splendid idolatry be disen-thralled? “O Lord, how long?”

The church of *St. Maclou*, which I also visited, is nearly as large as the cathedral, and probably still more ancient. It contains a great number of fine paintings, and the main altar is exceedingly costly and magnificent. The church of *St. Ouen* is likewise very much admired.

The *Hall of Justice* is a large building, and well worth a few moments' attention. The finely arched roof, ornamented with carved and pannel work, springs over your head with a grace and beauty which excites your admiration. Two courts were in session the morning I visited it, and on one of the benches there were three Judges. They wore black silk, or fine stuff gowns with bands, and high blue woollen caps with extremely narrow brims, and having two or three narrow red stripes or zones very near the head. One of the Judges, who was examining a witness, kept his cap on, while his associates sat uncovered.

The gallery of paintings, in which we spent an hour, though it will not compare with those which I afterwards visited in Paris, is a very large room, and is adorned by the pencils of many distinguished artists.—The old bridge of boats over the Seine, resting on nineteen large barges, and rising and falling with the tide, still remains. The new bridge, which was built by Napoleon in the palmy days of his imperial glory, is a solid and beautiful structure of hewn stone, with several fine arches. Thus, while that extraordinary man was overrunning all southern and western Europe, and making his mighty preparations for the invasion of Russia, he was at the same time carrying forward those great public works in his own kingdom, which, in our admiration of them, almost make us forget that boundless ambition which waded so long in the blood and tears of his own subjects, as well as of the nations which he conquered, and which finally ruined himself. Near the centre of the new bridge, in a large semi-circular space handsomely prepared for its reception, is a noble marble statue of *Peter Corneille*, whose plays are reckoned among the sublimest effusions of the French muse. Rouen was his native city, and the house in which he was born, on the 6th of June 1606, is still standing. He was educated for the bar; but his fervid poetic genius could not long be trammelled by the dry and perplexing technicalities of the law. His first play was a comedy, and it was the extraordinary popularity of this effort which determined him to devote himself to the drama. Then, came his *Medea*, a tragedy of great power. After this he wrote many other plays, which were well received. But his *chef d'œuvre*, was the *Cid*, a tragedy which he brought out in 1637, and which drew upon him the extreme envy of rival wits and unsuccessful poets, among whom was the celebrated cardinal Richlieu himself, though he had

granted a pension to the author. Corneille died in 1684, at the advanced age of 79. In Rouen they also show you the statue of the celebrated *Maid of Orleans*, whom the English, to their everlasting disgrace, burnt as a witch in 1430.

There is a beautiful promenade on the bank of the river, leading to the hill of St. Catherines, which rises to the height of 400 or 500 feet, scarcely a quarter of a mile east of the town. We ascended this steep and verdant eminence, just before sunset; and from the summit had a charming view of the cathedral, the churches, the Seine, the quays, the esplanade and the surrounding country. All the approaches to Rouen are adorned with avenues of noble trees, chiefly elms and horse-chesnuts. The view to the west and south, is much more extensive than to the north and east.— Passing through several streets in the evening, to see the shops and the people, who are then moving briskly in every direction, I noticed that all the goods are much more exposed to view than in England or America. The shops are not so well lighted, but many of them at least are open nearly the whole width of the building, thus presenting to your eye on both sides of the street as you pass along, very deep recesses, or alcoves, richly furnished with all the varieties of goods suited to the season.

Left Rouen for Paris, June 17th, at 6 o'clock A. M. in the diligence, which, though exceedingly clumsy, as I have already remarked, is as safe, perhaps, as any mode of travelling whatever. Nor is it so slow as I had been led to suppose. The average rate between Rouen and Paris, is about seven miles per hour. The diligence has three apartments, so partitioned off as to have no communication. The first of these in front is the *coupe*, which is glazed on three sides, and carries three passengers. The second is the *interieur* which,

is twice as large, but has very small windows. Behind that is the *antérieur*, affording room for six or eight passengers, and entered at the end like an omnibus. The pleasantest apartment altogether, is the *coupe*, and you pay about as much for a seat as your stage fare is in New England. If you take the *intérieur*, the fare is considerably less ; and for the *antérieur*, about half as much as for the *coupe*. This arrangement of separate apartments is very convenient for families, as well as for other passengers. Having selected your companions, which you can generally do, and taken the *coupe*, you experience very little annoyance from what may be stowed away in the other rooms. The weight which the diligence may carry is regulated by law, and for this purpose scales are placed at considerable distances along all the great roads of the kingdom. When we left Paris for Brussels, it was rather amusing to see how the law was evaded by two of our fellow passengers. Our diligence was to be weighed about two miles after we passed the barriers ; and as it would seem, the *conducteur* had a full load already, they went on before us in a light carriage, something like half a mile beyond the scales, where they were taken up, as soon as we were a little out of sight of his Majesty's weigh-master.

The country between Rouen and Paris is fertile and well-cultivated, finely undulating, with here and there a commanding eminence, from which you get some very extensive and charming views. The farmers were gathering in their hay, of which they had a good crop. Their scythes are shorter than ours, and much wider. In leaving their hay for the night, when it is not sufficiently cured for the stack, or the mow, they throw it up into little bunches, half a dozen of which would, when dry, scarcely weigh a hundred pound, and which I should think an ordinary shower

would wet entirely through. A great many females were at work with the men, but not a larger proportion than I saw in some parts of England and Scotland.—Apple-trees are very common, but I noticed very few other fruit trees till we came within a few miles of Paris, when vast numbers of cherry-trees, loaded down with ripe fruit, presented an exceedingly rich and beautiful appearance. As you approach the capital, you pass through very extensive vineyards.

Saw a great many beggars wherever we stopped for refreshments, or to change horses. They were most of them old, and extremely wretched in their whole appearance. I was told, however, that the pauper laws of France provide tolerably well for the infirm and destitute poor of the departments to which they belong.

Entered Paris at six o'clock P. M., and took lodgings at a very commodious hotel, in the *Rue Vivienne*, just in the rear of the Palais Royal, and within two minutes walk of the new *Bourse*, or Exchange. They examine your baggage when it is taken from the diligence, though it seems to be rather to get a franc or two for their trouble, than to look for contraband goods. Your arrival is immediately announced at the police office, to which your passport had already been forwarded as soon as you entered the kingdom. The day was one of high enjoyment, but of so much fatigue that I retired at an early hour.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PARIS.

The Barricades—Mont Matre—Towers of Notre Dame—Quays and Bridges—Public squares and Buildings—Boulevards—Kings Library—Hall of Globes—Hall of the Zodiac.

“I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.” And is it a dream, a vision of the night; or am I really in that great city, the splendor and crimes of which have alternately vied with the sun and blackened the heavens; the city where all extremes are said to meet, and all contradiction to coalesce; where the deadliest repulsions unite and the strongest affinities are driven asunder; where more problems have been propounded, bidding defiance to the highest moral and political calculus, than perhaps on any other spot in the world? Have I indeed slept in peace, where so many thousands of innocent victims have been dragged from their beds to prison and to a merciless execution; where 10,000 Protestants were massacred in one day; where Louis XVI., and the almost adored Marie Antoinette perished under the guillotine; and where Hebert, Couthon, Marat, Danton and Robespierre first howled around the carcasses of the unnumbered multitudes whom they had slain, and snuffed the tainted air, and then shared the same fate which they had so savagely inflicted upon all who seemed to stand in the way of their supremacy? Have I slept safely in the very crater of that volcano, which only a few years ago vomited forth such tor-

rents of fire and blood, and scattered the "glittering fragments of the throne" all over Europe, and the deep rumbling of which still makes the hearts of men quake "with fear of change?"

Such were some of the reflections with which I rose, the morning after my arrival, and sallied out to see the city, in company with my young friend and former pupil, the Rev. H. Homes, who had been some months in Paris, and who has since gone to join the mission of the American Board at Constantinople. It was through his kind and unremitting attentions, that I was enabled to see and learn more of Paris, during the fortnight which I staid there, than I could have done in a whole month, under common auspices.

The points from which I saw it to the best advantage, were *Mont Matre Pere la Chaise*, and the towers of *Notre Dame*. It is remarkable, that so large a city, the capital of a great empire, should have sprung up on the banks of a small river, a hundred miles from the sea. In the ordinary acceptation of the term, it has no commerce at all. A large number of clumsy flat bottomed wood-boats are the only water craft that you see, bedded in the mud, and lying in the stream. Paris is a walled though not a fortified city. It is nearly circular, extending about four miles and a half along the banks of the Seine, east and west, and four miles at right angles. north and south. The walls are perhaps fifteen feet high, and at the bottom four or five feet thick. They are about *seventeen* miles in circuit and have *sixty* gateways, or *barriers*. Many of these barriers are very costly edifices, exhibiting various styles of architecture. "They were built by Calonne, under the direction of Ledoux, who seems to have taken great pleasure in varying their form and character. One represents an observatory, another a chapel—some have the appear-

ance of rusticated buildings, and others of temples." During the revolution, they were frequently shut to favor the arrest of suspected persons. They were shut likewise when the allied sovereigns approached the city with their victorious armies; but all in vain, for as soon as they gained the heights of Mont Matre, Paris lay entirely at their mercy. The barriers are now occupied by custom-house officers, to collect duties and prevent smuggling. From whatever quarter you enter Paris, either in the diligence, or a private carriage, an officer stops you long enough to satisfy himself that you intend no evasion of the laws. Nothing can pass, I was told not even a basket of fruit, or a bottle of wine, or a dozen of eggs, without paying a duty to the government. One of the consequences is, that on Sundays and holidays, vast multitudes of the lower classes sally out of the city, to drink and carouse at a much cheaper rate than they could do within the walls.

Mont Matre rises abruptly, just without the barriers, on the north side of the city, to the height of several hundred feet. It is of a gypsum formation, hence called Plaster of Paris, immense quantities of which have been dug out and carried away. The most prominent objects on this remarkable elevation, in the midst of a great plain, are some half a dozen wind-mills, which are the first objects that meet the eye of the traveller, as he approaches the French Capital. Were there such a commanding eminence in the immediate vicinity of London, it would long since have been crowned with magnificent buildings and gardens. But to every Parisian, the city is his paradise—his world, and nothing would tempt him to live any where without the barriers, so long as he can find a garret to occupy within. And this leads me to remark, that Paris has no charming rural suburbs, like most other great cities. There are no villas and country seats to remind you that you

are approaching it, till its domes and towers begin to appear.

Standing upon the top of Mont Matre, with your face to the north, you have before you a beautiful and highly cultivated champaign, stretching away many a mile, till it meets the horizon. It is the country, and nothing else, over which your eye ranges with that pure delight, which is peculiar to rural scenery, when the skies are bright, and the summer is in its glory. You merely turn round and there lies Paris at your feet, with its 750,000 inhabitants, and all its magnificent public buildings, scattered over a wilderness of private dwellings. On your left, at the eastern extremity, is the principal cemetery, Pere La chaise, planted with evergreens, and here and there giving you a glimpse of its monumental pride, amid the dark and weeping foliage. On your right, upon the great western Neuilly avenue, rises the triumphal arch of Napoleon, in its unique and simple, but highly imposing architectural grandeur. Directly before you are the Boulevards, stretching from the Madeleine Church on the west, to the site of the old Bastile on the east, and forming one of the most charming city promenades in Europe. A little beyond is the *Bourse*, then the *Palais Royal* and the *Louvre*, the *Palais des Tuileries* and the *Place du Carousel*. A little to the right and somewhat nearer, is Napoleon's column, in the *Place Vendome*, directly opposite to the garden of the Tuileries. Extending your view across the river, you see the Chamber of Deputies, the Palace of the Bourbons, the Hospital of the Invalids, the Pantheon, the *Champ de Mars*, and beyond all these, charming meadows and cultivated fields, like those which lie on the north and east of the city.

From the towers of *Notre Dame* you have a nearer and more distinct view of the city, though not so wide.

The palaces, the domes, the churches, the wine vaults, the river, the bridges, the quays—all these and many other objects rivet your attention, till you can look no longer. To the west, the view is charming in the highest degree.—From the centre of the city to the triumphal arch already mentioned, it is like one immense park, chiefly covered with trees, as if you were looking out from some high tower, a hundred miles in the country.—With the exception of the Louvre and the Tuileries, scarcely a building is to be seen for the distance of three miles. The first open square is that of the Louvre itself, from which you pass directly into the *Carrousel*, which is much larger; then into the magnificent garden of the Tuileries, which opens into the Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the Elysian fields and other beautiful pleasure grounds.

The *quays* of Paris are much finer than those of London. They are built of hewn stone, about fifteen feet high, are very wide, and extend the whole length of the city on both sides of the Seine. A great many of the noblest public and private edifices line these broad quays, and look out upon the river.

There are no less than *fifteen* bridges in Paris, and some of them are among the finest I ever saw. Several of them are of cast Iron, exhibiting various, and to me novel styles of architecture. The *Pont Neuf*, a little east of the Louvre, is the longest and most expensive. The *Pont de la Concorde*, in front of the Chamber of Deputies, is adorned with a number of colossal statues of the great men of France, Conde, Turenne, Vauban, &c. The *Pont Jena* was built by Napoleon. It is quite in the lower part of the city, directly opposite to the field of Mars, and is a fine structure.

The streets of Paris, within the Boulevards, or ancient city, are, with the exception of the *Rue de Ri-*

coli, and one or two others, extremely narrow, crooked and dirty. While the police maintains a sort of ubiquity, even in a time of profound peace, which almost makes you tremble, it pays no regard to the comfort or even safety of foot passengers. You cannot walk twenty rods in any direction, without having your senses most grievously offended. There are sights and smells every where, which may not so much as be named in any decent itinerary. The gutters are in the middle of the streets, and you are left without sidewalks, to thread your way as you can, exposed to every annoyance that you can think of. And all this in the most polite and refined city in the world! What an enigma is the French character!

It is said there are *sixty* public squares in Paris.—The greater part of these, however, are so small, as hardly to deserve the name; and they add very little, either to the beauty, or the health of the city. I except, of course, the Gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, the Elysian Fields, and the Garden of Plants. Wherever you find an open square in London, it is a beautiful grass-plot with gravelled walks, and adorned with trees and shrubbery and flowers.—But in Paris, it is either a paved quadrangle, like the Place Vendôme, or an open space of ground, trodden as hard as ten thousand feet can make it, and without a single shrub or spire of grass to soften the light and relieve the eye.

In the number and magnificence of its public edifices, as well as in the extent and variety of its great national institutions, the French Capital far outshines the British Metropolis, although it is but little more than half as large. If Paris has no St. Paul's Cathedral nor Westminster Abbey to boast of, London has nothing to compare with Notre Dame and the Madeleine, with the new Bourse, the Palais Royal, the

Louvre, the Tuileries, the Chamber of Deputies, or the Hospital of Invalids. Besides these, the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Sorbonne, the churches of St. Roche, St. Sulpice and St. Eustache, the Port St. Dennis, and a great many more public buildings of less note, would be thought worthy of particular mention, in almost any other European Capital.

The *Boulevards* are the Old and the New—the former lying on the north side of the Seine and the latter on the south. The old *Boulevards* are that magnificent promenade which occupies the place of the old wall, and from which it derives its name.—The wall was removed, and the plan drawn by Louis XIV. The *Boulevards* sweep round in a beautiful, though somewhat irregular curve, nearly three miles; and are upon an average about 200 feet, or more than a quarter of a furlong wide. On both sides of the ample central street for carriages, are broad and noble avenues for foot passengers, lined with four rows of majestic trees, except where they were cut down to barricade the streets, in the three days revolution of 1830, and have been replaced by others, which are just beginning to refresh you with their shade. Along these enchanting avenues, I sauntered as often as my leisure would permit, to breathe the fresh air—to admire the towering edifices which rise on either hand—to indulge my curiosity at the thousand little stalls, where books and goods and toys of every conceivable description are exposed to sale—to moralize upon the overflowing tide of fashion and business and pleasure; and to listen to the vivacious and melifluous sound of the ten thousand voices, that are sure, in a fine evening twilight, to greet your ear in this favorite resort of a vast and gay metropolis. It is hardly necessary to add, that the curvilinear sweep of the *Boulevards* adds exceedingly to their beauty, by presenting every

moment some new object of admiration to your view. And here let me say, that although there is something so neat and business like in long and wide streets crossing each other at right angles, I never could admire them. I hate to see every thing, for a mile in length, the moment I turn a corner. The variety presented by curves and angles, sometimes regular and sometimes irregular, is far more pleasing to the eye.—What if our rivers were all straight? Would they be half so beautiful? And then as to real comfort, in a hot or a windy day, how much might be said in favor of irregular and winding streets! They always give you a shade on one side or the other, and protect you in a great measure from the wind, from whatever quarter it may blow; while in your right angled towns, it is often impossible to escape from either. For my own part, were I to lay out a new city, I should insist upon a good degree of irregularity, in spite of all the geometricians and *utilitarians* in the country. Wide streets I certainly would have, but very few of them should be straight.

The *Fauxbourgs* of Paris lie between the Boulevards and the new wall, and they are laid out upon a much more liberal and convenient scale than the central parts of the city. That of St. Germain is the finest. Here many of the streets are of ample width; and as this quarter is more than any other the favorite residence of the nobles and men of fortune in Paris, the private dwellings and gardens are finer. They almost vie in magnificence with those of Edinburgh itself.

The *Halle aux Vins* is a vast range, or rather square, of low buildings, on the south bank of the Seine, just below the Garden of Plants. Judging by the eye, and from the space which it occupies on the map of the city, it covers from ten to fifteen acres of ground. I could

not obtain any thing like an exact estimate of the quantity of wine, which is annually brought into these vaults. It must however be immense, and quite sure I am, that it contains alcohol enough to cover a very wide space in Pere la Chaise, with human victims.

It would be a ridiculous affectation in any one, who has spent but a few days or even weeks in Paris, to speak of its Libraries, and Museums, and Galleries of Paintings and Sculpture ;—of its Literary, Scientific and charitable Institutions, and other great national establishments, as if he had visited a tenth part of them, or could remember the hundredth part of the curiosities which he had time to glance at. But one thing I believe he may say, without fear of exaggeration—that there is not another spot four miles square, upon the face of the globe, where genius, and science, and skill in all the fine arts, and private munificence, and governmental patronage, have collected, created, and arranged such an infinite variety of objects and curiosities, to please the eye, gratify the taste, and excite the admiration of the traveller.

King's Library.

This is the largest library in the world. I spent an hour or two in it, one morning, in company with my young friend, Mr. H——, and was exceedingly interested, particularly in looking at some of the prints and plates, of which there are 5,000 very large volumes. This Library is built in the form of a hollow square, inclosing a court about 400 feet in length, by 150 in breadth. It is said to contain nearly 700,000 volumes, including a vast collection of curious and valuable manuscripts. This immense library is always open, free of expense, both to natives and foreigners. Here students and men of letters find every convenience they can desire, for all the pursuits of science

and literature, so far as books and manuscripts and an obliging librarian can aid them. We saw sixty or seventy persons, of whom some were young students, and others the savans of France, sitting in silence at long tables, surrounded by piles of moth-eaten folios and quartos, reading and writing at their leisure. The same arrangements I afterwards noticed elsewhere, and I was told, that I might have witnessed them in all the public libraries of Paris, a policy as wise as it is liberal, and truly worthy of a great and enlightened nation.

One large room in the King's Library is devoted to ancient coins and medals, of which there is a vast collection, and many of which are extremely rare and curious. I was much struck with some of the old engravings which were shown us upon precious stones, as exhibiting a delicacy, finish, and skill not easily surpassed by modern artists of the highest pretensions.

The *Hall of Globes*, also, is well worth the traveller's attention. The two globes, (celestial and terrestrial,) if you have never heard of their dimensions before you enter the room, strike you with astonishment. They are full *twelve* feet in diameter. They are mounted upon bronze pillars of elegant workmanship, which rest on a circular marble basement, elevated two or three steps above the floor. No one can for the first time stand and look up, and see these spheres revolve, without a kind of awe which such an exhibition would hardly be expected to excite.

But the *Hall of the Zodiac* is still more interesting and curious. The most prominent object here is the celebrated sculptured Zodiac which was detached from the ceiling of the temple of *Denderah*, with immense labor, and brought to Paris in 1821. It was discovered by the scientific attendants of Bonaparte, when he invaded Egypt; and in their learned investi-

June 20th. Rode out with my friend in the omnibus, for a few sous, to visit the *Garden of Plants*. These grounds which are charmingly situated on the left bank of the Seine, in the southeast quarter of the city, have been gradually enlarged during the last forty years, until they now extend over a surface of eighty-four acres. On the first of January, 1837, this vast enclosure contained about 526,000 specimens, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. In the gardens, hot houses, and conservatories, there are upwards of 10,000 different species of trees and plants. The grounds are very tastefully laid out into avenues of tall and majestic trees, intersected by fine serpentine walks and labyrinths, and skirted by beautiful and tangled shrubbery, from all the four quarters of the globe. Here you find ample room to wander from morning till night, and breathe the sweet air, through garden after garden, and wilderness after wilderness of plants and flowers, of all the choicest varieties that the world can furnish. Weary and sweetly bewildered, you sit down under a noble cedar of Lebanon, which was planted a century ago, upon a fine eminence, and is now about four feet in diameter. The green houses, scattered here and there, are very spacious, and in their construction display all the airiness and neatness of French taste, in this kind of fairy architecture. I need not say, that enriched by the contributions of four continents and a thousand islands, they are full of beauty and full of odors.

In these enchanting grounds the black bear of America has his own tree to climb, and the elephant of Bengal his own tank to bathe in. The deer have their park and the buffaloes their pasture. But I could not help pitying those noble prisoners, the eagle from North America and the condor from the Andes, doomed to breathe our dense atmosphere, and forbid-

den to seek those upper regions where their native home is, and to which, could they but regain their liberty, their strong pinions would so soon restore them.

There are several large and magnificent buildings in the Garden of Plants, containing I know not how many halls, galleries, museums, and lecture rooms. Having spent as much time as you can spare, in surveying the grounds, admiring the flower gardens and green-house exotics, threading the mazes, and looking at the birds and animals, you present your passport, register your name, and all the doors are at once thrown open, with a hearty welcome. And here I venture to say, that whatever descriptions you may have read, or whatever catalogues you may have seen of these vast collections in all the departments of natural history, you will say, that "the half was not told you." First, you are invited to look at a cabinet of minerals and fossils, abounding with rare and splendid specimens. In one long gallery you see a vast collection of stuffed animals from every land and every clime; in another, all kinds of birds; and in another, all kinds of fish and reptiles, and all in a state of the finest preservation. Then, as you pass on, you next come to the skeletons of all these, put together and arranged with admirable skill and effect. Having spent as much time as you can here, you are next introduced into a room containing a great number of human skeletons from all parts of the world. The next is filled with the finest wax and injected preparations, including two perfect human skeletons, consisting entirely of injected veins and arteries. I had almost forgot to mention, that in one apartment they show you a very great collection of human heads, wise and foolish, civilized and savage, with which, if you are a disciple of Dr. Gall, who himself is there among the rest, you will be exceedingly delighted.

One great hall is filled with an immense collection of dried botanical specimens ; and in another, you admire Cuvier's museum of comparative anatomy, than which, I believe, there is no one more complete and perfect in the world. The library is very large, and contains all the best works that have ever appeared, with the most splendid engravings, in every branch of natural history. And to crown all, lectures are given by the ablest professors in every department, during almost the whole year, and entirely at the public expense. Students and strangers, as well as native Frenchmen, may attend as many courses as they please, without the smallest charge for instruction !

21. *Sabbath*—but not in Paris. The criers and market-men in the streets—most of the shops open—all the mechanical trades going on, and all the places of fashion, amusement, and dissipation, thronged, just as if there was no fourth commandment. Attended service in the morning, at the French Independent Protestant church, where Mr. Grandpierre, a very pious, learned, and eloquent preacher, ministers to a very respectable, though not a large congregation. The audience was devout and attentive to the sermon, which was delivered with great solemnity and earnestness. After the close of the service, I stepped for a few moments with my friend into the church of St. Roche, which is now perhaps the most fashionable church in Paris. "That Sabbath day, was a high day,"—for it was the *fete Dieu*. Thousands of people crowded the vast edifice, but with very little appearance of devotion. Throngs were coming in and going out every moment ; and, in short, the whole great concourse was continually in motion, while the gorgeous mummary of carrying the host, scattering rose leaves, burning incense, decorating the images with

wreathes of flowers, and carrying boquets in procession around the grand altar, was going forward.

At one end of this church, the closing scene of the crucifixion is represented with surprising effect. It seems to be a reality, so admirable is the painting and so skilful is the light thrown upon every object. It is the hill of calvary. You stand near the cross. The soldiers and spectators are sitting upon the rocks, while at a little distance, at the foot of the hill, you see the faithful Joseph and his attendants, carrying away the body of Jesus as large as life, and just about laying it in the new sepulchre hewn out of the rock. Thus it is, that the Romish priesthood dazzle the eyes of the people, blind their minds, enlist their strongest emotions, and hold them in spiritual bondage.

The Rev. Mark Wilkes' chapel, in which I preached at four o'clock, will seat about 500 ; but there were not more than 100 persons present. This I understood to be about the usual number. How melancholy, that so few of our countrymen in foreign lands, "remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." I had set my heart very much upon visiting Switzerland ; but as I had no travelling companion and could find no one going there who was like minded with myself, in regard to the sacredness of the Lord's day, I gave it up. I remembered Prov. xiii. 20, and 1 Cor. xv. 33, and I would not, even for the sake of seeing Geneva and the Simplon, and climbing St. Bernard, and feasting my eyes upon the hoary brow of Mont Blanc, place myself in circumstances, either to break the Sabbath, or be left behind by my fellow tourists.

Went to see the *Pantheon*, which, next to the Hospital of Invalids, has the most superb dome in Paris. Before the Revolution, it was the church St. Genevieve, and one of the most fashionable in the city. During the reign of anarchy and atheism, the priests

being driven out and the altar thrown down, it was dedicated as a place of sepulture to the illustrious men of France, and the bones of Rosseau and Voltaire were early removed thither, by a decree of the National Convention. Since the restoration of the monarchy, it is again occupied as a church, but the inscription above the portico, *Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante*, designating it as the burial ground of the great, still remains, and many of them find their last resting place in its vaults. In imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, the portal of this splendid edifice consists of a superb peristyle, or circular range of twenty-two Corinthian columns, each of which is five feet and a half in diameter, and fifty-eight in height. It stands on a commanding eminence—"the approach to it, is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and the vast dome, being the highest object in Paris, is seen from every quarter. Upon the walls in the spacious area, under the dome, are sculptured the names of those enthusiastic youth from the Polytechnic School, who fell in raising the barricades, and achieving the three days' revolution, which placed the "citizen king" upon the throne.

Preceded by a trusty guide with his lighted lamp, we descended into the dark vaults beneath. A great many tombs are already chiseled with illustrious names, and yet there is room for hundreds more. In traversing those gloomy and silent labyrinths, my attention was first arrested by the tombs of Rosseau and Voltaire; and the more so, because they are already in a dilapidated state, and appear to be entirely neglected. Is this, thought I, the immortality of the sentimental libertine and the sneering atheist? "Glory, honor, and immortality," beyond the tomb, they sought not, coveted not; and how little did they suspect, that in half a century their bones would hardly be kept from

falling out and being trodden under foot of men !— How happy for France, had all their infidel writings been consigned to the same corruption and neglect with their bodies !

But my attention was still more strongly arrested by a marble statue of Voltaire, which the guide pointed out to us, in one of the fartherest and darkest nooks of these chambers of death. By whom, and for what reason, it was placed there, "hid from the eyes of all living," I could not learn. I had expected to find it in the gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, and other places of great public resort. But I confess that this subterranean location, which the light of heaven never visits, struck me as pre-eminently judicious and appropriate. That malignant, self-complacent, indescribable leer, true to the original, I have no doubt, almost made me shudder, as the impious edict, "*Crush the wretch*," seemed ready to issue from those marble lips. Would the Arch-Anarch, the great High Priest of atheism have chosen this spot, to be enthroned by the sculptor ? Would he have believed that an admiring and almost adoring country would ever thus consign his statue to everlasting darkness and forgetfulness ! But God will sooner or later, even in this world, pour contempt upon those who deny his being, vilify his attributes, and blaspheme the name of his son, while "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

June 23d. After breakfast, took a stroll with my friend down to the *rag market*, where old clothes are bought and sold on a great scale. They are hung up in parallel walks, or stalls, open on both sides, with a long roof, or awning, to shelter them from the rain, like the great meat and vegetable markets in some of our own cities. This market cannot, I think, be less than 500 feet in length, and from 50 to 75 in breadth.

At one end, there is a sort of *exchange*, or general rendezvous, for wholesale buyers and sellers, and the trade seemed to be going on very briskly. But if you visit this singular mart from mere curiosity, you will do as well to content yourself with a hasty glance: for you cannot stop a moment, without being surrounded by a crowd and overwhelmed with importunities, from which having once escaped, you will be shy of a second exposure.

Went next to visit the Foundling Hospital. It is a larger establishment than one would suppose could be needed, even in a great and profligate city. It is a noble edifice, and very pleasantly situated at no great distance from the Luxembourg. The first thing which arrested my attention, as we approached the main entrance, was an opening in the wall, large enough to admit the body of an infant, closed within by a plain board shutter, which the touching of a spring instantly opens, and presents a soft cushioned box turning upon a pivot, so that the abandoned little stranger can be taken into the house at once. We were met at the door by one of the sisters of charity, and invited to follow her up stairs into a long hall. Here we found several other females tenderly ministering to the motherless and suffering objects around them. The infants lay upon neat little cots, ranged on each side of the hall, with white curtains, and over the head of each was pinned a brief memorandum of the day when the child was brought in, the state of its health, &c. How many little creatures there were in the sick ward, at that time, we did not inquire; but O! it was enough to make any thing but a heart of stone ache, to look at them in their sufferings, and to hear their dying moans, as we passed from one end of the hall to the other. Two had just expired; and others appeared to be in the agonies of

death, and "I praised the dead which were already dead, more than the living which were yet alive."

In answer to the few questions which we asked, the principal nurse informed us, that upon an average, *fifteen* infants are brought in daily—that more are received in the day time than in the night—that after remaining there *eight* days, they are carried away and put out to nurse: but that during this short period, three out of five of all who are received die and that very few survive their second year. What a picture! "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea they may forget." They do forget. Here are annually between *five* and *six thousand* helpless innocents, disowned and abandoned by their guilty parents; and of these, between *three and four thousand* die in eight days from their birth. What a frightful, what a cruel waste of the buds and blossoms of life; and all this, in the most polite and fascinating city in the world! Politeness, elegant manners, fascinating conversation—what are these, without the restraints and purifying influences of religion? And here the question arose in my mind, Is this great foundling hospital, with all its soft pillows and tender nursing, a blessing or a curse to the French metropolis? Does it relieve more human misery than it creates? Does it purify or deprave the morals of the people? With the motives of its founders I have nothing to do. They may have been exceedingly humane, however mistaken! and the benevolence of those devoted females who give their nights as well as their days to the care of these infants, I see no reason to doubt. But may not thousands be induced, by the provision which is here made, to give themselves up to licentiousness, and abandon the offspring of their sin and shame? A great deal of suffering is unquestionably relieved, and some

children are saved, who, but for this asylum, would be left to perish. But does it not operate as a premium upon one of the most demoralizing and destructive vices which can be named, and thus greatly increase the number of the sufferers? While both humanity and religion require that some provision should be made for foundlings in large cities, it is a very nice question in ethics, as well as civic economy, how ample and how accessible the provision should be. There is danger of doing too much, as well as of doing too little. What would be the effect of creating an immense foundling hospital, with its opening in the wall, and cushioned box, and sisters of charity, in New York or Philadelphia? Were the prince of darkness himself allowed to adopt his own measures for converting either of these cities into a vast brothel, would not this be one of them? Is it uncharitable to surmise that in Paris and other Catholic cities of Europe, such appendages to their abbeys and nunneries are so essential, that a licentious priesthood would find it extremely difficult to do without them?

Returning from the *Hospital des Enfants Trouves*, above described, we stopped for a few moments at *La Morgue*, the place where persons found dead are exposed that they may be owned by their friends. It is a low square building, close by the river, into which all the bodies are brought every morning, as they are fished up from the Seine or found dead in the streets of Paris. You shudder as you enter this charnel-house of suicide and assassination. From a damp and gloomy hall or entry, you look through a window into a long narrow room where the corpses are laid upon separate biers, or wide forms, raised at the head to an angle of about thirty degrees, so as to give you a full view of their countenances. It is not uncommon for several of these biers to be occupied at once by male and female

victims, some in the bloom of youth, and others in the more advanced periods of life ; and there is hardly a day in the year, but that you may see one or more dead bodies in the Morgue. They remain there till towards evening when, if not claimed, they are buried, or carried away to the dissecting room. How many had been there that morning, we did not learn. We found but one of the biers occupied, and that was by a fine-looking man about 50. His neck and breast were exposed, to show the poinard wounds by which he undoubtedly fell. What a state of society must that be which requires the active use of the drag-net by the police every morning, to prevent the river from being choked up and putrified by human carcasses ! Can you find a parallel to this, in any Protestant city in the world ? Many suicides and murders there are in London ; but I was assured they bear no proportion to those in Paris. And is it all to be wondered at, that when, as is now the case in France, the majority of the more enlightened classes, disgusted with the senseless mummery of Popery, " swing from the moorings " of Christianity, into the mad stream of infidelity, they should dye it with their own blood ? When man has once thrown off the restraints of religion, and all fear of death, and yielded himself up to the hurricane of his own wicked passions, he becomes an incarnate demon.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Louvre--Gardens of the Tuileries--Pere la Chaise--Hospital of Invalids--Triumphal Column.

June 27. Went to see the statuary and paintings in the *Louvre*. These galleries have been so often and minutely described, that I shall only glance at them in passing.

When you reach the main entrance to the galleries, your passports are very politely asked for, and you are admitted, not as in London for half a crown, but with that inimitable French *naivete*, which so cheerfully throws open every public institution to your inspection. After pausing for a minute or two, to admire a sphynx, about twenty feet long, and of the finest Egyptian porphyry, lying in the court-yard, you enter the great halls on the first floor, which are appropriated exclusively to statuary. These are ornamented with marble pillars, pilasters and mosaic, from the richest quarries of France and Italy. The statues are from Egypt, Greece and Italy; and some of them by sculptors of the first class. Some of them, if not among the most perfect models in the world, are exquisitely fine. But while I could not help admiring the skill of the artists, the perfect nudity of all these groups, though not quite so indecent as in the public gardens, struck me very unpleasantly. Why this vast exhibition of human nakedness? Will any one tell me, that the public taste demands it? How polluted and depraved then must that public taste be!

From these silent abodes of marble deities and heroes, you ascend by two noble flights of stairs, to

the Gallery of Paintings ; and here, as you enter the door, you pause in mute astonishment. Just imagine yourself standing at one end of a superb hall, under a lofty ceiling, and looking down through successive arches, and between polished marble pilasters, 1,500 feet, or nearly a third of an English mile—both sides being covered to the height of from *twenty* to *thirty* feet, with paintings from the French, Italian and Flemish schools. Though I was there more than once, and lingered long, I cannot tell what I saw—the landscapes, the historical pieces, the mythological and other creations of genius and fancy, present such an infinite variety of pictures to the eye, and such a chaos of bright and terrifying visions to the imagination. There is much less to complain of here, on the score of nudity, than in the gallery of the Luxembourg—still, there is more than enough, to shock the eye of modesty at every step. While one cannot but admire that enlightened and liberal policy, which gives every young artist free access to this immense collection, for the purpose of copying, as well as studying the finest paintings, it is repulsive, it is painful, to see young females, sitting with their canvass, brushes and pallets, before pictures on which their eyes ought never to rest for a single moment.

In retiring from the Louvre, if you have time to spare, you may pass at once into the *Gardens of the Tuileries*. They form an oblong square of about *sixty acres*. They are laid out in the true French style of ornamental gardening, which displays much more of art in her prim and courtly drapery, than of nature in her free, romantic luxuriance. The grounds nearest to the palace, are covered with flowers and shrubbery, interspersed with fountains and fish-ponds, intersected by fine gravelled walks and adorned with

statuary. *Adorned*, did I say? *Disgraced* is a much more appropriate epithet. What reason in the world, can there be for setting up men and women in the most public pleasure grounds of a vast metropolis, though of the most beautiful marble, and from the chisels of the most celebrated masters, without so much as a fig leaf to cover their nakedness?

I might go on to describe the long avenue of orange trees, extending westward from the palace, towards those majestic lindens which advance, as it were to meet them, from the interminable vista of Neuilly. I might notice the charming promenades upon the walls of these gardens, and mention the *ten thousand* chairs, (I believe this is the number,) that are found in this single enclosure, and speak of the vast number of lofty shade trees, which wave over thirty acres of ground, as naked and as hard as the beaten path, and of the little grassy spots, that here and there relieve the eye; of the ever shifting crowds that saunter and gossip and read the news here, from morning till night, and of the bands of music, which play in front of the palace in the evening twilight of every fine summer's day; but I hasten to other topics.

June 28th. Took a half hourly omnibus for *Pere la Chaise*, which is a very large cemetery lying just without the walls on the east side of the city. For the distance of half a mile before you reach the gate, the street is lined on both sides with stone cutters' shops, exhibiting monuments of every conceivable model, from the tall pyramid and showy urn down to the humblest slab, together with an immense number of funeral garlands hung out and waiting for purchasers. This cemetery, which is upon a commanding slope, facing and overlooking the city, is so thickly set and so darkly shaded with cypress and other evergreens, that it is difficult to get any correct idea of its

extent. I think it is not quite so large as Mount Auburn, and certainly the natural make of the ground is not half so undulating and romantic. But in other respects, it is far more interesting to the traveller. It is already so thickly set with marble, that there is hardly room for any more, and it would be difficult to find two monuments alike, among all the thousands that arrest your attention. You might wander and meditate for days and weeks in the deeply shaded mazes of this great field of death, and still meet with something which you had not observed before. And it is exceedingly affecting to see mothers and sisters kneeling upon the graves of their dear ones, before the little chapels and crucifixes which affection and superstition have erected; planting and watering flowers in these sacred enclosures; and hanging fresh garlands upon the marble which points out the resting places of dust and nothingness. What sudden and admonitory transitions! Now you are in the heart of Paris, walking in the gardens of the Tuileries, or sauntering along the Boulevards, where all is health, and bustle, and pleasure; and in half an hour you are lost in the dark cypress labyrinths of Pere la Chaise, where, under a few shovelfulls of earth, all distinctions find one common level, and where uncounted multitudes are silently gathering together, to await the last summons. Anon you emerge from this vast and gloomy domain of the king of terrors, and in a few moments are borne along by the tide of life, business and pleasure, as if it would never ebb.

June 29th. I could not persuade myself to leave Paris, without visiting the *Hospital of Invalids*, which is finely situated in the southwest quarter of the city, about half a mile from the Seine, directly opposite to the *Champs Elysees*, and within musket shot both of the *Champs de Mars* and the *Ecole Militaire*. It is

a magnificent establishment. In some respects it even surpasses Greenwich Hospital. The buildings are more extensive, covering with their quadrangles and gardens no less than *seventeen acres*. There is no other institution, of which the French people are so proud, especially in time of war, as of this vast palace of invalid officers and soldiers. The dome, which rises from the centre, towers in glittering majesty over the establishment, and is the finest in Paris. It seems that when Napoleon returned to Paris after his Russian campaign, and the murmurs of the people began to reach his ears, he said, *Go gild the dome of the Invalids* ; an expedient which showed how perfectly he understood the French character. It was done, and the streets resounded again with *Vive le Empereur !* We approached the hospital through the *Esplanade*, which extends quite down to the bank of the river, and affords a fine view of its noble front. From the *Esplanade*, you enter the yard by a lofty gateway. The yard is deep, and as you advance up the wide gravelled walk, your attention is arrested on both sides by beautiful graperies and flower gardens, with neat little summer houses, all exhibiting the taste and care of the invalids to fine advantage. Between *three and four thousand* were there, including *three hundred* officers, fed and clothed at the public expense, and enjoying all the comforts that such an institution can afford. A tall grenadier, who had lost an arm at the battle of Marengo, very politely offered to conduct us through the buildings and grounds. The chapel, which including the dome, is 450 feet long, is truly magnificent ; and whoever can stand under the dome itself, and look up, and not be filled with admiration and awe, must be entirely destitute of these emotions.

But after all, the Hospital of Invalids is a melancholy place. They may sit and talk of the battle

fields, where their limbs were shattered and their blood was poured out for the glory of France, and of their adored Emperor, and they may look up with pride to the gilded dome that proclaims a nation's gratitude ; but what a poor compensation is all this glory and magnificence, for the loss of a thousand limbs in those murderous battles ! The heart sickens at the sight of so many mutilated and suffering victims of that cruel ambition, which the blood of millions could never satiate.

I have already alluded to the triumphal column erected by Bonaparte, in the centre of the Place Vendome, to commemorate his signal victories in Germany. It is built after the model of Trajan's Pillar at Rome. Its height is 140 feet, and its diameter at the base twelve feet. It has the appearance of a solid bronze shaft, being entirely covered throughout its whole length, with plates, obtained by melting down three hundred pieces of cannon, taken at the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz. These plates are about three feet in length, spirally matched together from the base to the entablature, and covered with bas relief figures of officers and soldiers of cavalry and infantry, of cannon and standards. On the summit was placed the statue of Napoleon, in his favorite military dress, grasping the imperial sceptre. After his fall and the return of the Bourbons, this statue was with great labor and difficulty taken down. It is said, that while the allied armies held possession of Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Blucher ordered his sappers and miners to demolish this proud and magnificent monument, and that they were only prevented by the interference of the Duke of Wellington.

Soon after the revolution of 1830, which drove Charles X. into exile, and placed Louis Phillippe on

the throne, the statue of Bonaparte was taken from the rubbish where it had lain for more than fifteen years, and restored to its high pedestal, where it still remains.

Napoleon Bonaparte! Wonderful man! sprung as it were from nothing out of the sea—while yet a boy, the pride of one of the first military academies in the world—when a mere lieutenant of artillery, a thunderbolt that struck every thing at which it was aimed, and killed whomsoever it smote—the conqueror of Italy—the leveller of the Alps—the very personification of Mars in a hundred battles—a man of vast capacity, boundless ambition, and a marble heart—scarcely less distinguished as a statesman than as a warrior—at once an Emperor and a member of the National Institute—adored by his soldiers to the very last, though most cruelly lavish of their blood—the arbiter of all western Europe, and the terror of the whole civilized world;—but intoxicated with the blood of slaughtered millions, and led on to his destiny by an unseen and righteous Providence—scorched by the fires of Moscow—conquered by the first blasts of a Russian winter—exiled to Elba—again on the imperial throne, just long enough to be taken up by the whirlwind that swept over the field of Waterloo, and to be dashed down upon the top of a barren rock in the middle of the ocean! How wonderful! How much more like the vagaries of a troubled and gorgeous dream, in the delirium of a burning fever, than like true history!

What a lesson to all future conquerors and wholesale destroyers of mankind! What a chapter in the annals of human ambition and slaughter! What a commentary upon the legionary miseries and crimes of war!

CHAPTER L.

VERSAILLES.

The Palace—Orangery—Garden, Lake and Pleasure Grounds—
Statues.

The only excursion which my short stay in the French Capital allowed me to make, was to *Versailles*, where Louis XIII., built a hunting seat in the midst of a forest thirty miles in circumference, and which Louis XIV., enlarged into a palace, at the most enormous expense that ever was lavished in Europe upon a similar undertaking. It is acknowledged to have cost a *thousand million of francs* (\$200,000,000,) a sum sufficient to have built a city of 8,000 houses, at an average cost of \$25,000, and that at a time when money was worth more than three times as much as it is now. But for the extraordinary financial talents of Colbert, it would have beggared the kingdom, which in fact did not recover from the extreme exhaustion in a hundred years. Versailles lies twelve miles nearly west of Paris. Having taken seats in the morning diligence, we passed the barriers by the Neuilly Avenue and the grand Triumphal Arch, and found both sides of this truly "royal road" skirted for six miles, at least, by double rows of majestic trees, which, as the day was warm, added exceedingly to the pleasantness of the ride. The time not permitting us to stop at St. Cloud, we merely caught a glimpse of the palace through the thickly shaded park which surrounds it. It stands on an eminence, gently sloping down to the Seine, almost as retired as a private chateau; and that

the grounds are highly enchanting I can easily believe, as well from what we could see of them in passing, as from the testimony of all who have visited them. It is well known, that St. Cloud was Napoleon's favorite residence, in the intervals of his brilliant campaigns ; but why he preferred it to Versailles, it may be difficult to conjecture. Perhaps its proximity to the Capital may have had some influence. Perhaps he did not like the omens of a palace, from which Louis XVI., and his devoted queen were violently torn by the most ferocious mob that ever thirsted for royal blood, and brought back in savage triumph to Paris, to await the stroke of the guillotine. Or possibly it was because, in the vastness of his ambition, the most gorgeous palaces were entirely overlooked, and he would not allow either personal accommodations or display to interfere for a moment, with the ruling passion of his soul, to establish a fifth universal monarchy.

The situation of the palace of Versailles is undoubtedly one of the finest that could have been selected any where, within the same distance of the Metropolis. The ground is high, and the ascent gradual. It slopes off gracefully in every direction. But I confess, that in approaching it by the great road from Paris, I was disappointed. Leaving the diligence, you enter a vast paved quadrangle, by what must once have been a superb gateway, and you are surprised, after all you have heard of Versailles, and of Louis the Great, at the want of symmetry and architectural grandeur, in the vast central pile before you. The wings on your right and left, as you stand in the centre of the court, are lofty and in better taste. The chapel, especially, which is a large gothic building, and connected with the palace upon the extreme right, makes a venerable and even noble appearance. Turning round, as you

naturally will, before you proceed any further, the prospect to the east is extensive and very fine. The village of Versailles is spread out before you, and a great part of it was evidently built as a sort of outer court, or appendage, to the palace itself. The houses, extending nearly a mile on both sides of the wide street, directly in front, present rather a showy correspondence of design and execution, and a century and a half ago, must have added very much to the general effect; but every thing is now in a state of decay.—Which way soever you turn your eyes, you can see that the glory of a proud monarch has been there, but the glory has long since departed.

When you have remained long enough in the great square, which you first enter, to satisfy your curiosity, passing through a lofty arched gateway, near the chapel, you find yourself standing upon the broad terrace which is overlooked by the west front of the palace.—And here, the whole *coup de œil* as much exceeded my expectations, as it had fallen below them on the other side. I stood for some time in mute astonishment.—Such a front—such a terrace—such flights of marble steps—such *jets d'eau* and fish ponds—such gardens—such a park—such avenues—such an artificial lake, and such a peopling of enchanted grounds with Warriors and Statesmen, and Poets, and Orators—with Venuses, and Minervas, and Apollos—with Naiades, and Dryades, and Neirides, and Tritons. Was it a reality, or a dream, after falling asleep over the Arabian Knight's Entertainments? If such was the actual state of things after a century of decay, what must it have been in all the freshness and bloom of a new creation, when Louis and his court, in the meridian of his glory, together with all the learned men he could allure from every country, were there! From what I saw, and from the descriptions which have been

given of the interior of the palace, and of the voluptuousness of the long reign in which it was built, I can easily believe, that a *thousand million* of francs, incredible as the sum at first appears, may have been expended within this single enclosure of five miles in circuit.

The west front is altogether more uniform and magnificent than the east, and including the orangery, is 2,400 feet in length. The orangery is a garden of some hundred trees on the south wing, into which you descend from the terrace by marble steps, at least thirty feet below the level of that wide and beautiful promenade. These trees, which appeared very green and flourishing, and many of which were laden with fruit, are eight or ten inches in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty feet high. They are planted in large square boxes, upon low wheels, by means of which, at the approach of winter, they are easily drawn into the vast green-house under the terrace, where they are perfectly secure from the frost, and ready to be taken out again as soon as the spring opens.

In walking over these extensive grounds, you find yourself quite exhausted before you have threaded half the mazes, or discovered and examined a tenth part of the curiosities with which they are so tastefully and affluently ornamented. At every step you find something new to arrest you in your progress, either to excite your admiration, or in the moss grown decay to which it is abandoned, to remind you how "the fashion of the world passeth away." While some of the marble fountains and fish-ponds are kept in fine repair, others bear the marks of long and entire neglect. In looking at the alligators, crocodiles, and other huge and mail clad aquatic shapes, which lurk in the green slime and among the weeds and rushes, I could not help thinking how much more true to nature the rep-

resentation is, than it was, when, in the middle of the seventeenth century, every thing sparkled and glittered in the sun beams.

Directly in front of the palace, and commencing just at the slope of the great terrace, is a beautiful flower garden, which is very extensive, and when I was there, was in all its glory. Through the centre of this garden is a wide gravelled walk, which as it extends westward, becomes a noble shaded avenue, adorned with statuary, and reaching the head of an artificial lake, which covers many a broad acre, and the termination of which is almost lost in the distance. In all the principal avenues the trees and hedges are trimmed and sheared with mathematical precision, which to my eye detracts much from their beauty ; and yet they are beautiful. Every where, as I have before intimated, these grounds are richly ornamented by the hand of the sculptor.—My young companion counted more than *eighty* statues, urns, vases, &c. from a single station. Upon the palace itself and all around it, there were so many of these costly decorations, that we did not attempt to count them. We *guessed* there were not less than a *thousand* in all, and as we were used to *guessing*, I hope the reader will *imagine*, or *conjecture*, or *reckon*, that we could not have been far out of the way. In one very retired and woody spot, we found a kind of marble circus, with magnificent gateways and arches ; but we could not learn for what purpose it was erected. Whatever royal sports may have been enjoyed there, however loudly it may have rung with crowned and mitred and jeweled laughter, it has now been long and entirely deserted. The whispering breezes and the dancing sunlight are still there. The little birds are as happy and jubilant as ever ; but where are the princely decorations, the wit and beauty and genius that once sparkled there ?

The palace was at that time shut, which was of course a great disappointment. We wanted to traverse those vast halls, and look into some of the gorgeous apartments of *Louis le Grand*; and by a side door, near the chapel, one of us even ventured to the top of the first flight of stairs, but was met and hastily driven back, by an officer in gold lace. Upon further inquiry, we found that Louis Philippe himself was there, planning the necessary alterations for converting the palace into a great national museum. Whenever this is completed, it will be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see it.

But whatever changes this “marvellous *chef d'œuvre* of the splendid taste and unbounded extravagance” of Louis IV, may be destined to undergo, these changes can never obliterate the history of the past. What boundless and oppressive exactions were lavished, upon Versailles! What court intrigues—what high-born dissipation and licentiousness were there practiced!—What crowds of favorites and sycophants fawned and revelled there! What galaxies of diamonds and rubies and harem beauties shone there! But where are they now? What national destinies do they wield? Whose eyes do they charm? whose heart ensnare?—Will they ever come back to renew their midnight carousals in these voluptuous saloons, and to flit along these enchanting avenues? *Louis the Great*! Who now wields his mighty sceptre? Who are his sycophants and companions? How does he look back upon his long and prosperous reign? What thoughts now occupy his august mind? What magnificent schemes is he forming? Time was, when with a single stroke of his pen, he could drive 50,000 families of his Protestant subjects into exile, and when half Europe trembled at his frown. But where—what is he now?

CHAPTER LI.

BELGIUM.

Brussels—Public Buildings—Park—Visit to Waterloo—Antwerp Harbor and Docks—Churches—Paintings.

Having lingered so long in Paris, my publishers assure me, that they have very little room left for Belgium. I am compelled, therefore, greatly to abridge the notices which I had reserved for the close of this volume. *Brussels*, the capital of Belgium, is a very handsome town, of about 100,000 inhabitants. It is partly situated on a commanding eminence which slopes down to the river Senne, and partly upon the banks of that river. The streets in the lower part of the town are rather narrow and dirty, and the buildings, though substantial, are far from being attractive. But, with the single exception of Edinburgh, I saw nothing finer than the upper town of Brussels. The streets are wide, and neat, and airy. The houses are lofty, well painted, and many of them might almost be mistaken for king's palaces. Most of the public edifices are truly magnificent. The Orange Palace, which is 230 feet long, is fitted up in a superb style. A single table is said to have cost £50,000. It was once adorned with all the splendor of royalty, but may now be called the Palace of the Fine Arts, containing as it does a museum, a good collection of paintings, and the Royal Academy. The Palace of Leopold, at the end of the Park, is very large, but not remarkably handsome. The towers of

the cathedral rise up in great majesty as you approach the town from the west, and the Hotel de Ville, or Town Hall, has an exceedingly fine steeple. It is 364 feet high, and surmounted by a colossal statue of St. Michael. Twenty-one fountains adorn and refresh the principal streets and squares of Brussels. There is a very wide and charming promenade, adorned with noble trees and extending quite round the town. Nothing can be more delightful, or refreshing than these Boulevards in warm weather. The green walk near the canal is two miles in length.

But the greatest ornament of Brussels is the *Park*, which lies almost in the heart of the new town, and is surrounded on all sides by noble and costly edifices. It is a parallelogram of about half a mile in length, and something more than a quarter of a mile in breadth. It is laid out into wide gravelled walks, shaded by lofty elms, striped with velvet lawns and adorned in the centre by a charming fish pond, and at one end by an extensive flower garden. The trees, except those which overhang the broad avenues, are scattered promiscuously over the Park, as if sown by the hand of nature, and there are two dells of considerable extent, where the trees and underbrush are left to shelter the birds, in all the wildness of a primitive forest. Taken all in all, this is said to be one of the neatest and most attractive parks in Europe, and I can easily believe it. The statues, however, I do not admire. Neither in design nor execution are they worthy of the place. Several of them are chubby Dutch boys, with broad-brimmed hats—very fat and good natured, to be sure, but occupying places which properly belong to more dignified personages. Others are half man and half mummy, or as near that, as any thing I can think of. The head and shoulders you see, but below, there is a kind of sarcophagus termina-

tion, which seems to me greatly out of taste. The lions would be well enough, if they were not so outrageously ill-natured. Though I saw a great many of them about the public buildings, I do not recollect one in that majestic repose which befits the king of beasts. They all glare upon you with open mouths, and a kind of distorted grin, and remind you far more of some snappish cur at the kitchen door, than of the Naeman monarch in his lair.

Visit to Waterloo.

I have been to Waterloo, and my soul is sick. The distance from Brussels is twelve miles. The road lies nearly half the way through a very thick and tall beach forest. At the time of the great battle it was much more extensive than it is now. Large tracts of it have been recently cut down, and the process of bringing the land under cultivation, in its various stages reminded me more of what one every where meets with in the newly settled parts of the United States, than I ever dreamed of seeing in Europe. The road is exceedingly infested with beggars, of both sexes and of all ages. And while you are yet two or three miles from the field, you may expect to be met by half a dozen guides, who will almost force their services upon you. One of these ran nearly half a mile by the side of our carriage, till another, whom we had been told was better acquainted with the field, made his appearance, and then the first gave up the chase. As you come a little nearer, women and children sally out with maps, and plans, and *relics*; and it is almost impossible to shake them off. One wants to sell you a bullet, another offers you a grape shot, another a brass eagle, another a small piece of a bomb shell, and so on. One little interesting girl in particular, who met us with some small trophy, seemed so

anxious to *trade*, that I was vexed with the lazaroni, for having got away all my sous before she came up. The only relic I brought away, was a piece of charcoal from the ruins of the farm house of Hugomont, which was burnt, full of the wounded during the engagement. This I value the more, as I feel quite sure, it was not manufactured for the occasion.

In some respects the field of Waterloo has undergone considerable changes since the battle. A part of the forest through which Blucher brought his Prussians into the action, has been cut down, as has also another small forest on the right wing of the British army, where the battle raged with most horrible fury and slaughter. But the greatest alteration has been made by the erection of an immense mound of earth very near the British centre. To build this pyramid, which is nearly one third of a mile in circumference at the base, and about two hundred feet high, the ground has been taken away, to the depth of several feet, for a great distance, so as to reduce the most commanding point of Wellington's position to a dead level. This, it is said, military men regard as a kind of sacrilege which they will not soon forget, nor forgive.

At first, I felt a little inclined to complain of it too; but when I came to ascend to the top of the mound, and to see what a perfect map lies spread out before you of the whole scene of action; and especially when I came to look eastward and westward and northward and southward, over the fertile and lovely landscape, I confess I was glad the pyramid had been raised, even at whatever expense of military taste. It is surmounted by a huge lion, resting one paw upon a globe and looking defiance upon the French lines.

Every one who has the heart of a christian or a philanthropist within him, will readily conceive, that as I stood over this grave-yard of two mighty armies, and

looked first at the ground, and then at the plan of the battle, I was oppressed by such a throng of rushing thoughts, as can never be adequately expressed, and that when I descended from this watchtower of death, and walked slowly away, I could not help exclaiming, O Lord, what is man? What is he in the boundlessness of his ambition—in his wrath—in the pride of his power—in his cruelty to his own flesh, and in his contempt of the law of his God.

As this is my country's birth-day—and while I am here, a perfect stranger to every human being around me, and no voice of praise or gladness salutes my ears, how different is it in the "land of the free." How many millions of bright faces and rejoicing hearts and glorious remembrances are there! Would that I could spend the day with my friends on that loved soil; not amid the roar of cannon, or the deafening shouts of inebriate and boisterous mirth—but in those patriotic congratulations and devout thanksgivings, which religion sanctions, and which duty demands of a christian people. But the great ocean is between us. Here I am alone in the midst of monarchical institutions, of strange faces and strange tongues. Thus circumstanced, I know not how better to spend a few moments more profitably, than in moral reflections upon the field of *Waterloo*.

And is this the very spot on which the most remarkable man of his age staked his diadem, and in the defence of which so many thousands of the bravest of the brave poured out their blood? Is it true history, or is it fable, that I have so often read? How calm and peaceful is every thing now, as if the breath of mortal strife had never caused so much as a leaf to tremble! How benign is the radiance which looks down upon it to-day! Did the instruments of death ever flash in beams so bright? Did the sun of *Waterloo* ever

mourn in sackcloth over the carnage of a great battle? Now in conscious security, the peasantry are here at their work. The ripening harvest is here and soon will the reapers be here to gather it in, and return with "joy, bringing their sheaves with them."

But *Aceldama* is the proper name of this field. For here two mighty armies met, steel to steel. Here, flying from rank to rank, went forth the dreadful note of preparation; and the war horse "pawed in the valley, and went on to meet the armed men." Here broke forth "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting, and here were the garments rolled in blood." Here was the shock of those veterans, who had conquered Europe on one side, and of those lion hearts which, from the cliffs of their own little island, had bid defiance to the conqueror on the other. Here raged, from hour to hour, of awful uncertainty, that iron storm, which threatened to beat down every living thing into the dust. Here thousands upon thousands fell, to rise no more. From this gory field, went up the voices of the wounded and the dying, and entered into the ears of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Here the victor in a hundred battles, played his last game. Here at the close of that day, the star of Napoleon went down "in the blackness of darkness forever."

"It was a glorious battle!" so said the warrior—so said the politician—so said the moralist—so said the republican—so said the christian—so said the united voice of Europe and America. But as a christian, as a philanthropist, as a man, I protest against this decision. Before heaven and earth I *protest against it*.—There is no true glory in slaying *forty thousand men* in one day, and maiming as many more. That terrible battle ought never to have been fought. Does any one meet me here and say it was necessary?—

Who, I demand, created that necessity? Nothing but human depravity could ever have made such a battle necessary. I do not undertake to decide where the guilt lay. That is quite another question. But war is an incarnate demon. War is wholesale murder, and it is impossible for murder to come from him who hath said, "thou shalt not kill." The field of Waterloo ought never to have been heard of by the civilized world; and were the principles of the Christian religion to control the councils of states and kingdoms no such murderous conflict would ever again disgrace the pages of history.

But still, it was a glorious victory! It was glorious to be wounded there, to die there; and to be buried there, was to sleep in the bed of glory! It was glorious intelligence that flew from nation to nation, from continent to continent! Yes it was as glorious as the slaughter of *forty thousand* men could make it! For when the news reached England, as I well remember to have read in the papers, the Park and Tower guns were fired, and there was great public feasting and rejoicing throughout the land. Yes there was a flood of glory. Was there nothing else? Where was the widows and parents and sisters and orphans of those who were slaughtered at Waterloo? Could the roar of cannon, and the ringing of bells assuage their grief? Could the general rejoicing bring back their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers? Glorious as that great victory was in the eyes of the nation, it was tears and agony and death to the bereaved.

"Is war then, never justifiable?" One thing is certain it could never take place, were the great law of love to be recognized as the universal law of nations. No battle was ever fought, or ever will be, without involving the guilt of murder. It may be on one side or on both? but the stain of blood guiltiness is certainly

there, and no rivers can wash it out. How fearful then, must be the responsibility of whetting the sword upon a point of honor, or making aggressive war under any circumstances whatever. And how will those professed disciples of the Prince of Peace, who either foment, or justify, or cherish a war spirit, meet him in the great day ?

But hark ! what sound is it that breaks over the field of Waterloo ? Look ! what heaving of the earth ! No—I anticipate. I hear no voice as yet—I see no moving of the sleeping dust. But the trumpet *will* sound over this field of blood, and the dead will awake. All the thousands that lie buried here will come forth from their graves, and will be summoned to the judgment bar. Officers and common soldiers must hear and obey the summons alike. And at the same bar will they meet all those who kindled the war in which they perished. Kings, privy counsellors, military commanders, will all be there. And I have the most solemn conviction, that before that dread tribunal, every mortal wound at Waterloo will be held and adjudged as a clear case of murder, the guilt of which must rest somewhere. In whose skirts, or in the skirts of how many, the blood of that most bloody day will be found, it belongs to no mortal absolutely to decide ; but the Judge will know, and when the final sentence comes to be pronounced, the universe will know. O, how fearful a thing will it be, under such circumstances, to “fall into the hands of the living God.”

After a stay of only four days in Brussels, I took the diligence for *Antwerp*. It was a fine morning and a delightful ride, through a fertile and level country. Midway between Brussels and Antwerp, lies *Mechlen*, which has long been celebrated for the manufacture of lace, and appears to be a town of considerable wealth and importance. One of the first objects which

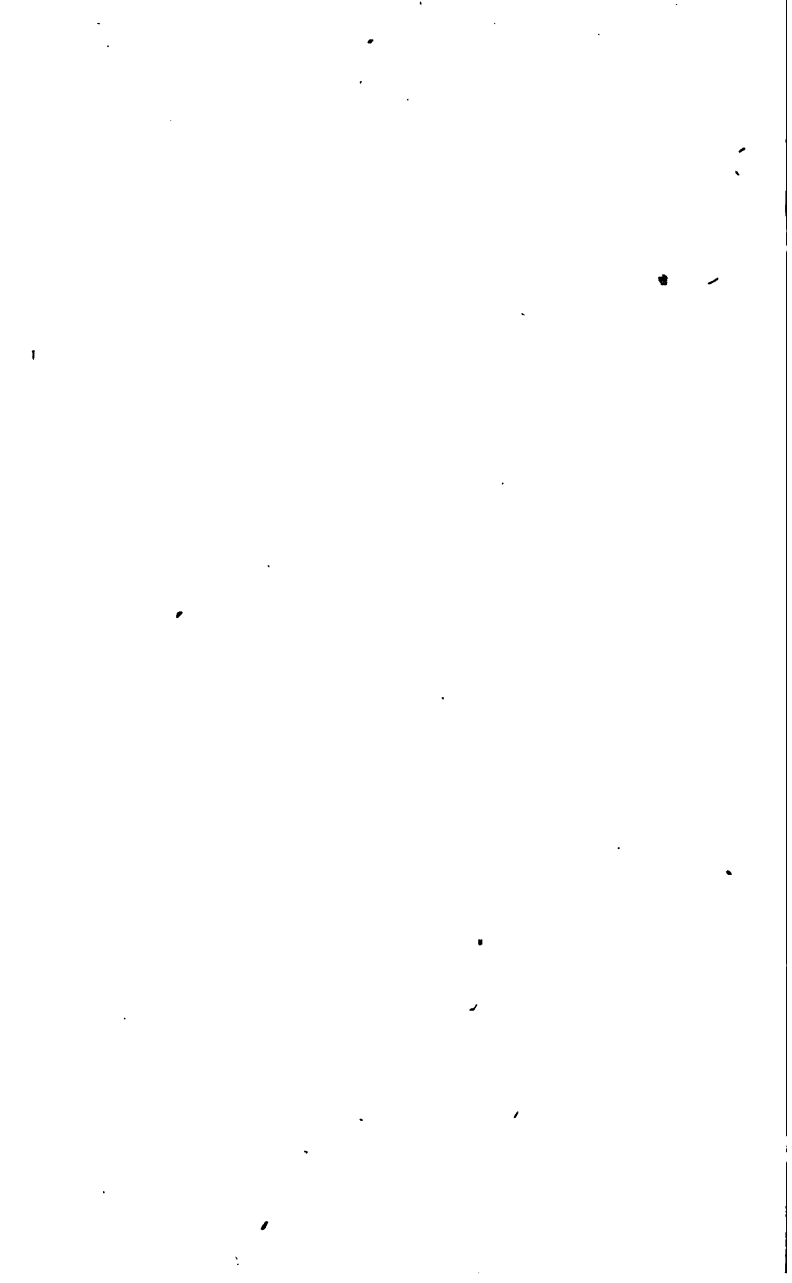
arrested my attention, as we entered Antwerp, was a clumsy image of the Virgin Mary, elevated upon a high stand, at the corner of the street. I afterwards saw many others in different quarters of the town. The heads of some of them were surrounded with wooden rays of glory, which, where the paint was off, and the rays were broken, or displaced, made a ludicrous appearance.

Antwerp has one of the finest and safest harbors in the world. It is said to be large enough for 2,000 vessels, and there is water sufficient to bring ships of great burden quite up to the quay. Bonaparte selected it as the grand naval depot of his colossal empire; and the docks which he built, were among the largest and most complete in Europe; but they were nearly destroyed by the English in 1814. Antwerp once had a very flourishing commerce, and numbered at least, 100,000 inhabitants. Its present population does not exceed 60,000. There are many fine buildings in the town, the most magnificent of which, is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and which indeed is allowed to be one of the noblest Gothic structures on the Continent. It is 500 feet long, and 230 wide, and has a beautiful spire, 476 feet high. The tower is said to contain no less than *eighty-two* bells, the largest of which, weighs 16,000 lbs. It has a good collection of paintings, by distinguished Flemish masters. Among them is the *Descent* from the cross, by Rubens, "which is universally allowed to be one of the finest pictures in Europe." The *Elevation* by the same hand, is also exceedingly impressive. The Gallery of Paintings is greatly enriched by the pencils of Rubens, Vandyke and other distinguished artists. The adoration of the Shepherds, the adoration of the Magii, the Crucifixion, and Christ showing his wounds, are among the finest pieces.

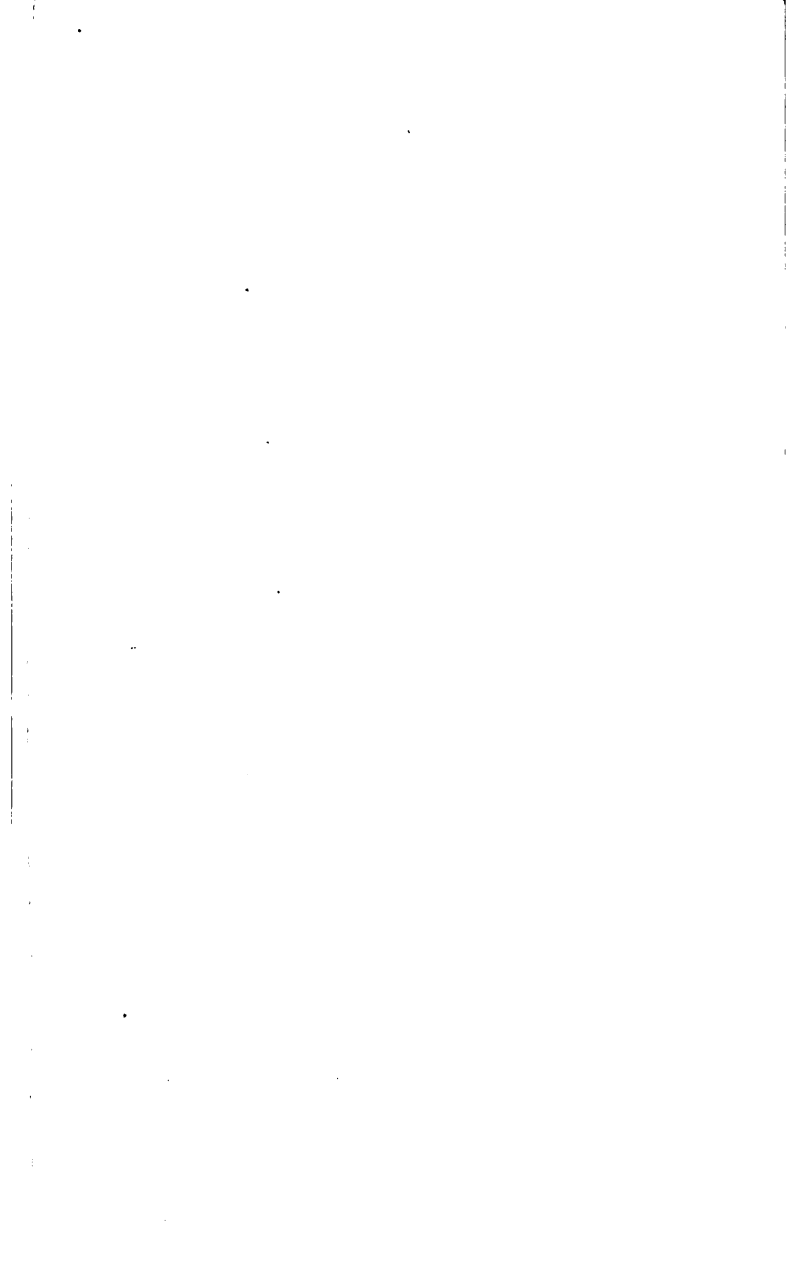
The Church of St. James, is extremely rich in marbles and pictures ; and it has no less than *twenty-two* altars, most of which are among the most costly and superb, that I any where noticed during my tour. But there is nothing in Antwerp, or in all Belgium, which the catholics so much admire and venerate, as the Chapel of Calvary. ' It consists of rock-work in the open air, curiously disposed in different arches and compartments, surrounding a chapel of the same materials, which contains a model of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, in which a marble body of our Saviour reposes.' Without are the Roman guards, and dispersed among the rocks, are groups of prophets, apostles and martyrs, all as large as life, and in the supposed costume of the ages in which they lived. What a representation ! How admirably fitted to effect ignorant and superstitious minds—but how unlike the simplicity and spirituality of Gospel worship.' When will the reign of the ' man of sin ' come to an end in catholic Europe, that ' God may be worshipped in spirit and in truth.'

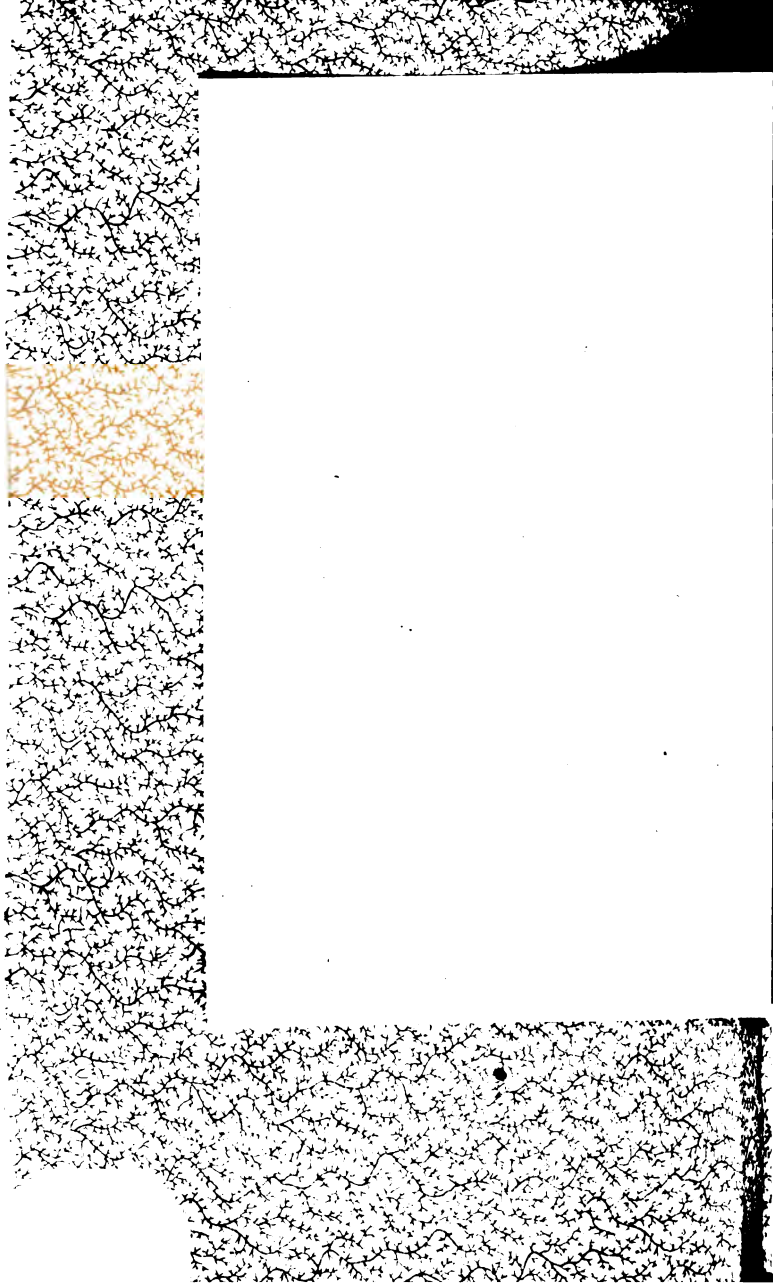
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